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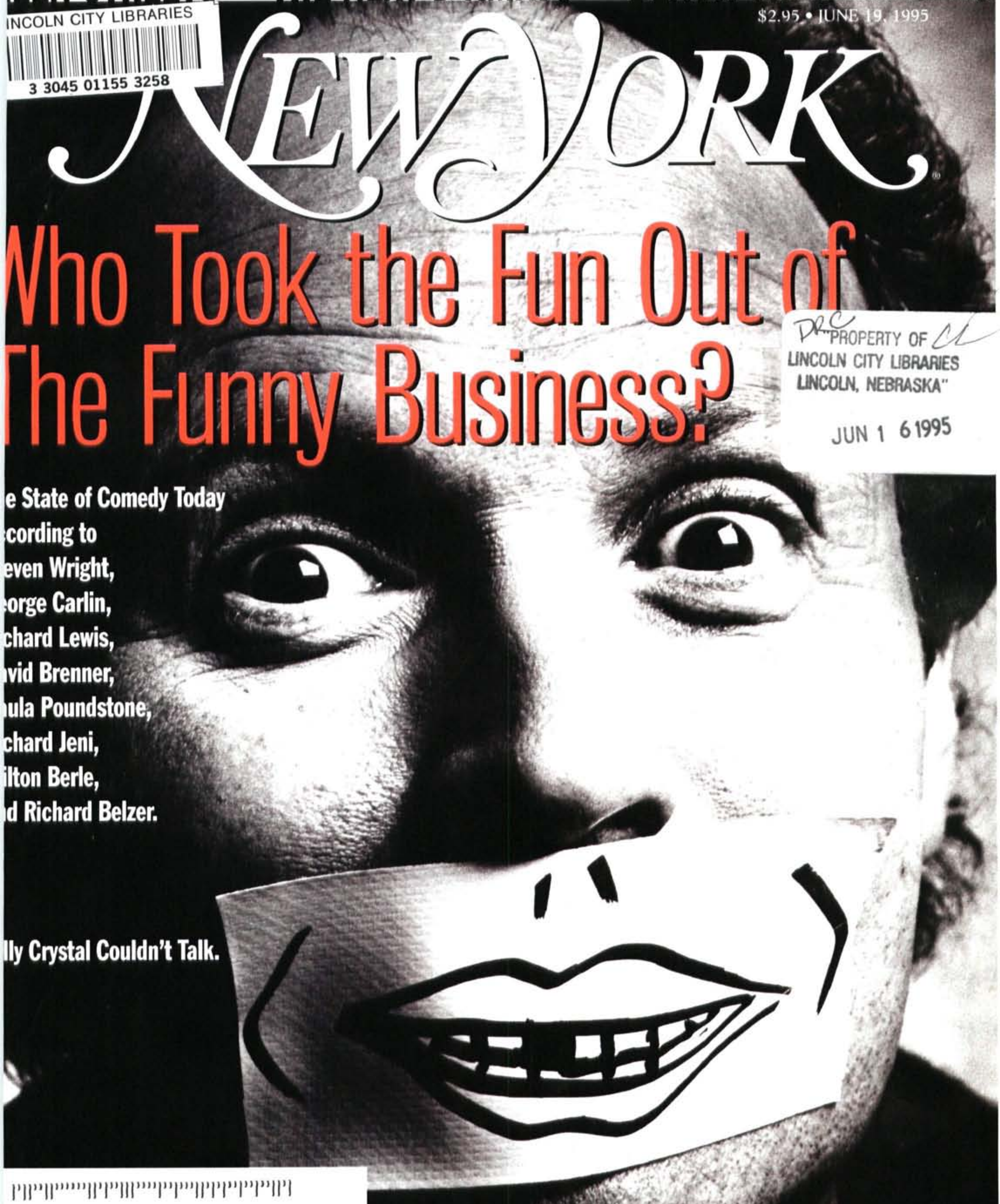

Who Took the Fun Out of The Funny Business?

e State of Comedy Today
cording to
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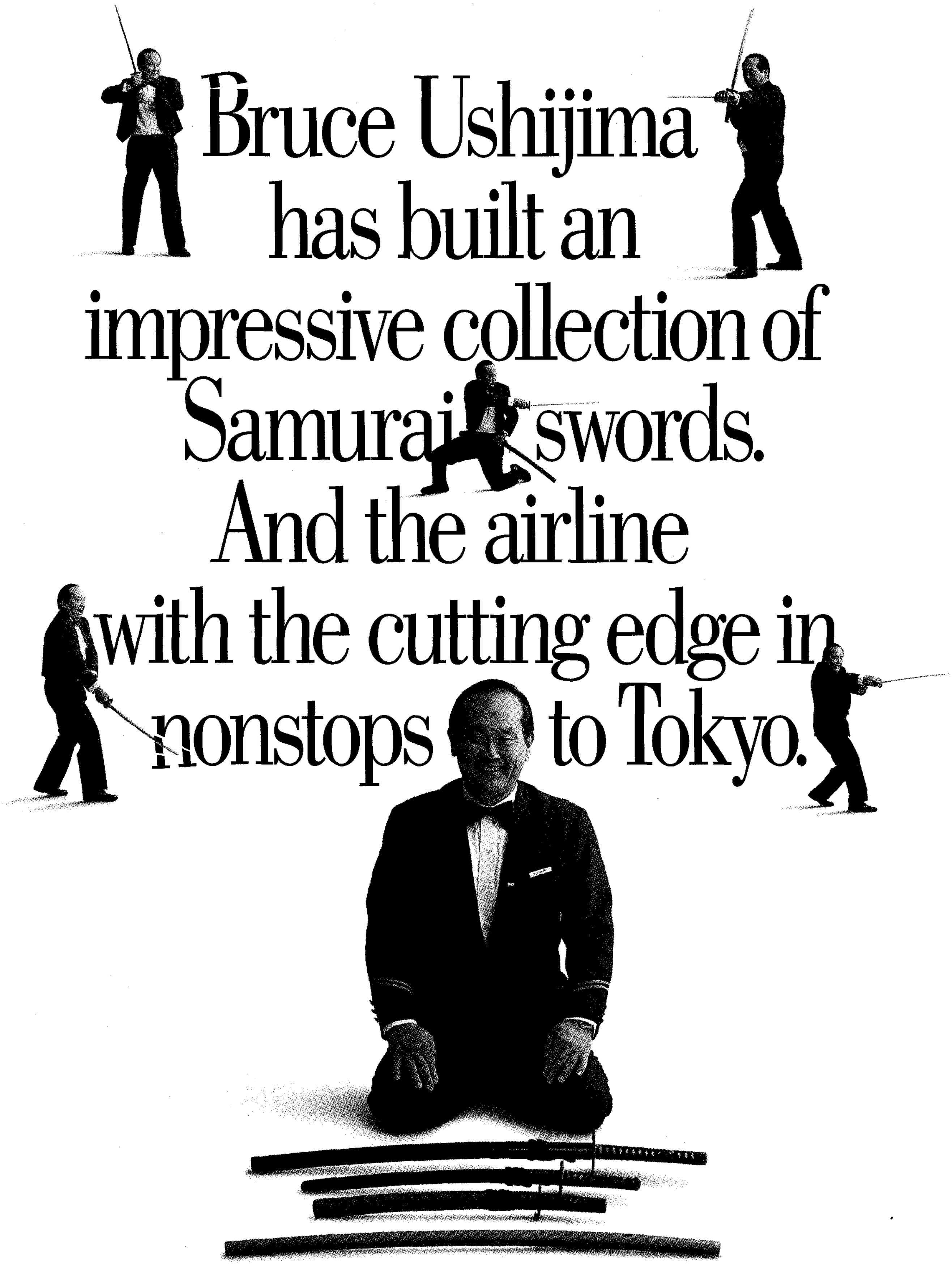
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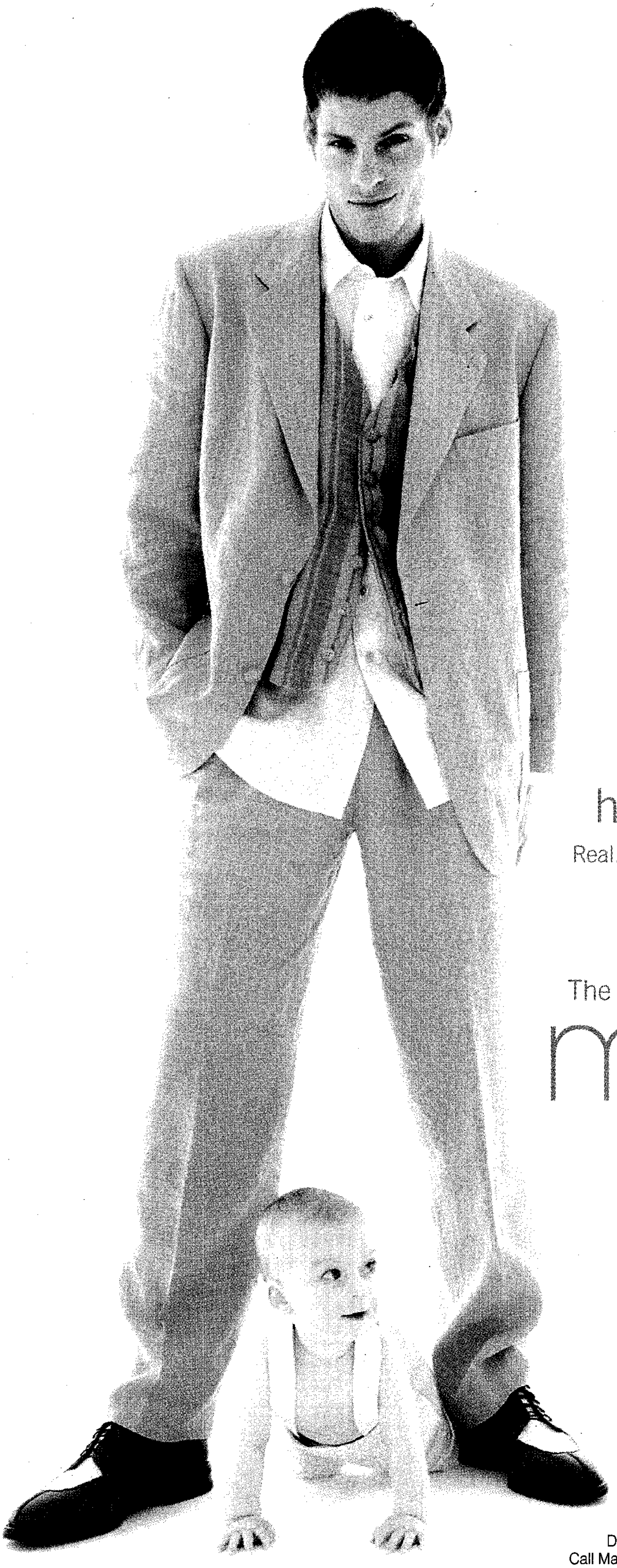
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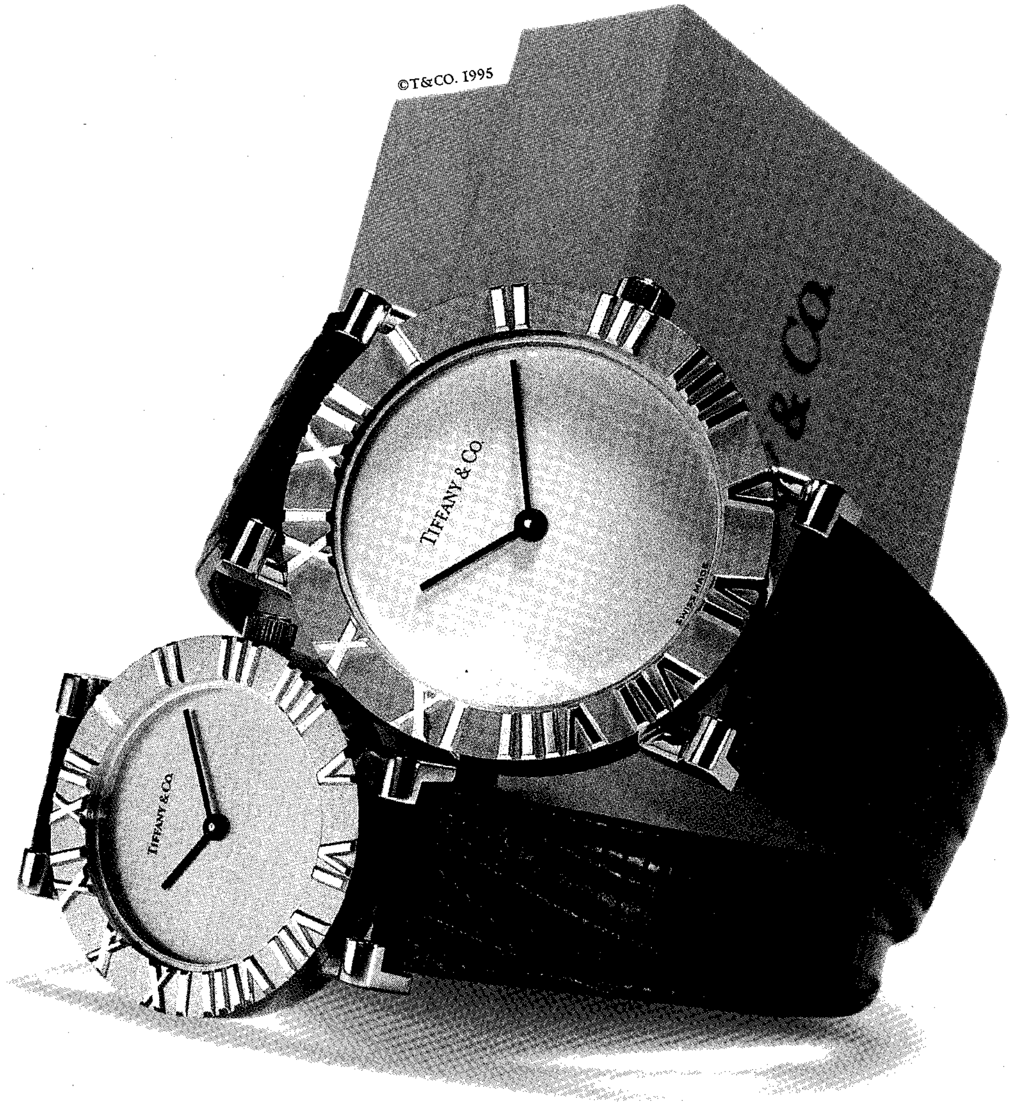

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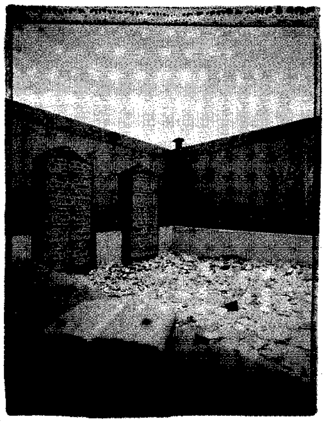
"The sort of threat of stand-up comedy overstaying its welcome was always hovering, both literally and figuratively, over our heads, because a lot of these clubs never took down the disco balls."

PAULA POUNDSTONE, PAGE 44



40 The Unforgotten

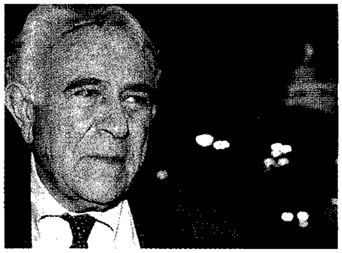
By Craig Horowitz

Menachem Mendel Schneerson, the charismatic Jewish leader revered worldwide by members of his orthodox Chabad Lubavitch organization, died in June 1994. One year later, thousands of the faithful are still paying their respects at the rebbe's grave in Old Montefiore Cemetery, whether in person or by fax.

44 Making the Funny

By Larry Doyle

That comedy boom you used to hear so much about? It's dead, a victim of TV overexposure and a mass influx of walking Comedy Zombies who decided that telling dirty jokes beats working at Kinko's. A look at the bleak state of stand-up—and a celebration of the few holdouts who believe stand-up comedy is an art form and should be, you know, funny.



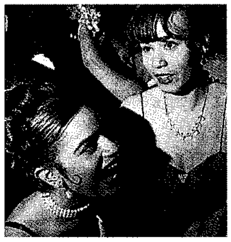
60 Big Ben

By Robert I. Friedman

Few knew much about Rockland County congressman Ben Gilman before his recent ascension to the chairmanship of the House International Relations Committee. Now maybe people will pay attention to his associations with some of Washington's seediest characters. Is he the next Al D'Amato? An investigation.

68 Last Dance

Photographs by Larry Fink
Text by Dany Levy



In most places, the senior prom is the biggest teenage social event of the year. But in New York City, where it's one of a thousand parties, is an end-of-the-year formal mixer still a big deal? Yes, of course it is.

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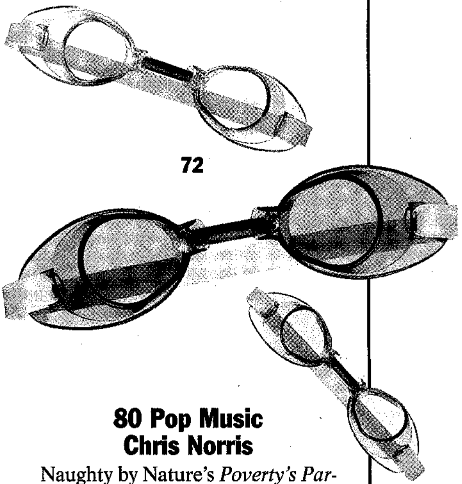

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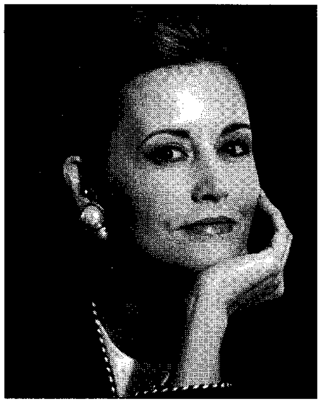

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Martha, Martha, Martha

Coiffed chickens and other forms of perfection: applause for the hyper-homemaker and her Boswell.

INSTEAD OF SLAMMING MARTHA STEWART (which would have been easy), Barbara Lippert ["Our Martha, Ourselves," May 15] dug deep for sentences that ring with insight. Just one example: "This time of backlash is the perfect moment for her contradictory brand of cold nurture." Oh, my goodness. I may have to start a Barbara Lippert fan club.

Evan Elliot
MANHATTAN

TALK ABOUT A PERFECT TAKE: LIPPERT ON Stewart. More. Soon. Please.

Larry G. Collins
MANHATTAN

I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WHILE reading the part about Martha Stewart's chickens, I laughed so hard that soda came out of my nose. How's that, Martha Stewart—living?

Rebecca Little
BROOKLYN

MARTHA STEWART'S "PENCHANT FOR ANIMAL husbandry" described in your recent cover article reminds me of a story I heard from a friend whose cousin interviewed for a position with Stewart a year or so ago. The interview was conducted in the backyard of Stewart's Westport estate. At some point, a member of the gardening staff made his way to within earshot of the conversation. As he walked by, Martha halted the interview. "I'm entertaining tonight," she reminded the gardener, "so make sure you shampoo and blow-dry the chickens."

Stephen J. Walsh
MANHATTAN

I ADORE MARTHA, BUT I HAVE NO DESIRE TO be Martha. Martha simply *is,* while the rest of us are trying to balance jobs, education, families, and relationships.

But there's always Martha to look forward to. In the midst of my mad, stressful week, I can count on Sunday mornings with Martha. I recently watched Martha plant her own grass—to be used, we might add, in cooking the Easter ham. Now, while I have no intention of cooking my ham in grass, I am not oblivious to the fun of growing one's own grass indoors. Sure enough, ten days later my rye grass provided a very interesting addition to my dining-room décor. I used my "homemade" grass to make Easter-egg bunnies for my granddaughter (the bunnies had green hair—sort of my version of the Chia Pet). The rest of the grass was transplanted to the backyard, where it continues to flourish. Martha turned me on to growing my own grass, and I decided how to use it. I suspect many of Martha's fans do the same thing; she opens the door to new, fun things, and we adapt them to fit our lives.

I see Martha as a woman who examined her options, assessed her abilities, and decided to make them work for her. And let's not forget two very important aspects of Martha's persona—she doesn't seem to take herself as seriously as the rest of us do, and she has a sense of humor—both indispensable commodities in the success market.

Mary Ann O'Brien
FAIRFIELD, CONN.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

The Miracle of Scientology?

DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT HATE IS OUT? I would think that as a magazine so into the "in thing" to do, you would keep your prejudices to yourself ["Intelligencer: Next: A Dianetics Theme Restaurant?," May 8]. The *Hard Copy* piece got it right: The negative labeling of religious groups like Scientology is bias. And having the Cult Awareness Network comment on any religion would have been akin to having the KKK discuss the benefits of black people.

If you had any idea of the breadth of what Scientology is daily giving New Yorkers—repaired marriages, the ability to communicate better, freedom from gripping fear, drug-free lives, rejuvenated goals, restored creativity, just to name a few things—you would have been clamoring for more information instead of seething that we got a couple of good mentions.

Cheryl Duncan
Church of Scientology, Celebrity Centre
MANHATTAN

Correction The musician pictured giving pointers to cellist Guy Gadaev in a photo accompanying last week's "Classical Music" column ("Gold Fingers," by Peter G. Davis) was Janos Starker, not, as stated in the caption, Isaac Stern.

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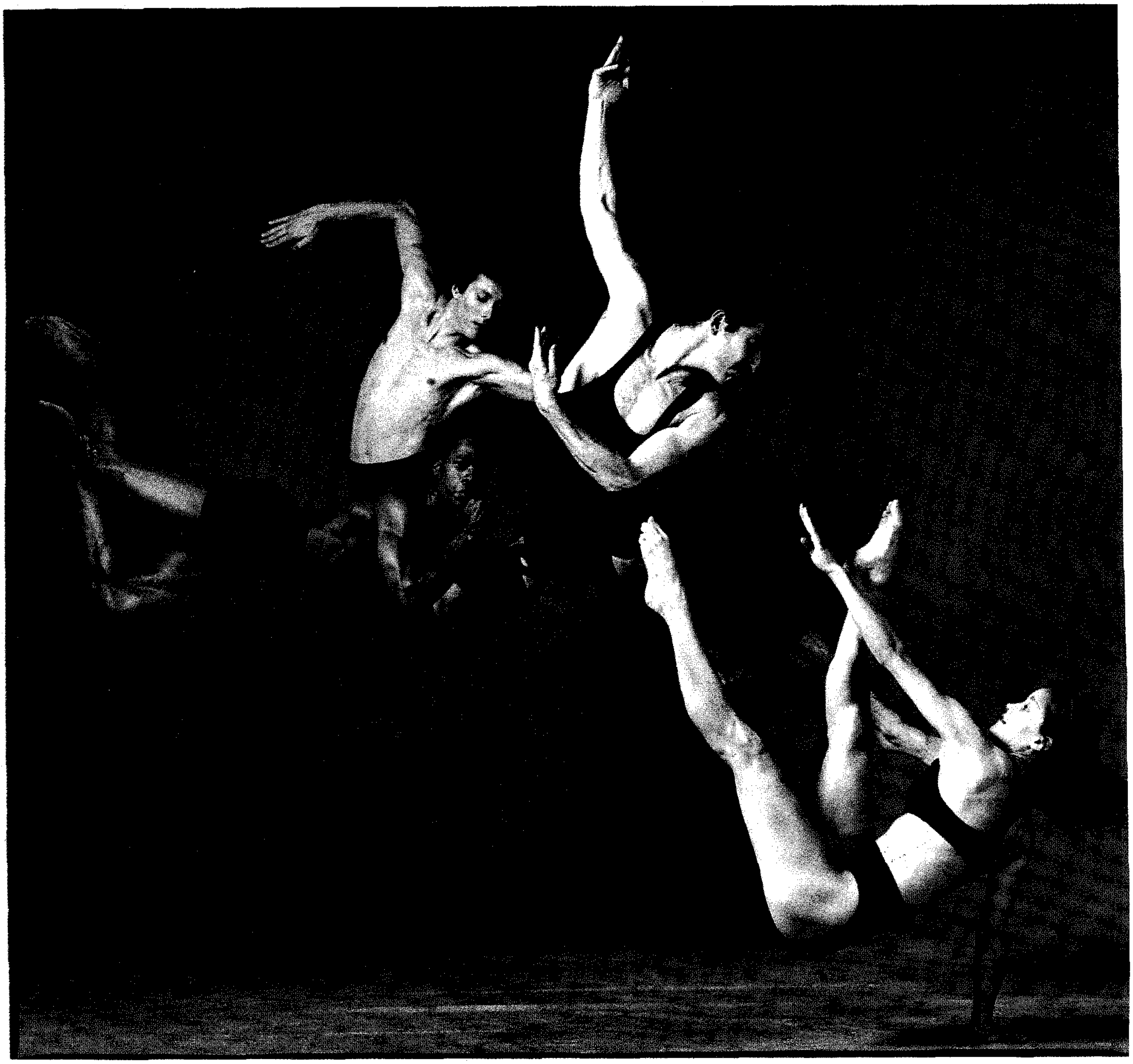

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

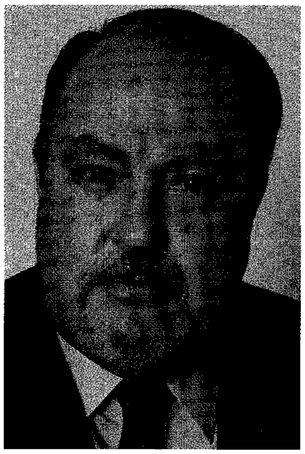
INTELLIGENCER

A CURE FOR WHAT AILES HIM

Is **Roger Ailes** ready to flee CNBC? After successfully running the cable network for nearly two years, sources say, the channel's top dog is hunting for a new challenge. "He began getting restless in January, but I chalked that up to midwinter blahs," says one intimate. "Now it's June, and he's still talking about leaving." And he's done more than talk. Ailes was recently spotted at an intimate lunch with CBS chairman **Laurence Tisch,** and insiders say he has also been meeting with **Rupert Murdoch** and **Barry Diller.** Why now? A source says the rotund right-winger is frustrated that General Electric, CNBC's owner, hasn't poured more cash into the network or into Ailes's contract, which is up for renewal next year. But others speculate that Ailes may be sweating over reports that CNN is about to unveil a rival cable business channel—to be headed by veteran business journalist and CNN executive **Lou Dobbs.** Noting that Ailes has neither a business nor a journalism background—he was a TV talk-show producer before he became a Republican pit bull—one source says the prospect of "going head-to-head with Dobbs may be making GE think it needs someone with the same background." Ailes declines to comment.

MADONNA'S CHARITY HAS ITS LIMITS

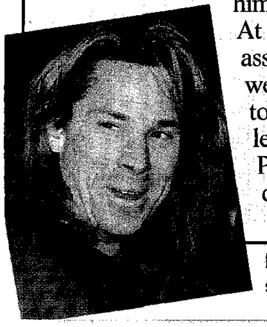
Madonna may be packing for Portugal. Residents of the exclusive Quinta do Lago golf resort insist that a $4 million compound under construction there belongs to none other than the Top 40 diva. Though the nearly completed property is officially registered to Warner Music International chairman **Ramon Lopez,** Madonna—who makes her records for Warner's—was reportedly spotted examining the 20,000-square-foot villa. Quinta do Lago has become a summer playground of European royalty and aristocrats—including the Agnellis. The posh region also boasts one of the world's lowest crime rates, which ought to be comforting to Madonna after the recent shooting at her Hollywood Hills home. Despite the reports, Madonna's publicist Liz Rosenberg stoutly denies her client has ever set a pump in Portugal. Meanwhile, Madonna was under fire again last week for her unsporting conduct at a Parkinson's Disease Foundation fund-raiser honoring **Muhammad Ali.** According to foundation spokesman Sy Presten, the singer balked at being photographed with the group's chairman Page Morton Black, the octogenarian widow of the Chock Full O' Nuts founder, and blithely blew off the dinner. But Rosenberg insists, "Madonna was just asked to present an award to Ali."


Roger Ailes,
Shopping for deals?

Madonna,
Portugal girl?

KATO'S CONFESSORS, IN COURT AND OUT

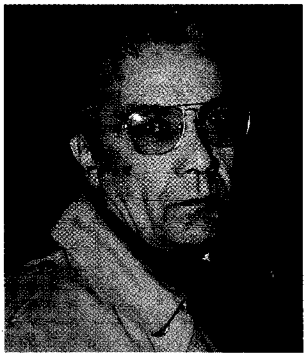
Though he has dismissed the *The Whole Truth* as a total lie, **Kato Kaelin** will most likely sue his former collaborator **Marc Eliot** for a cut of the profits from the best-selling book. Last winter, Kaelin sat with Eliot for seventeen hours of taped interviews that were intended to be used for his, like, *memoir*. But after the two fell out, Eliot went ahead on his own. Now Kaelin is angling for a piece of Eliot's $525,000 advance. "We could sue for more than profit participation," says Kaelin's attorney, **Mike Plotkin.** "There was an original agreement to deal with payments." Plotkin says it would have been "extremely difficult" for Kaelin to have prevented publication. Now, he says, "it would not be surprising if we file some kind of lawsuit against Eliot sometime soon. Kato will actively pursue all rights he has." Meanwhile, if prosecutors want to know who else Kaelin confided in, maybe they should look to their own ranks. On the night of the murders, Kato phoned his childhood friend **Tom O'Brien,** who days later helped him move out of Simpson's Brentwood home. At the time, O'Brien was—of all things—an assistant district attorney in San Diego. Two weeks later he took a job with the district attorney's office in—of all places—Los Angeles. O'Brien does not return calls, but Plotkin says, "It's tough for Tom. But he's obviously made full disclosure."


Kato Kaelin,
still trying to score

OY, FAYE: WHERE SHE WAS MURDER WEEK

Now that Nicole Simpson's "best friend" **Faye Resnick** has been officially subpoenaed, courtroom insiders expect her stay at the Exodus Recovery Center the week of the murders to become the centerpiece of an explosive new defense scenario. Resnick checked herself into Exodus on June 9, 1994, only three days before the murders of Simpson and Ron Goldman. She told counselors upon her arrival that she had suffered a "major financial setback" and was "totally out of control and unable to stop using" cocaine. A day and a half after Nicole's death, she said, "I'd be afraid to leave right now. I feel scared, but I feel safe here." Sources say that Resnick barely dealt with her drug problem and spent most of her time flirting with male patients. A week later—before the public knew about Resnick's involvement with the Simpsons—she confided to a nurse that she was concerned about people "spreading rumors" about her. Resnick spent two weeks at the high-security facility and

Faye Resnick, quick recovery



Chris Borgen, ready for the pasture?

rang up a $7,000 bill. And when she left on June 23, eleven days after the murders, she told the staff: "I feel happy."

IT'S OUT WITH THE OLD-TIMERS AT WCBS

The shuffling of on-air personalities at WCBS-TV continues. Veteran news correspondents **Vic Miles, Chris Borgen,** and **J. J. Gonzalez**—all highly praised low-profile beat reporters—may be the station's latest casualties. General manager **Bud Carey** says that if the three accept his early-retirement offer by July 14, their pensions will be accelerated by five years. Meanwhile, the station is still wondering what to do with *Day and Date,* the daily afternoon tabloid show which debuts in September. Insiders say the station may reschedule the Emmy-winning 40-year-old soap opera *Guiding Light* to make way for the new program. The only problem, sources say, is that the soap is owned and produced by Procter & Gamble, a mega-advertiser that will be none too happy about the switch. Carey insists that no decision has been made. "Procter & Gamble is a longstanding advertiser at CBS," he says delicately. "And *Guiding Light* is a tremendous franchise."

GATIEN GOES FOR THE GOLD

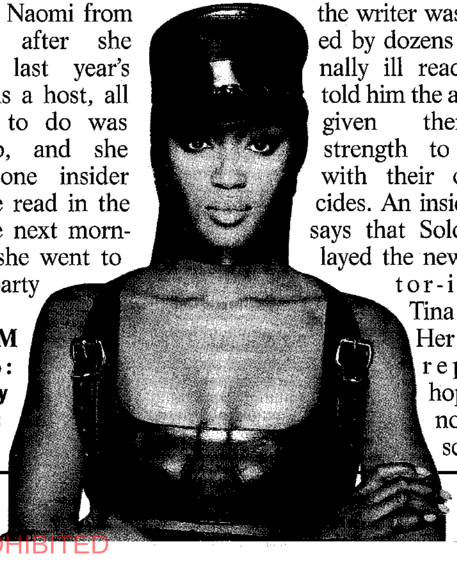
What do Olympians do to unwind? Organizers of the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta are betting they'll want to whoop it up at discotheques and guzzle Gatorades. To this end, Atlanta's 1996 Olympics organizing committee has asked unavoidable club impresario **Peter Gatien** to set up an "ultra-hip," nonalcoholic disco in the city's Olympic Village, strictly for athletes and select members of the press. Though Gatien hasn't yet committed to the project, he estimates it will cost close to $750,000. "It must have a very New York feel about it," says the Canadian, envisioning "a blend" of his three Manhattan McNightclubs—Tunnel, Limelight, and Palladium—"with a very international assortment of D.J.s and live acts." No mention of whether drag queens will be included. In addition to his nonprofit Olympic disco, Gatien is talking to a group of Atlanta investors about opening a very-much-for-profit club just outside the village gates. He's already scoped out several empty buildings around the Olympic epicenter, and anticipates spending upwards of $2.5 million on the project. "Ironically, the building we're likely to use was once owned by the Baptist Church, so it's kind of shades of the Limelight," Gatien says. Maybe he can get Carl Lewis to work the door.

POWER DINING WITH *THE TIMES BOOK REVIEW*

If newly hired editor **Chip McGrath** wasn't sure which publisher pulls the most weight at *The New York Times Book Review,* he knows now. During the American Booksellers Association convention in Chicago last week, the *Times* hosted a lavish dinner for marketing and publicity directors at the plush Four Seasons Hotel. But though executives from as many as twenty publishing houses were on hand for the event, all eyes were glued to the main table, where two companies were prominently located—the *Times,* of course, and the Alfred A. Knopf publishing group. "It didn't go unnoticed that three people showed up from Knopf and all three were seated at the main table with Chip," one attendee observes. "There was buzzing all through the night." Sniffs another attendee: "It was just completely outrageous." Knopf, as several attendees noted, is one of the book review's largest advertisers. It also captures a disproportionate number of *Times* reviews for its books, though many believe it deserves to. "I guess the *Times* advertising department wanted to make everything totally clear to Chip," snips another publisher. But McGrath—known as a straight shooter—evidently didn't get the hint. At one point during the dinner, pointedly responding to a question about which books get reviewed, he said, "It doesn't matter to us whether the book comes from Knopf or the University of Alabama."

CAMPBELL IN SOUP; HARRY & TINA SHOW

NAOMI NO-SHOW: Organizers of this Friday's benefit for the not-for-profit AIDS service group Housing Works aren't feeling too charitable about **Naomi Campbell** these days. The bratty supermodel is notably absent from the list of African-American models hosting the organization's Soul '95 benefit at Industria Superstudio—an all-star line-up that includes Iman, Veronica Webb, Beverly Peele, Karen Alexander, and Roshumba. Sources say organizers purposely scratched Naomi from the list after she snubbed last year's event. "As a host, all she had to do was show up, and she didn't," one insider said. "We read in the paper the next morning that she went to another party instead." **RANDOM NOTES:** **Harry Evans's** tribute to **Robert Mapplethorpe**—coinciding with the June 12 anniversary of the date the Corcoran Gallery canceled the controversial artist's exhibit—ran into some trouble recently when **Patti Smith** and the Mapplethorpe Foundation discovered they would have to share the stage with Random House author **Patricia Morrisroe,** whose new book is sharply critical of the late artist. Sources say the foundation refused to provide Evans with any photos for the event. **LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION:** After **Andrew Solomon's** moving account of his mother's illness and suicide appeared in *The New Yorker*'s May 22 issue, the writer was contacted by dozens of terminally ill readers who told him the article had given them the strength to proceed with their own suicides. An inside source says that Solomon relayed the news to editor-in-chief Tina Brown. Her reported reply? "I hope they're not subscribers."



Naomi Campbell, not the life of this party

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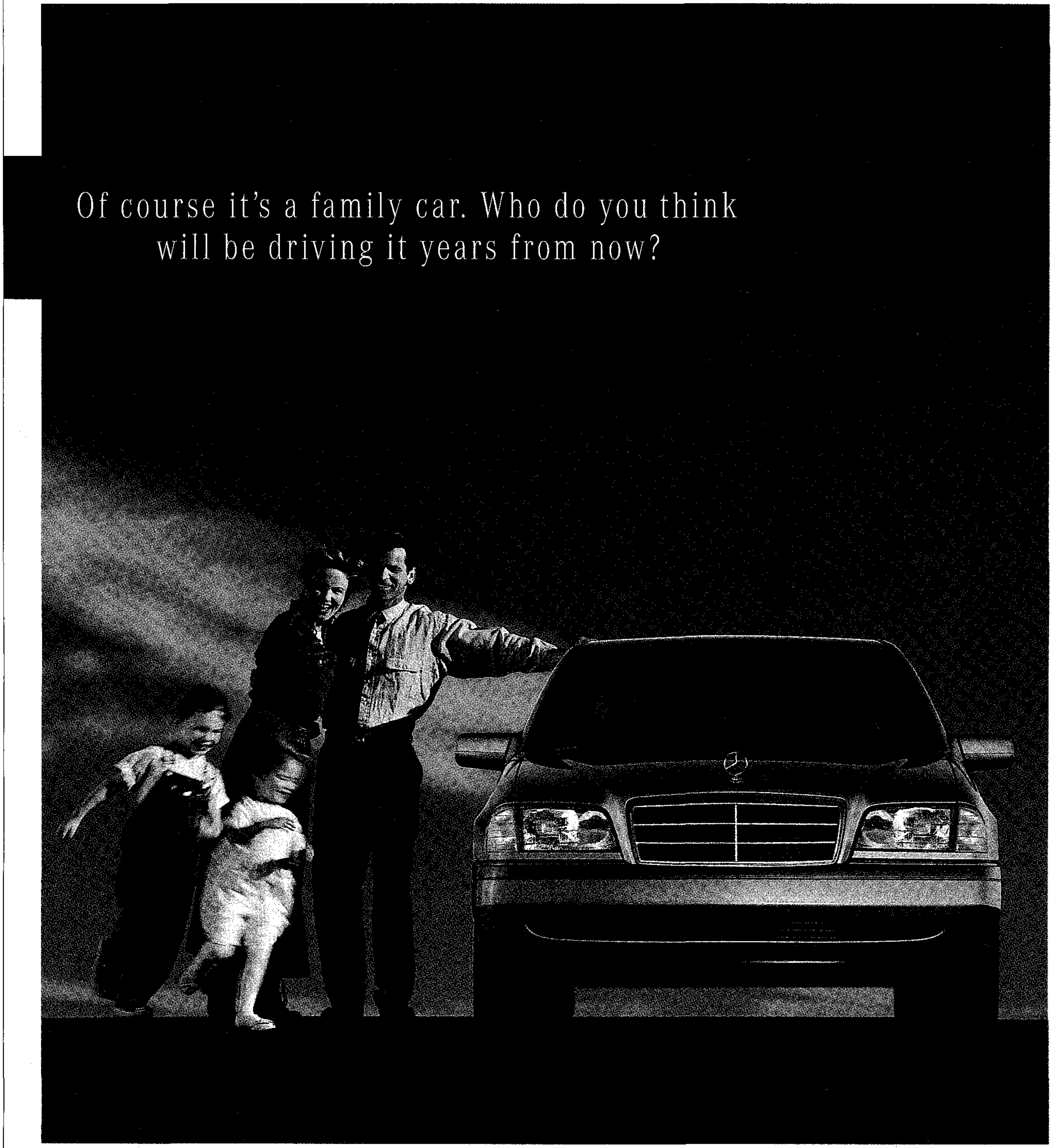
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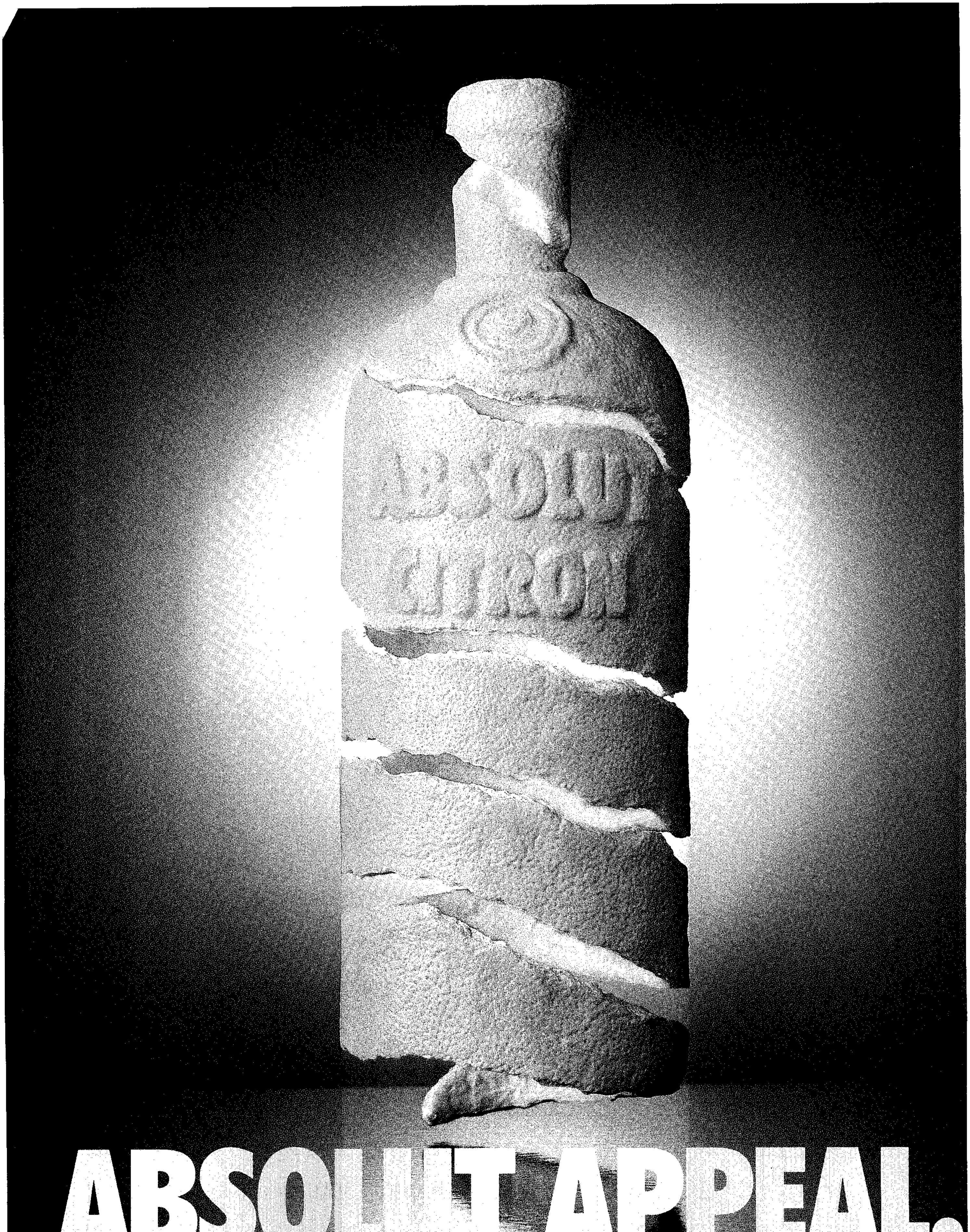

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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

GOTHAM

When you're away from Broadway, you're only camping out.—*George M.* ***Cohan***

THE FRONT PAGE

Estranged Bedfellows

Politics and entertainment share one heartfelt belief: that we're all idiots.

Listen to the American people long enough and you lose all respect for them. You decide they can't understand anything complex or challenging. You decide they want everything spoon-fed to them, with sugar on top. You decide the American people are morons. You become Bob Dole. Or Time Warner.

Bob Dole is running for president. You can tell because he used to be this curmudgeonly politician who believed in the legislative process like a shoemaker believes in the cobbling process, and now he's a creepy overfriendly uncle who believes in whatever will get you to go to the park with him. He's still so new and awkward at it that he's transparent as well.

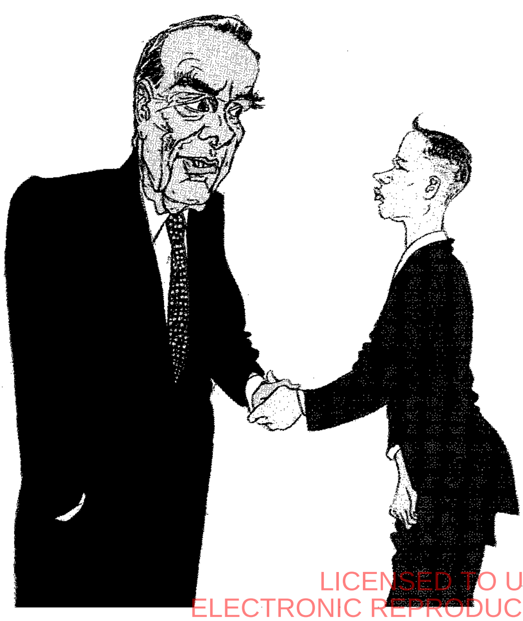
When Dan Quayle attacked the morality of Murphy Brown a few years back, you thought this might actually be the sort of thing Dan Quayle thinks about—the moral choices made by a television character. But when Bob Dole described *Natural Born Killers* as a nightmare of depravity, you thought, *When did Bob Dole get around to seeing* Natural Born Killers?

When Bill Clinton attacked Sister Souljah, you knew it was a cynical attempt to grab the conservative middle, but you didn't think, *Bill Clinton has no idea who Sister Souljah is.* When Bob Dole attacked rap music, you were a little surprised he didn't call it Rap 'n' Roll.

And the truth is, as *Time* magazine, of all entities, pointed out, Bob Dole didn't actually get around to seeing *Natural Born Killers* until two days after he condemned it. "Probably ought to take a look so I can say I've seen this thing," he told a reporter from his Gulfstream jet. "Then we can always throw it out the window." You wonder if when—or when if—Bob Dole popped that cassette in the VCR, he didn't say to himself, *Hey, this movie, in its own inept and self-indulgent way, is trying to show how the tabloid media cheapens life and promulgates violence. It's exactly the movie I would have made had I gone to film school for sixteen years. I guess my criticism of it was wrong, and fundamentally dishonest.* More likely, he thought, *Suckers.*

The entertainment industry, through its subsidiary the press, has mounted a cultural counterattack, based on the notion that this is a free country or something. Be that as it may, the whole tiff seems unnecessary. The political and entertainment industries share a lot of common ground, if only each side would look for it. They use many of the same pollsters, for example. They're both achingly eager to give the American people what they want, whether it's the right thing to do or not. And in their hearts, they both feel they deserve better than the American people. And so they laugh behind their backs.

Of course, the reason the political and entertainment industries don't respect the American people is that they can call up the American people anytime they want and say, *Listen, we're going to come over and we're going to do unspeakable things to you,* and the American people always say, *Um, okay.*

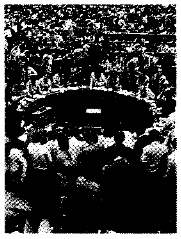


Photographs: top, Photofest; bottom, Wernher Krutein/Gamma-Liaison; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

BOYZ IN THE HOUSE **"It's not inconceivable because there's a high level of frustration, especially among Giuliani voters, about the quality-of-life concern of having kids out on the street. But you have to remember, New York is one of the last bastions of the ACLU," a city councilman told *New York* when asked if the city would enact a curfew for teenagers as Washington, D.C., seems certain to do.**

GUESS THEY GOT A LIFE **Number of attendees at the chat session with William Shatner on America Online last week: 1,000. Capacity: 5,000.**

DANCING IN THE PITS **"I invested my nest egg on the Friday before Black Monday and I took it out on on the Tuesday after, my whole nest egg, and I'm a starving artist, so I'm the last person to give advice," says Sabrina Peck, choreographer of "Commodities," a dance/theater piece "exploring the aggressive, breathless environment of the trading pits and the people who thrive in them" to be performed this week at the World Trade Center.**



P.O.O.P.S. **"The police need to understand, anyone looking hard for a violation is going to find one. I could find one in the mayor's car or a brand new car fresh from the showroom floor," a fleet owner told *New York* when asked to comment on the Police Department's takeover of taxi enforcement and the subsequent fining of a driver for having too many bird droppings on his back window.**

Andy Warhol at the flea market in 1986

City

FLEA TSURIS

"ULTIMATELY IT'S A FOREGONE conclusion," Alan Boss sighed. Eighteen years ago, when Boss pitched the first table on a vacant parking lot on Sixth Avenue and 26th Street, there were only eleven dealers and about as many customers. And while Boss now sounds almost nonchalant about the likelihood of his ever-expanding flea market empire's being wiped off the map by a rezoning proposal from the Department of City Planning, the news has come as a shock to the flea market's many devotees.

"I *don't* need to *hear this* on a *hot afternoon*!" shrieked Austin Chinn, an interior designer whose Hell's Kitchen apartment is covered in 26th Street detritus—that is, treasures. "This is *years* on the psychiatric couch you're talking about! It's a catastrophe of major proportions!"

"Oh, my God, what am I going to do on Sunday morning?" fretted Stuart Pivar. "I'll just have to convert and go to church." Pivar, himself a collector, used to pick up Andy Warhol in his black limousine to take him shopping at the flea market every week (many of Warhol's purchases ended up being auctioned at Sotheby's after his death). "Couldn't they get it declared a landmark or something, like the one in Paris?"

Even flea marketeers who have given up the habit looked back on their days at 26th Street with nostalgia. "I remember going there on the coldest, freezingest wet day, and then on a bright sunny day when you wished you were on the beach," reminisced designer Mario Buatta, who now spends weekends in the country. "I think it's a sad story. Isn't this city unbelievable?"

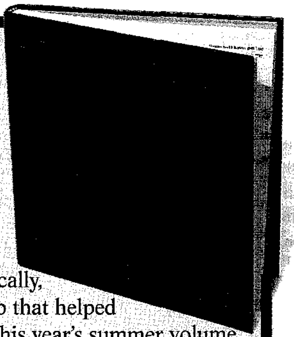
Although City Planning Commissioner Joe Rose promised that "there's not going to be a shortage of potential flea markets in the area" and Community Board 5, while approving the proposal, has urged the city to help vendors find alternative spaces, it's the organically grown *scene* of the place that matters. In a way, actually finding something to buy at the market has become irrelevant, although stylists working for Martha Stewart and Ralph Lauren do prowl there for props.

"You can't go without bumping into someone," said Craig Natiello, a designer for Bill Blass. "It's the whole meet-and-greet-everybody. You figure, we've done the museums; let's go down to the flea market.

"One morning, when we used to show on Mondays, I was wide awake, and I went down when the dealers were there, and there were all these psychotic people there, almost helping the dealers unpack. The excitement, the joy of the purchase, the instant gratification! I didn't get a thing." RUTH G. DAVIS

SOCIETY

The Rich Aren't Different



IT IS AN INADMISSIBLY DELICATE MATTER, BESTOWING A NAME ON the place where you weekend and summer. Understatement is encouraged, but not to the point of ludicrous irony: An estate could pass as "The Knoll," but a mansion—that is, a big house—should never be "The Shanty." Experimentation is *de mauvais goût.* You cannot go wrong with, say, "Oak Hill Farm" or "Broad Hollow Farm" or even "Beechwood." Historically, certain people have handled the matter with a reflexive aplomb that helped ensure their continued appearance in the *Social Register.* But this year's summer volume suggests that the overclass has lately gone in for, well, prole drifting. LINDA HALL

Money Pond
Fat City
Gone With the Wind
Tara
The Loonybyn
Unstable
Feng Shui
Nuthin' Dune
The Snuggery
Irrelephant
The Power House

Pepperidge Farm
Fugly
Dividend
The Reward
Finally
Allison Wonderland
Haiku
Wong Way
Lucky Dizzy Ranch
Life Saving House
Wa A Wa

Confusion Corner
Gruvie
Relaxly
Restawhile
Dunroamin
The Shelter
Bide-A-Wee
Maison Skootee
The Rockin' G
Chateau Roaring
Heaven Cent

Publishing

ABSOLUTELY SCANDALOUS

SAUCY, STINGING, AND NOT UNTALENTED, Julie Burchill was for the last half-decade or so the darling of the British press (both over there and here). Everywhere she was known as "pouting" Julie Burchill, the hair-twirling girl in the snooty, media-literary Groucho Club (imagine 44 crossed with the Century Club in the Village), the racy sex-shopping-and-self columnist for the Sunday *Times*, and the co-founder—with her rival in exhibitionism, Toby Young—of the neokitsch, post-liberal *Modern Review.* Whether *The Modern Review*'s exaltations of Arnold Schwarzenegger, Beavis and Butt-head, and other guilty American pleasures were good or not, the paper got attention because Burchill and Young loved to court controversy, not only with their words but in their lives. They fought like cats during the *Review*'s four-year history, but no matter how much they scratched and they bit, they both understood Burchill was the queen and he, Young, the courtier, and so things always worked out.

Already famous and married to an indulgent American writer named Cosmo Landesman, Burchill helped finance *The Modern Review* with her best-selling memoir-primer, *Ambition,* and went on to write an erotic encyclopedia called *Absolute Filth: An A to Z of Sex.* Her co-editor, and a good many other influential London journalists, loved the way she loved men and hated "lipstick lesbians" and "designer dykes"—women, Burchill wrote, who rarely "put honey where their mouth is" and only bothered to pair off "because it *looks good.*" Burchill once famously told Camille Paglia to "fuck off, you crazy old dyke," and this and other sentiments made her one of the boys while establishing her

Photographs: top, John Morrin; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

[illegible]

“I would like to ask the executives of Time Warner a question,” presidential candidate Bob Dole was saying the other day. “You have sold your souls, but must you also debase our nation and threaten our children as well?” Of course, Time Warner chairman and CEO Gerald Levin had already answered that question. At the annual shareholders’ meeting last month, Levin, whose company distributes gangsta rappers Dr. Dre, Snoop Doggy Dogg (and Naughty by Nature, see page 80), said he was proud that his own son John, a teacher working in “deplorable conditions” at Taft High School in the Bronx, “uses rap music as a way to reach these children.”

“I don’t think [rap lyrics] crack the top ten as problems in this community,” says John Levin, who has been teaching English for two years in one of the city’s most violent high schools. Levin has adapted the “quote-a-day” formula, writing rap lyrics (no profanity) on the blackboard for his students to identify and discuss. “In these rhymes,” Levin says, “there are a lot of references to history and literature. There’s always some kind of positive message.”

JANE WEAVER

Snoop Doggy Dogg, “MURDER WAS THE CASE”

“As I look up at the sky, my mind starts tripping, a tear drops my eye, my body temperature falls, I’m shaking and they break in, trying to save the Dogg. Pumping on my chest and I’m screaming, I stop breathing, damn I see demons. Dear God I wonder can you save me? I can’t die, my boo-boo’s about to have my baby.

Levin’s Lesson: *“The language is incredible. He uses metaphors and similes like nobody’s business. It’s pretty impressive writing.”*

2Pac, “KEEP YA HEAD UP” AND “PAPA’Z SONG”

I wonder why we take from our women, why we rape our women, do we hate our women? I think it’s time we care for our women, time to heal our women, be real to our women, and; Moms was tough because Papa wasn’t man enough, couldn’t stand up to his own responsibility, instead of taking care of me, he’d rather live lavishly.

Levin’s Lesson: *“‘Keep Ya Head Up’ has to do with respecting women and the crap that mothers on welfare have to deal with. ‘Papa’z Song’ is about not having a father and how it screwed him up.”*

The Notorious B.I.G., “AIN’T A DAMN THING CHANGED”

Either you’re slinging crack rock or you’ve got a wicked jump shot.

Levin’s Lesson: *“It talks about how rough it is in the ghetto, meaning this is how [the kids] get out of the ghetto. It was what* Hoop Dreams *was all about.”*

Public Enemy, FEAR OF A BLACK PLANET

I’ve been wondering why white peoples living in fear of my shade or my high-top fade, I’m not the one who’s running, but they got me on the run.

Levin’s Lesson: *“Every kid in my school has been in a situation where they’ve been followed around in the Gap by a sales manager because they’re black or Hispanic.”*

Wu-Tang Clan, “METHOD MAN”

Hey you, get off of my cloud, you don’t know my scene and you don’t know my crowd.

Levin’s Lesson: *“During Black History Month, we compared the song to Martin Luther King’s speech about judging people by the content of their character rather than the color of their skin. It’s just different language saying the same thing.”*

as all girl. So perhaps it is not surprising that when Burchill, 34, left her husband this spring and moved in with Charlotte Raven, a 25-year-old heiress who had once been a lover of Young’s, Burchill and Young’s delicate understanding crashed and burned.

Private Eye now calls Burchill “Julie Bulldyke,” and elsewhere, the boy’s club that had stroked her—or at least let her stroke them—has recoiled. It was one thing for Burchill to lustily take part in objectifying women, another altogether for her to seize the male prerogative and sleep with one herself. Burchill, meanwhile, won’t admit that the rules have changed or even acknowledge that carrying on with a woman makes her the least bit gay. “Neither Miss Raven nor myself are homosexuals,” she said last week with uncharacteristic primness. “We are simply in love.” Young did not congratulate the happy couple; and when Burchill summoned him late last month to the apartment she shares with Raven for a *Modern Review* crisis meeting, Young faxed a reply: “Fuck off, you crazy old dyke.”

This was witty but not exactly wise, since Burchill had the money to keep the paper afloat. But Young was acting in kamikaze mode, and so last week he declared that Burchill was planning to turn the frothy paper into a “lesbian, separatist” organ, and then unilaterally proclaimed the paper’s death.

“It’s a viking’s funeral,” Young reluctantly told *New York*—and said he couldn’t say another word. He then continued, “They wanted to have an aesthetic of being political without actually being committed to anything. It was as if they wanted to embrace Catholicism without believing in God—and in *The Modern Review,* I was God.” Burchill wouldn’t come to the phone to discuss Young’s divinity, but in a letter to the *Evening Standard,* she denied claims that she had ever been attracted to Young, whom she has characterized as “bald as a coot.”

Julie Burchill, with horns

Burchill has threatened a lawsuit against Young for stopping *The Modern Review,* and the fate of the magazine remains in limbo. Many *Modern Review* watchers, studying the past, doubt even now that Burchill has changed her spots in earnest, suspecting that she and Young are engaged in an intricate publicity scheme. “She can’t be so psycho as to experiment with moving in with a 25-year-old woman and leaving her husband and son just for a publicity stunt,” Sam Pratt, the *Review’s* American editor, speculated last week. “Or maybe she can.”

Intentional or not, the *Modern’s* meltdown has brought Young and Burchill what they sought all along. “A number of backers have now come forward,” Young says a little smugly. “I’m currently having discussions on the possibility of resurrecting it on the Internet. It would probably be called either *The Modem Review* or *The Post-Modern.* And I’m coming to New York to see various people about the possibility of doing a *Modern Review* in New York.” A New York *Modern Review,* Young said, would be Burchill-less.

LIESL SCHILLINGER

Photographs: top left to right, Steve Granitz/Retna; Chi Modu/C2/Retna; Carl Posey (3); bottom, Jillian Edelstein/Sygma.

Left: At Sardi's after the Tony-awards ceremony, Tony winner Matthew Broderick with Sarah Jessica Parker; Tony winner Ralph Fiennes. Above: Trisha Leigh Fisher (in white) and Joely Fisher (center, in black) and friends at mother Connie Stevens's yacht party for her new perfume, Kali. Below: Aidan Quinn, Ed Begley Jr., and Robert Kennedy Jr. at the NRDC's 25th Anniversary Earth Auction benefit at Nell's.

Abconfab

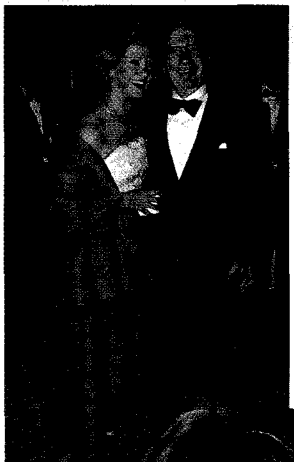
At the Puck Building for Comedy Central's season kickoff for the British fashion-industry satire 'Absolutely Fabulous.'

By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

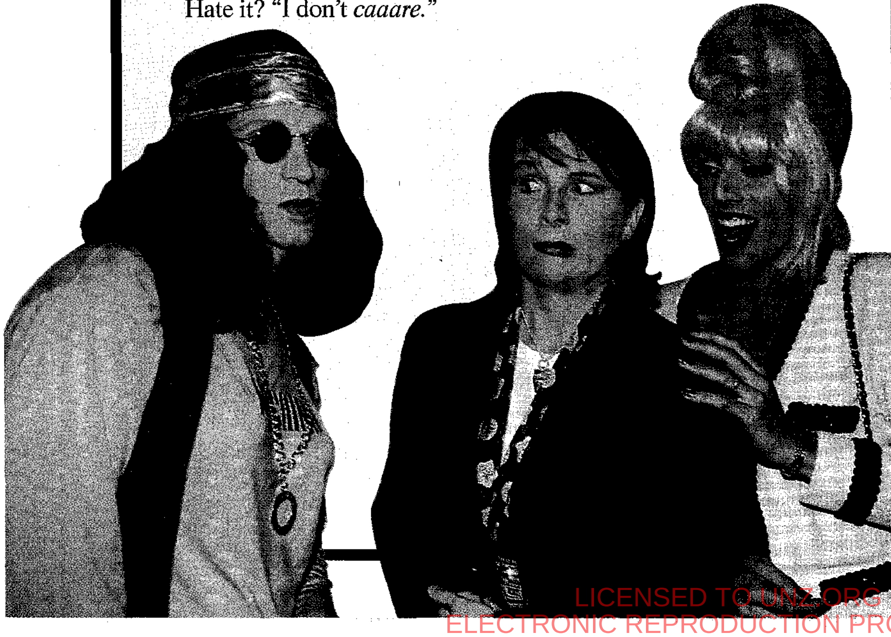
Heir to the tiny backpack, a new accessory is de rigueur in certain stylish precincts—a homemade, twelve-episode video collection of *Absolutely Fabulous,* the Britcom deconstruction of fashionalia's ice-bimbo ethic. Naomi Campbell, over a thudding disco beat, boasts she owns such a tape, as does B-52 Fred Schneider. "Comedy the way it should be done," he marvels. "In America, we're so repressed. *Their* Queen Victoria ruined it for *us.*"

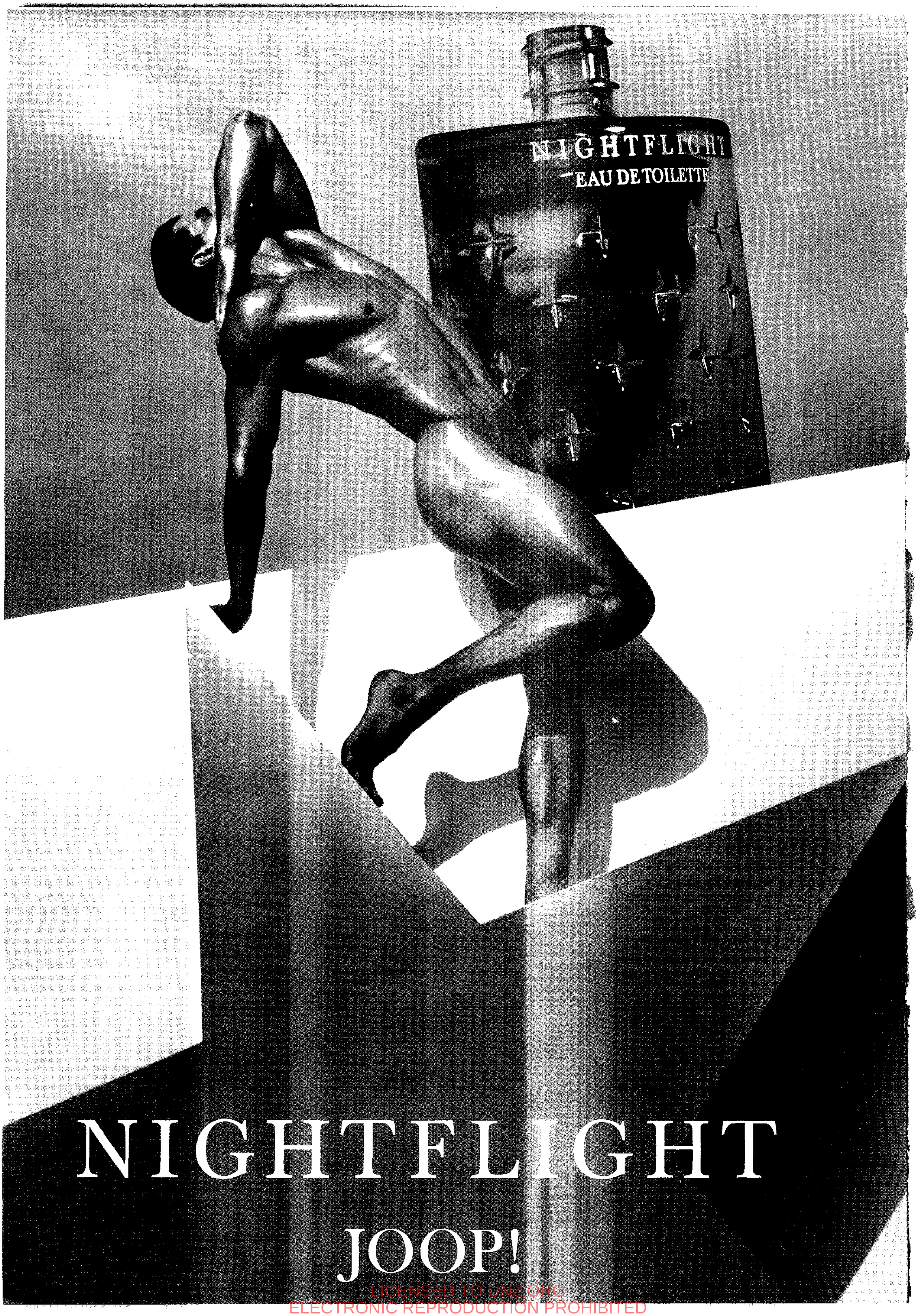
But there are dark clouds, even over a raucous VIP lounge starring Helen Mirren. Creator-star Jennifer Saunders has relented to produce only one more season, and *AbFab* is already looking like the coda to a mini-age, as *Blazing Saddles* was to the Hollywood Western. How much life can be left in the Fashion Superstar "era" if Roseanne's already bought the rights for a U.S. *AbFab*?

Saunders herself seems ready to abandon the fabulites. "I know they *take* it [as flattery]," she sneers. But does she love fashion? Hate it? "I don't *caaare.*"



Left: At the Plaza Hotel benefit for Hale House, Anna and Rupert Murdoch. Below, right: Marla (Trump) and Marlo (Thomas) at Edward Albee's loft for the Signature Theatre Company's party honoring Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright Horton Foote. Below, left: *AbFab's* Jennifer Saunders meets the drag incarnation of her character, Edina (left), and that of the absent Joanna Lumley's, Patsy.

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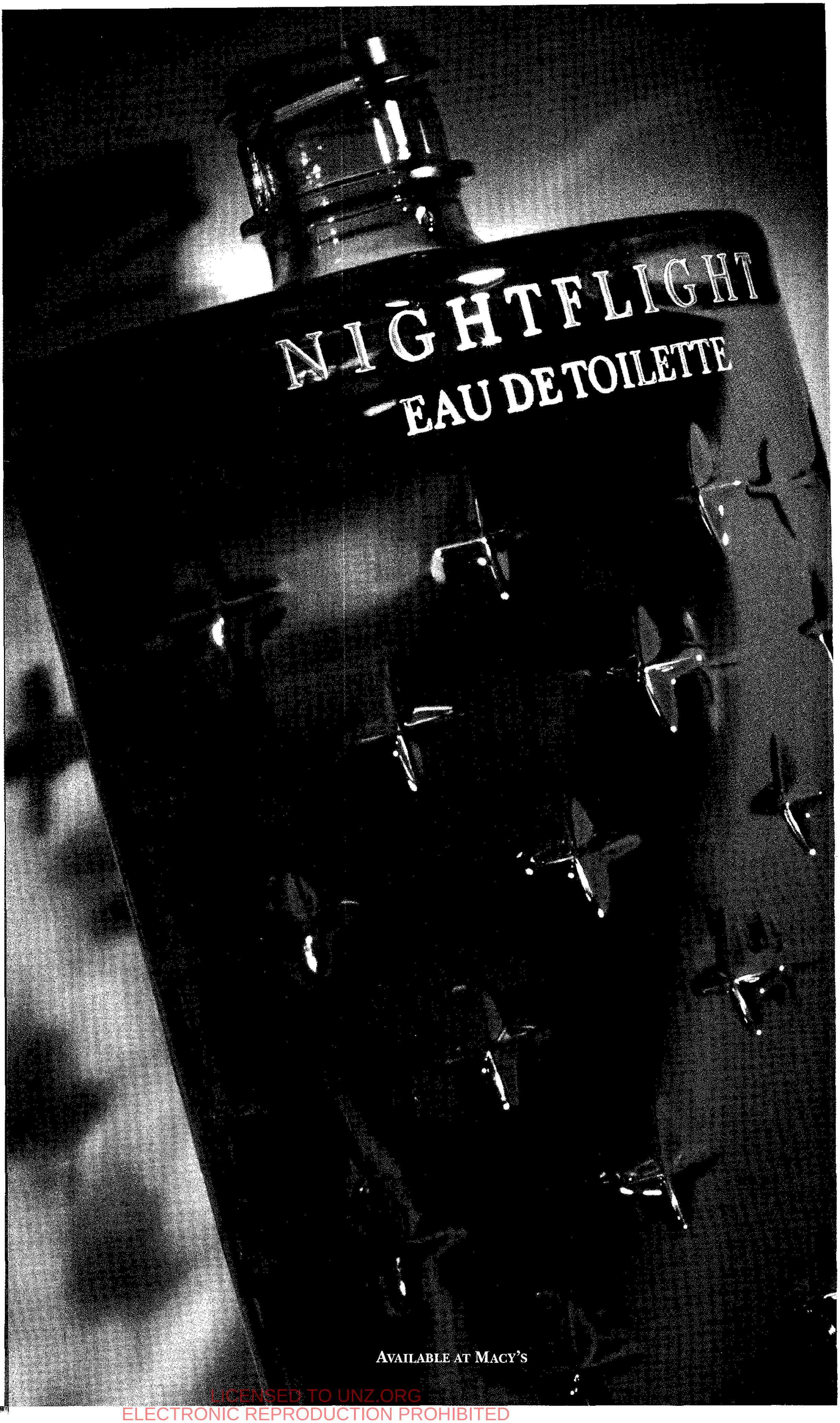
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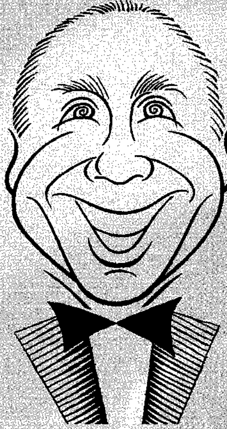

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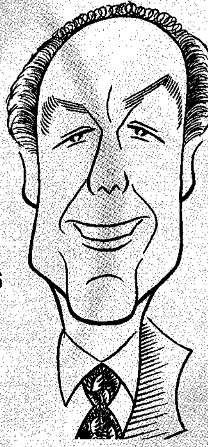

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SUMMER AT LINCOLN CENTER

FROM MOZART TO MAMBO. FIVE SUMMER FESTIVALS.

From June 21st through August 27th, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts will play host to world-renowned soloists and ensembles in *Mostly Mozart* and the Center's new *Mostly Vienna* series with the New York Philharmonic. Boundary-blurring performances from *Serious Fun!*, romantic swirling under the stars to live dance bands with *Midsummer Night Swing*, and a month of free performances with *Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors*—will sate and delight the tastes of all.

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DESIGN PRODUCTION

MOSTLY MOZART

Gerard Schwarz, Music Director
Avery Fisher Hall
July 25-August 19
Sponsored by Jerome L. Greene Foundation
and The Peter Jay Sharp Foundation
Concerts at 8 P.M.

The country's first and most popular indoor summer classical music series, *Mostly Mozart*, returns to Avery Fisher Hall for its 29th season for four consecutive weeks beginning Tuesday, July 25 through Saturday, August 19. *Mostly Mozart* Music Director Gerard Schwarz and the Mostly Mozart Orchestra will be joined by an outstanding group of soloists including such perennial favorites as violinist Itzhak Perlman, the Canadian Brass, and "the first lady of *Mostly Mozart*," Alicia de Larrocha, who this season celebrates her 21st year of participation in the festival. Additional highlights include Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto* featuring André Watts, Mozart's *Requiem*, a progressive piano triple-header of Mozart Concerti for one, two, and three pianos, and the return of Sir Neville Marriner with the Academy of St. Martin in the Fields in two evenings of Beethoven and Mozart. In the *Mostly Mozart* tradition, the series will also spotlight a number of festival debuts, such as contralto Nathalie Stutzmann, soprano Jane Eaglen, and pianists Till Fellner, Dubravka Tomsic, and Cecile Ousset. In addition to Maestro Schwarz, conductors Carlos Kalmar and Peter Maag will lead the Mostly Mozart Orchestra.

A page out of Mozart's March in C, No.3 *manuscript written in Vienna in 1782.*

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STEPHANIE BERGER

Mostly Mozart *Maestro Schwarz on baton.*

Tuesday, July 25 and Wednesday, July 26
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Gerard Schwarz, conductor
Alicia de Larrocha, piano
Gil Shaham, violin
Handel: Water Music
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.27 in B-flat, K.595
Mendelssohn: Scherzo from Octet in E-flat, Op.20
Kreisler: Violin Concerto in the style of Vivaldi
Mozart: Symphony No.39 in E-flat, K.543
Tickets: $40/$30/$20
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M., on July 26 only.

Thursday, July 27
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Gerard Schwarz, conductor
Ingrid Haebler, piano *
Güher Pekinel, piano *
Süher Pekinel, piano *
Lisitsa & Kuznetsoff, duo-piano *
Alexander Korsantiya, piano *
All-Mozart Program
Concerto No.17 in G, K.453
Concerto No.10 in E-flat for Two Pianos, K.365
Concerto No.7 in F for Three Pianos, K.242
Tickets: $35/$25/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Friday, July 28 and Saturday, July 29
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Gerard Schwarz, conductor
Richard Stoltzman, clarinet
Jane Eaglen, soprano *
Mayr: Overture and Scene from *Medea in Corinto*
Mozart: Clarinet Concerto in A, K.622
Beethoven: Ah, perfido!
Mozart: Symphony No.38 in D, K.504 ("Prague")
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Monday, July 31
Emerson String Quartet
Yefim Bronfman, piano
Haydn: Quartet in b, Op.33 No.1
Beethoven: Quartet in f, Op.95 ("Serioso")
Brahms: Piano Quintet in f
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Tuesday, August 1 and Wednesday, August 2
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Gerard Schwarz, conductor
Itzhak Perlman, violin
Mendelssohn: The Hebrides
Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto in e
Stravinsky: Pulcinella
 Wendy Hoffman, mezzo-soprano
 Stanford Olsen, tenor
 Jan Opalach, bass
Tickets: $40/$30/$20
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Thursday, August 3
Tafelmusik
Jeanne Lamon, Director
Music on Period Instruments
Handel: Suite in G
Bach: Violin Concerto in a
Albinoni: Concerto for Two Oboes
Vivaldi: Concerto for Four Violins, Op.3 No.1
Telemann: Suite in B-flat, Tafelmusik, Book III
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Friday, August 4 and Saturday, August 5
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Peter Maag, conductor
Yuri Bashmet, viola
Maxim Vengerov, violin
Cecile Ousset, piano *
Tritto: Overture to *Il convitato di pietra*
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.21 in C, K.467
Mozart: Sinfonia concertante for Violin and Viola, K.364
Mozart: Symphony No.35 in D, K.385 ("Haffner")
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

CAROL WEINBERG

Clarinetist Richard Stoltzman to perform July 28 and 29.

Monday, August 7
Canadian Brass
Star of Indiana Brass and Percussion Corps
Bach: Toccata and Fugue in d
Britten: The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra
Barber: Adagio
Gabrieli: Antiphonal Canzona, and works by Handel,
 Purcell, Copland, Gershwin, and Ellington
Tickets: $35/$25/$15
Pre-concert to be announced.

Tuesday, August 8
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Gerard Schwarz, conductor
Eugene Istomin, piano
All-Mozart program
Overture to the *Marriage of Figaro*
Piano Concerto No.14 in E-flat, K.449
Piano Concerto No.24 in c, K.491
Symphony No.40 in g, K.550
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Wednesday, August 9
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Gerard Schwarz, conductor
Dubravka Tomsic, piano*
Haydn: Symphony No.44 in e ("Trauer")
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.19 in F, K.459
Mozart: Symphony No.40 in g, K.550
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Thursday, August 10
André Watts, piano
The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center
David Shifrin, Artistic Director
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Carlos Kalmar, conductor *
Mozart: Quintet in E-flat for Piano and Winds, K.452
Janáček: Concertino for Winds, Strings, and Piano
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.5 in E-flat ("Emperor")
Tickets: $35/$25/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Friday, August 11
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Carlos Kalmar, conductor
André Watts, piano
Milan Turkovic, bassoon
Mozart: Serenata Notturna in D, K.239
M. Haydn: Concertino for Bassoon
Weber: Bassoon Concerto in F, Op.75
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.5 in E-flat ("Emperor")
Tickets: $35/$25/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Saturday, August 12
Mostly Mozart Orchestra
Carlos Kalmar, conductor
Eroica Trio *
Adela Peña, violin
Sara Sant'ambrogio, cello
Erika Nickrenz, piano
Mozart: Serenata Notturna in D
Beethoven: Concerto in C for Violin, Cello, and Piano
 ("Triple Concerto")
Mozart: Symphony No.41 in C ("Jupiter")
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Monday, August 14
Academy of St. Martin in the Fields
Sir Neville Marriner, conductor
Till Fellner, piano *
Beethoven: *Leonore* Overture No.3
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.9 in E-flat, K.271
Beethoven: Symphony No.7 in A
Tickets: $40/$30/$20
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Tuesday, August 15
Academy of St. Martin in the Fields
Sir Neville Marriner, conductor
Imogen Cooper, piano
All-Beethoven Program
Symphony No.1 in C
Piano Concerto No.2 in B-flat
Symphony No.5 in c
Tickets: $40/$30/$20
Pre-concert lecture at 7 P.M.

Wednesday, August 16
St. Lawrence String Quartet *
Jon Kimura Parker, piano
Timothy Cobb, bass
Mozart: Quartet in C, K.157
Mendelssohn: Quartet in E-flat, Op.12
Schubert: Piano Quintet in A ("Trout")
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Thursday, August 17

MOSTLY MOZART ORCHESTRA
GERARD SCHWARZ, conductor
ALESSANDRA MARC, soprano
JANOS STARKER, cello
Mozart: Symphony No.31 in D, K.297 ("Paris")
Handel, Mozart, and Bellini arias
Haydn: Cello Concerto in D
Cherubini: Symphony in D
Tickets: $28/$20/$15
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

Friday, August 18 and Saturday, August 19

MOSTLY MOZART ORCHESTRA
GERARD SCHWARZ, conductor
PETER SERKIN, piano
JANET WILLIAMS, soprano
NATHALIE STUTZMANN, contralto *
HIROYUKI YOSHIDA, tenor *
WILLIAM STONE, bass *
PRO ARTE CHORALE
BART FOLSE, director
Mozart: Symphony No.1 in E-flat, K.16
Beethoven: Fantasia in c for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra ("Choral Fantasy")
Mozart: Requiem in d, K.626
Tickets: $40/$30/$20
Pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.

* MOSTLY MOZART DEBUT

Additional support is provided by AT&T, The Shubert Foundation, Ann and Gordon Getty Foundation, The Charles E. Culpeper Foundation, S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Family Foundation, Friends of Mostly Mozart, *New York State Council on the Arts, and National Endowment for the Arts.*

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Tickets available at the Avery Fisher Hall Box Office (212-875-5030) or by calling CenterCharge (212-721-6500).

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Canadian Brass to make an appearance at Avery Fisher August 7.

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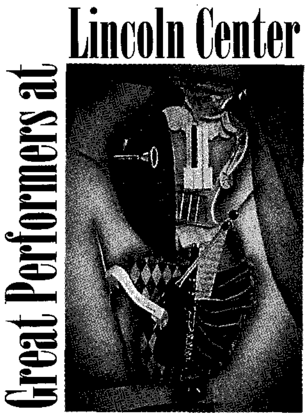

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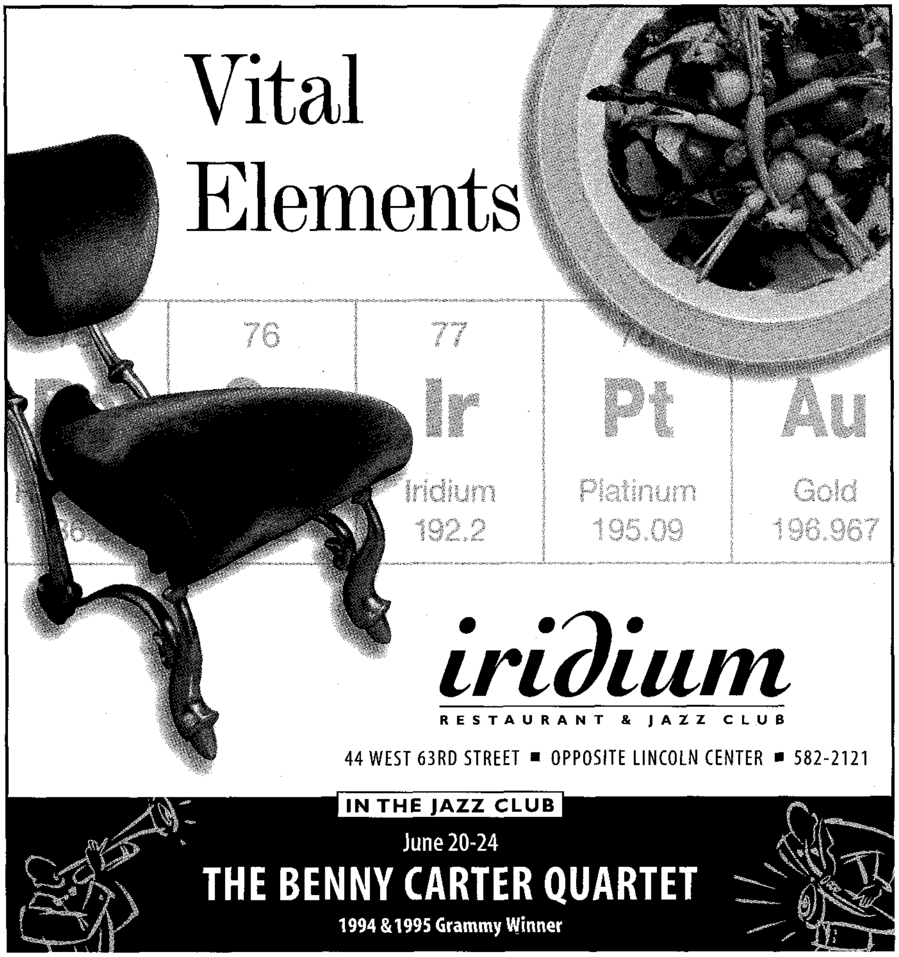

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Conductor Masur leads the Philharmonic for seven summer nights.

Kurt Masur, Music Director
Avery Fisher Hall
July 13-July 22
Sponsored by Lexus
Concerts at 8 P.M.
Ticket prices are $45/1st Tier,
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The New York Philharmonic returns to Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall for the new summer series, *Mostly Vienna,* led by Music Director Kurt Masur. This special two-week engagement will open with three concert performances of Johann Strauss's operetta *Der Zigeunerbaron* (The Gypsy Baron). The work reflects the glittering atmosphere of 19th century Vienna, and will feature narration by Lincoln Center chairman Beverly Sills. Cast includes Julia Migenes, Rosalind Elias, Stanford Olsen, and Jan Opalach.

CHRISTIAN STEINER

Prodigy Huang plays prodigy Mozart July 18 and 19.

The remaining two programs will include works by Mozart, Strauss, Liszt, and Schubert with the brilliant 12-year-old piano prodigy Helen Huang as a special guest soloist. Maestro Masur and the Philharmonic will conclude the series with two concerts that celebrate the close cultural connection between Vienna and Hungary: Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* will be complemented by Schubert's *Wanderer Fantasy* (orchestrated by Liszt), Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, and the *Mephisto Waltz.*

Thursday, July 13-Saturday, July 15
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
KURT MASUR, conductor
BEVERLY SILLS, narrator
J. STRAUSS: DER ZIGEUNERBARON (THE GYPSY BARON)
English translation by Andrew Porter
Cast includes: Julia Migenes, Rosalind Elias, Stanford Olsen, Jan Opalach, Robert Perry, Dominique LaBelle, Marietta Simpson, Steven Tharp, and John Cheek
Concert Chorale of New York
Amy Kaiser, conductor
Pre-concert lecture at 7 P.M. on July 13

Tuesday, July 18 and Wednesday, July 19
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
KURT MASUR, conductor
HELEN HUANG, piano
Mozart: Symphony No. 6 in F, K.43
Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 23 in A, K.488
R. Strauss: Alpine Symphony
Pre-concert lecture at 7 P.M. on July 18

Friday, July 21 and Saturday, July 22
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
KURT MASUR, conductor
PETER ROESEL, piano
Schubert: Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished")
Schubert/Liszt: Wanderer Fantasy
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2
Liszt: Mephisto Waltz
Pre-concert recital by pianist Peter Roesel at 7 P.M. both nights.

Additional support is provided by Mrs. Donald M. Oenslager, Belle and Murray Nathan, New York State Council on the Arts, and National Endowment for the Arts.

Tickets are available at the Avery Fisher Hall Box Office (212-855-5030) or by calling CenterCharge (212-721-6500).

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SERIOUS FUN!

AMERICAN VISIONARIES

Alice Tully Hall, the New York State Theater, John Jay Theatre
July 6-July 30
Sponsored by Philip Morris Companies Inc.

The work of *American Visionaries*—John Adams, Trisha Brown, Martha Clarke, Bill T. Jones, June Jordan, Mark Morris, Toni Morrison, Max Roach, Peter Sellars, and Robert Wilson—is strikingly original, daring, and provocative. Their prescient vision has forged new connections, opened new frontiers, and redefined their chosen media. Internationally acclaimed as creative giants, this year's *Serious Fun!* festival is dedicated to them.

Twenty-five performances of six different presentations will include four Lincoln Center commissions: *I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky*, a new "story in songs" by John Adams and librettist June Jordan; *M.O.*, by Trisha Brown choreographed to Bach's *Musical Offering*; *An Uncertain Hour* by Martha Clarke; and a new collaborative performance piece by Bill T. Jones, Toni Morrison, and Max Roach. The New York premiere of Robert Wilson's *HAMLET a monologue*, is his one-man version of Shakespeare's classic. The series will include four exclusive New York performances of *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, Mark Morris's piece for 24 dancers, orchestra, singers, and chorus set to Handel's classic oratorio.

Thursday, July 6-Saturday, July 8
Alice Tully Hall, 8 P.M.

ROBERT WILSON
New York Premiere
HAMLET a monologue

Adapted by Wolfgang Wiens and Robert Wilson. Performed, directed, and designed by Wilson who interprets all the characters, this inventive work uses Shakespeare's play as a point of departure. Original music and sound score by Hans Peter Kuhn; co-directed by Ann-Christin Rommen; costumes by Frida Parmeggiani; lighting by Stephen Strawbridge.
Tickets: $35

Tuesday, July 11 (Preview)
Wednesday, July 12-Saturday, July 15, 8 P.M.
Saturday, July 15 and Sunday, July 16, 3 P.M.
John Jay Theatre

JOHN ADAMS, JUNE JORDAN, PETER SELLARS
I WAS LOOKING AT THE CEILING AND THEN I SAW THE SKY
EARTHQUAKE/ROMANCE
A Story in Songs
New York Premiere and Lincoln Center Commission

A major new work and modern-day musical that addresses the issues shaping urban America. The collective vision of three highly individual artists, this is a first-time music theater collaboration by composer John Adams, poet June Jordan, and director Peter Sellars. A two-act story in songs about love and politics, *Ceiling/Sky* has been hailed as "a magnificent, exciting production" tracing a young generation hurtling toward the millenium. Conducted by Grant Gershon; scenic design by ICUArt; costumes by Dunya Ramicova; lighting by James F. Ingalls; sound by François Bergeron.
Tickets: $35

Wednesday, July 12-Saturday, July 15
New York State Theater, 8 P.M.

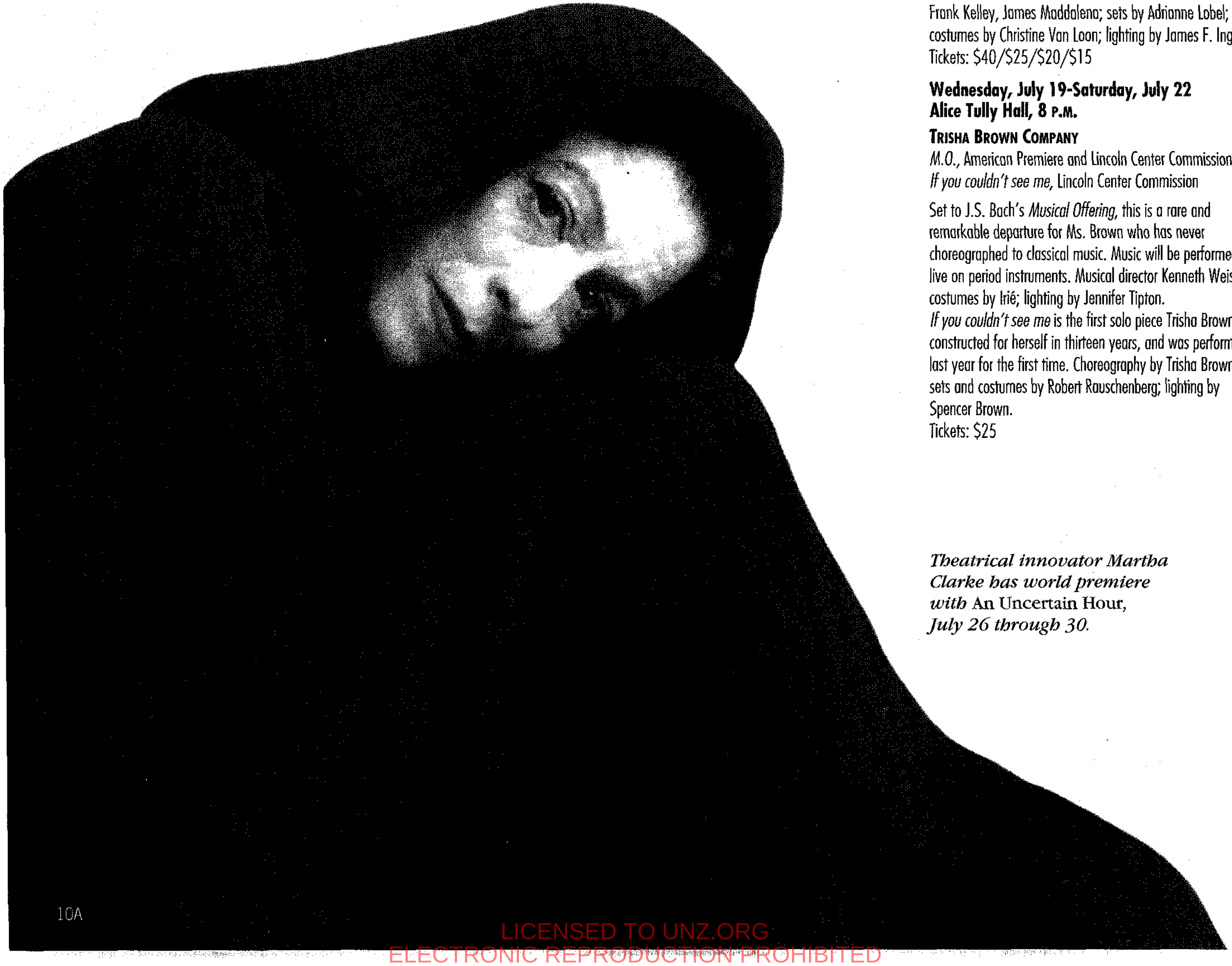
MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO ED IL MODERATO
New York Chamber Symphony and the Pro Arte Chorale

The long-awaited return and only New York performances of a ground-breaking masterpiece. Set to Handel's classic oratorio, the production is a seamless flow of dance, music, theater, spectacle, and light. Conducted by Craig Smith; soloists: Juliana Gondek, Jeanne Ommerle, Lorraine Hunt, Frank Kelley, James Maddalena; sets by Adrianne Lobel; costumes by Christine Van Loon; lighting by James F. Ingalls.
Tickets: $40/$25/$20/$15

Wednesday, July 19-Saturday, July 22
Alice Tully Hall, 8 P.M.

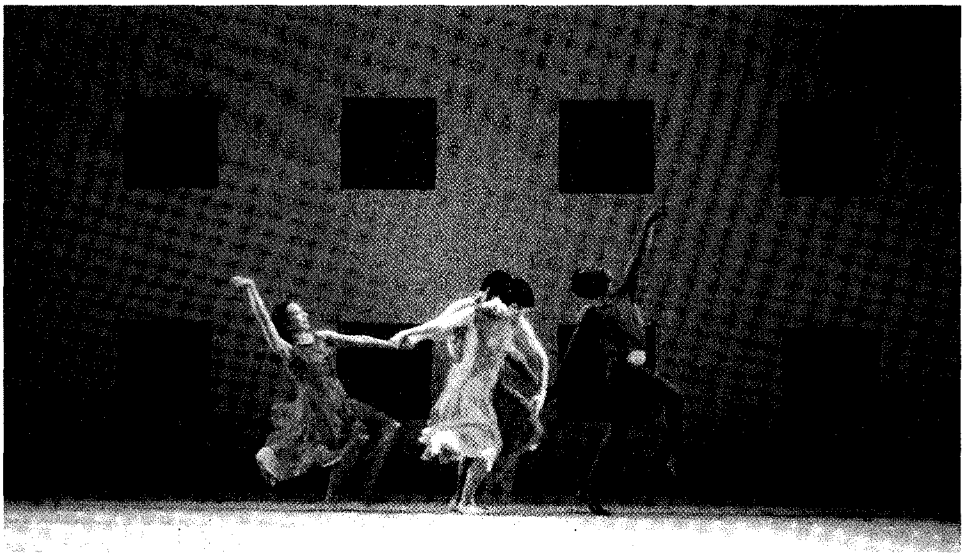
TRISHA BROWN COMPANY
M.O., American Premiere and Lincoln Center Commission
If you couldn't see me, Lincoln Center Commission

Set to J.S. Bach's *Musical Offering*, this is a rare and remarkable departure for Ms. Brown who has never choreographed to classical music. Music will be performed live on period instruments. Musical director Kenneth Weiss; costumes by Irié; lighting by Jennifer Tipton.
If you couldn't see me is the first solo piece Trisha Brown has constructed for herself in thirteen years, and was performed last year for the first time. Choreography by Trisha Brown; sets and costumes by Robert Rauschenberg; lighting by Spencer Brown.
Tickets: $25



Theatrical innovator Martha Clarke has world premiere with An Uncertain Hour, *July 26 through 30.*

ANDREW ECCLES



D. PIERRE

The Mark Morris Dance Group in L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato.

Tuesday, July 25 and Wednesday, July 26
Alice Tully Hall, 8 P.M.

BILL T. JONES, TONI MORRISON, MAX ROACH
DEGGA
World Premiere and Lincoln Center Commission

Drawing on their separate disciplines of dance, literature, and music, these powerful artists mold their visions into a unique collaboration. An emotionally charged event, created and performed by dancer/choreographer Bill T. Jones, author Toni Morrison, musician/composer Max Roach.
Tickets: $35

Wednesday, July 26-Saturday, July 29, 8 P.M.
Sunday, July 30, 3 P.M.
John Jay Theatre

MARTHA CLARKE
AN UNCERTAIN HOUR
World Premiere/Created in collaboration
with Nederlands Dans Theater 3

An Uncertain Hour director/choreographer Martha Clarke creates a musical and sensuous dreamscape, which illuminates the hidden yearnings and dreams of the human heart. Underscored by the 19th and 20th century art songs of Schuman, Wolf, and Berg, the work is danced by Rob Besserer, Martine Van Hamel, Sabine Kupferberg, and Gary Chryst. The leider is sung by soprano Kristin Norderval, baritone Christopher Schaldenbrand. Pianist Pedja Muzijevic; sets by Michael Yeargan; costumes by Jane Greenwood; lighting by Stephen Strawbridge.
Tickets: $30

*Additional support is provided by The Aaron Diamond Foundation, The Skirball Foundation, AT&T, The Harkness Foundations for Dance, NYNEX Yellow Pages, Meet the Composer/*Reader's Digest *Commissioning Program, Dance Ink, Mid Atlantic Arts Foundation, Capezio/Ballet Makers Dance Foundation, Inc., New York State Council on the Arts, and National Endowment for the Arts.*

Lincoln Center Commissions for Serious Fun! *are made possible in part by the New Works Fund established by The Fan Fox and Leslie R. Samuels Foundation, Inc.*

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The John Jay Theatre is located just a few blocks south of Lincoln Center on Amsterdam Avenue between 58th and 59th streets.

Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic

A comprehensive survey of ground breaking images created by newly emancipated women in Germany during the 1920s and early 1930s.

Through July 30, 1995
Free Tuesday evenings from 5 pm to 8 pm.
Made possible by the Nash Family Foundation

This exhibition has been organized by the Museum Folkwang, Essen, Germany and funded by Stiftung für Kunst und Kultur des Landes NRW and Westfalenbank Bochum. Principal support for the New York showing has been provided by the Estate of Margaret Goldstein and the Foreign Office of the Federal Republic of Germany through the German Consulate General New York.

This ad is made possible, in part, with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts and the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs.

The Jewish Museum is under the auspices of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

Gertrud Arndt, Masked Self-Portrait #13, 1930, Museum Folkwang, Essen.

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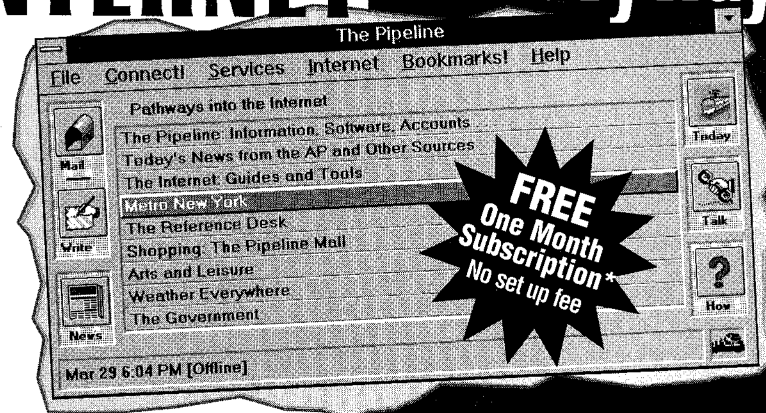
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Lincoln Center Fountain Plaza
June 21-July 22
Made possible by
William H. Kearns Foundation
and Daisy and Paul Soros
Tickets are $8; dancing begins at 8:15 P.M.
Dance lessons are from 6:30-7:30 P.M., Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, free with the purchase of that evening's dance ticket. Discounted multi-night swing passes are available.

Rapidly becoming one of the season's most romantic and popular events, *Midsummer Night Swing* spans twenty evenings and features some of the world's top dance bands of swing, mambo, merengue, two-step, salsa, zydeco, tango, and hustle on an outdoor bandstand and flower-bedecked dance floor under the stars.

Filling this summer's dance card are jazz greats Illinois Jacquet, Clark Terry, and Bob Wilber leading their own swing orchestras. *Squeeze Me!*, an evening of accordion dance music, Texas R&B singer Marcia Ball, and celebrations of Martinique and Mexico will round out the series. In addition, there will be a special day of music and dance just for kids!

Wednesday, June 21
BOB HARDWICK AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Swinging Ballroom.
Intermission performance by American Ballroom Theatre

Thursday, June 22
ROSY LEDET AND THE ZYDECO PLAYBOYS
Direct from New Orleans in her New York debut
Zydeco.

Friday, June 23
THE BLAZERS, NAVARRO SHOW
Latin R&B, Cumbia, and La Quebradita.
Presented in collaboration with the Mexico Government Tourism Office, New York
Featuring a tribute to Selena

Saturday, June 24
CLARK TERRY AND THE JOLLY GIANTS
In Celebration of 75 Swinging Years.
Intermission performance by the Jiving Lindy Hoppers

Wednesday, June 28
"SQUEEZE ME!" — BRAVE COMBO WITH SPECIAL GUEST ACCORDIONISTS RAUL JAURENA, AL PIATKOWSKI, AND JOHN WHELAN
International Ballroom.
Second Annual Evening of International Dancing & Desserts
Tim and Nina Zagat, Honorary Chairmen
Co-produced by Ronnie Davis Productions.

Thursday, June 29

THE JEWELS, BILL DOGGETT
Fifties Rhythm & Blues.

Friday, June 30

BOBBY SANABRIA Y ASCENSIÓN, NEW YORK BAND
Mambo and Merengue.

Saturday, July 1

THE LOREN SCHOENBERG BIG BAND WITH SOL YAGED
Swing.
A tribute to Fletcher Henderson

Wednesday, July 5

NEW YORK-BUENOS AIRES CONNECTION
Tango.
Intermission performance by Ballet Hispanico

Thursday, July 6

SAVANNAH SKY
Country Western.

Friday, July 7

ORCHESTRA BROADWAY, PETE "EL CONDE" RODRIGUEZ
Charanga and Salsa.

Saturday, July 8

ROY GERSON
Swing.

Wednesday, July 12

VICKI SUE ROBINSON, THE ORIGINAL TRAMPS
Classic Disco.
Featuring Midsummer Night Swing's first hustle competition

STEPHANIE BERGER

What a little Midsummer moonlight, and swing, can do.

Thursday, July 13

ORION MUSIC'S VIENNESE ORCHESTRA, AND ANGELO DI PIPPO
Viennese Waltz and International Ballroom.
Saluting Lincoln Center's New York Philharmonic Summer Season
Note: Dance Lesson 7:30-8 P.M.

Friday, July 14

PATATO VALDES AND AFROJAZZIA, GIOVANNI HIDALGO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Latin Dance Jam.

Saturday, July 15

STAN RUBIN ORCHESTRA
Swing.

Sunday, July 16

SPECIAL KIDS DAY OF MUSIC AND DANCING
A Latino Carnaval.
Part of the Pathmark Hispanic Arts Festival
Showtimes 2 P.M. and 4 P.M. Tickets $3, ages 4 and up.

Wednesday, July 19

BOB WILBER AND THE SOUNDS OF SWING
Swinging Ballroom.
Featuring a Stardust tribute to Hoagy Carmichael

Thursday, July 20

MARCIA BALL
West Coast Swing.

Friday, July 21

MALAVOI
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Presented in collaboration with the Martinique *Promotion Bureau*

Saturday, July 22

ILLINOIS JACQUET
Swing.

WQEW-AM is the official radio station of Midsummer Night Swing.

Moonlight dinner-dance packages avilable for $25 at the Fountain Grill on the Plaza. For reservations, call 212-874-7000.

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THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON

**Damrosch Park, Fountain Plaza,
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August 1-August 27
Sponsored by the Lewis B. and Dorothy Cullman Foundation**

**Tuesday, August 1 and Wednesday, August 2
Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M., North Plaza, 6:30 P.M. (8/2 only)**

Garth Fagan Dance, Don Pullen's Afro-Brazilian Connection, and the Chief Cliff Singers**
(8/2) Jazz on the Plaza: Just Jammin' with Kenny Barron and His Trio

**Thursday, August 3
Fountain Plaza, 10:30 A.M., North Plaza, 6:30 P.M. and 8 P.M.**

Just for Kids: Marie Brooks Pan-Caribbean Dance Theatre, Chamber Music of the World: The Creativity of Libby Larsen with The New York Concert Singers and conductor Judith Clurman, A Unique Theater Event: C'est La Vie++ by Veronique Guillaud

**Friday, August 4
North Plaza, 5:30 P.M., Damrosch Park, 7 P.M., Fountain Plaza, 8 P.M.**

Perfume River Ensemble of Hue, Vietnam, A Rounder Records Weekend: Cut a Rug with the Rounder Dance Party featuring Sleepy LaBeef and The Delevantes, C'est La Vie repeat performance

**Saturday, August 5
North Plaza, 2 P.M. and 4 P.M., Damrosch Park, 7 P.M., Fountain Plaza, 8 P.M.**

Rounder Music Day with John McCutcheon, Riders in the Sky; Rounder Music Party with Alison Krauss and Union Station, Riders in the Sky, The Persuasions; C'est La Vie repeat performance

**Sunday, August 6
Fountain Plaza, 2 P.M., 5 P.M., 8 P.M.,
Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M.**

"From China with Love" (The Chinese American Arts Council presents Chinese Theater), Complexions: A Concept in Dance, Caribbean Carnival: Capoeira!, C'est La Vie repeat performance

**Monday, August 7
Fountain Plaza, 8 P.M.**

C'est La Vie repeat performance

**Tuesday, August 8
Fountain Plaza, 5:30 P.M. and 8 P.M.,
Damrosch Park, 7:30 P.M.**

Andrea Seidel's Isadora Duncan Dance Ensemble of Miami, C'est La Vie repeat performance
Njinga the Queen King

**Wednesday, August 9
North Plaza, 5:30 P.M.,
Damrosch Park, 7:30 P.M.**

Creative Time in New York, D.J. Spooky, Njinga The Queen King repeat performance

**Thursday, August 10
North Plaza, 10:30 A.M. and 6:30 P.M., Fountain Plaza, 5:30 P.M.**

Just for Kids: Storytelling with Malika Lee Whitney, Jazz on the Plaza: Just Jammin' with Panama Francis and the Savoy Sultans, Movement Research world premieres* from choreographers Simone Forti, Yvonne Meier, and Jeremy Nelson

**Friday, August 11
North Plaza, 6:30 P.M., Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M.**

Chamber Music of the World: Simon Shaheen and The Near Eastern Music Ensemble, Limón Dance Company

**Saturday, August 12
North Plaza, South Plaza, Fountain Plaza, Damrosch Park, various times**

Playday: Puppets, Stories, and Juggling; Dances of the World; Music under New York, Romeo and Juliet in New York City*; and a Country Dance Party with Chip Hendrickson and Spring Fever

**Sunday, August 13
North Plaza, South Plaza,
Fountain Plaza, 2-5 P.M.,
Damrosch Park, 6 P.M.**

Homemade Instrument Day: Workshops and Demonstrations, Interactive Installations, and Homemade Instrument Jams; Henry Brant's Dormant Craters*

**Tuesday, August 15
Fountain Plaza, 5:30 P.M.,
Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M.**

Dance Forum Taipei presented by The Chinese Information and Culture Center, and the Goldman Memorial Band

**Wednesday, August 16
Fountain Plaza, 5:30 P.M.,
Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M.**

Young Choreographers and Composers from the American Dance Festival, and the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble

**Thursday, August 17
Fountain Plaza, 10:30 A.M. and 5:30 P.M.,
North Plaza, 6:30 P.M.**

Just for Kids: Noche Flamenca for Kids, Chen and Dancers; and Jazz: Just Jammin' with Danilo Perez and the Danilo Perez Group

**Friday, August 18
Fountain Plaza, 6 P.M., Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M.**

Noche Flamenca and Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie Bremen

**Saturday, August 19-Thursday, August 24
Fountain Plaza, Damrosch Park, North Plaza various dates and times**

Washington Week-Five Days of Arts from Our Nation's Capital including: (8/19) D.C. Gospel Country featuring The Johnson Mountain Boys (8/20) Dance in the District (four different performances), (8/22-23) The Washington Ballet, (8/23) D.C. Festival of Dance and Theatre, (8/24) Andrew White

**Friday, August 25
Fountain Plaza, 6 P.M., Damrosch Park, 8:15 P.M.**

Classical Dances of India, Brazilfest '95: A Tribute to Carmen Miranda

**Saturday, August 26 and Sunday, August 27
Damrosch Park, 3-9 P.M.**

The Roots of American Music including: (8/26) The Battlefield Band, John Gorka, Ricky Skaggs, (8/27) Tom Paxton, Magic Slim, Kris Kristofferson

* *Commissioned by Lincoln Center for* Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors.

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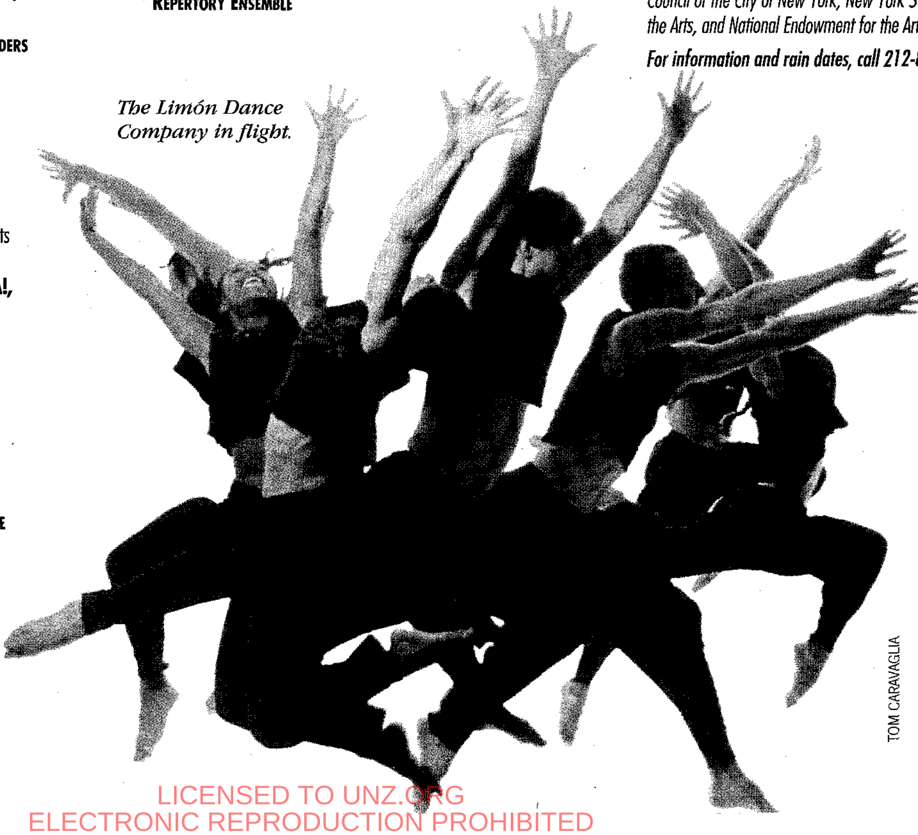
For information and rain dates, call 212-875-5108.



The Limón Dance Company in flight.

TOM CARAVAGLIA

AROUND THE CENTER

STEPHANIE BERGER

The Fountain Plaza at dusk.

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TWELVE DREAMS, written and directed by James Lapine
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ARCADIA, written by Tom Stoppard and directed by Trevor Nunn
Vivian Beaumont Theater
Through August 27

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For information on all events presented this summer at Lincoln Center, as well as daily schedules and rain dates of the programs listed here, **call the Lincoln Center Hotline at 212-875-5400.**

Dining

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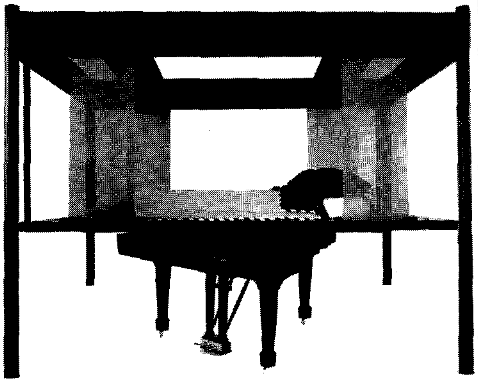

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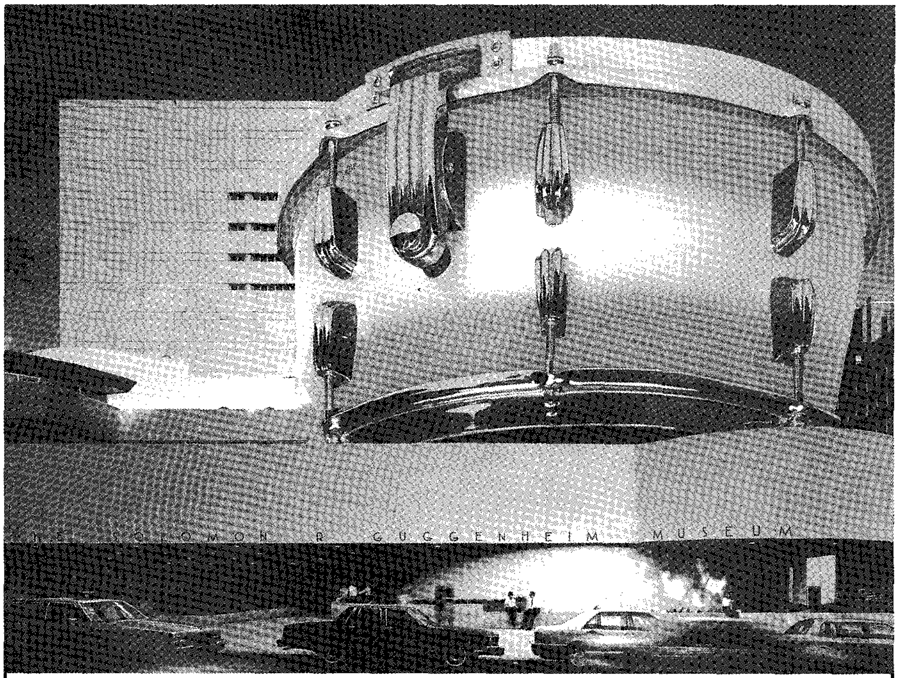

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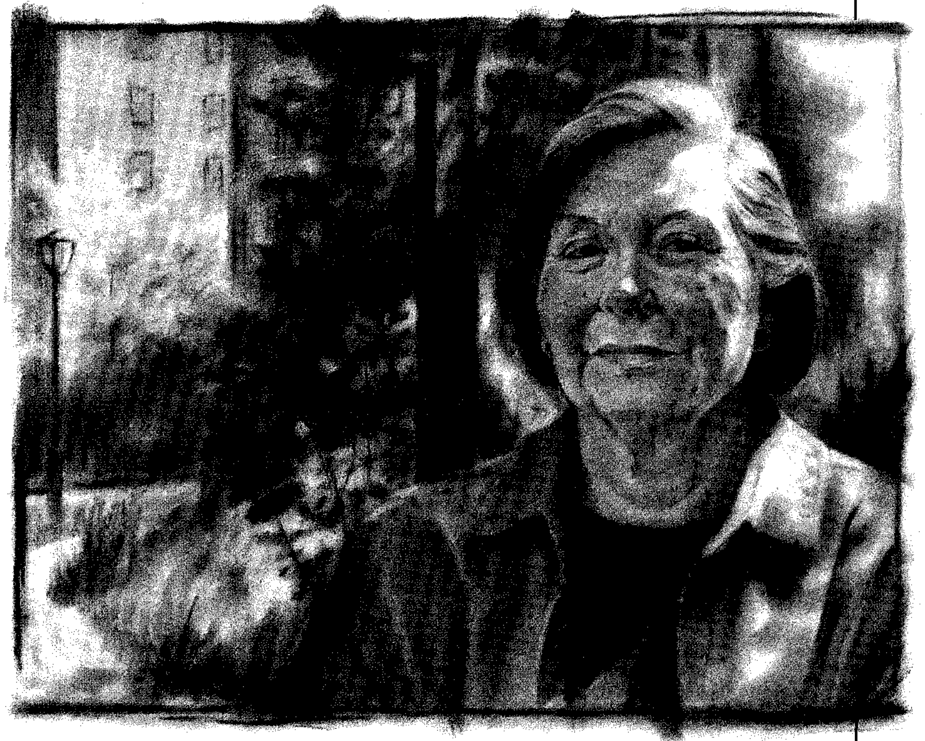
CITIZENS ROGER ROSENBLATT

Garden City

A neighborhood novelist celebrates a fragment of Eden in the middle of normal city mayhem and considers the value of public space.



'A GARDEN IS SOMETHING YOU make, but a garden makes itself too. It's different from making something out of wood or dead materials. And very often your intentions simply don't come out right. An enormous amount of failure takes place. It's sort of like writing a novel, but at least a novel eventually comes to an end. A garden keeps on going."

That's Maureen Howard, the novelist. We are sitting together on a bench in the West Side Community Garden, which is located in the middle of the block between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues on 89th Street, a few short blocks from the noisier area where Tony does his begging and Alan has his framing shop. The garden, about 100 feet wide and 175 feet deep, cuts a swath through to 90th Street; its effect upon the block—upon the entire neighborhood—is green and sudden.

In the mid-seventies, it extended from its western border at St. Gregory the Great School and the Claremont Riding Academy over to Columbus, having been transformed by local citizens from a rubble-strewn abandoned lot. Then a new apartment house on Columbus took the eastern half, and threatened to overrun the whole thing. The West Side Community Garden association worked out an agreement with the building's owners and won the right to keep the garden, which is planted and maintained by members.

It is by far the best-kept garden I have seen in the area. There are three that I know of, each one representing a different neighborhood tone. Nearby, on the other side of the riding academy, is a block-long plot that looks like a combination garden and yard sale. Broken picnic tables, discarded buckets, remnants of grocery bags and toys mix with chips of brick and glass, small patches of earth and grass, and one leafless tree.

The strangest garden in the neighborhood is ten stories high, on the south side of 86th Street, close to Broadway. It seems to burst out of an apartment onto a balcony that can barely contain it. It is illuminated by a flood lamp that makes it appear to glow bright green. From street level, the effect is like a mad growth, a tumor. Grotesque even in daylight, it becomes a pulsating monster at night.

But the West Side Community Garden is civilized. All day, people wander around and through it, or they sit, as Maureen and I are doing this morning. It is still early. City shadows make the north end of the garden cold, so we sit in the southern climate. Behind us is the rock garden—blues, yellows, reds, whites, and purples of primroses, yarrow, azaleas, violets, phlox, grape hyacinths, and lavender sprouting among small dark-gray boulders. Before us lies an oval grassy area dug into the earth like an amphitheater. In fact, it serves the neighborhood as a little outdoor theater. Maureen says she has watched children performing plays here—"kids from an inner-city summer camp, with wonderful painted faces."

I know nothing about gardens, except what I've read in books. Maureen knows everything. She tells me the only gift she ever wants for her birthday is a sack of manure.

The garden's gates are locked at night. A member of the West Side association complains that kids still climb over, pick the tomatoes, and litter the walkways with the detritus of tomato fights. In a neighborhood where drugs are rife, I'm surprised they haven't taken the place apart.

"Paradise found!" a largish woman calls out to us from a path above. Maureen nods and smiles. "You know," she says, "America itself was supposed to be a kind of garden. All those founding fathers, they sent cuttings back and forth to each other. It was important to have your garden here in the new country. I think it was a way of setting down roots."

"But we're disconnected from all that now," I suggest.

"There are penalties for that," she says. "You begin to accept artificiality much more easily—the metastasizing of malls, with the same shops spread over the universe. You lose track of the randomness and the chaos in nature."

"And yet the great complaint about city life is that it's chaotic and out of control," I say.

"Yes," she says. "Which is why it's important to stay in touch with growing and living things, and to understand them and know their names. To name something is to begin to know it." We look up and see a red double-decker bus roll by very slowly on 89th, full of blank-faced passengers looking straight at us. "Hello. We're part of a tour," says Maureen. "There was a time when knowing the names was necessary. When people grew herbs for medicinal reasons, it was necessary."

Illustration by Scott Hunt.

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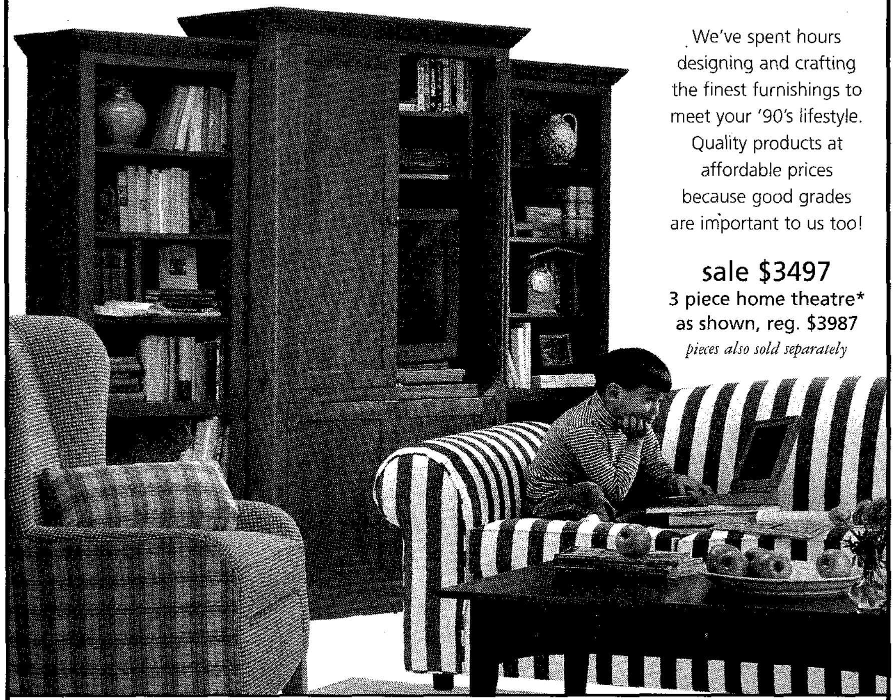

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I ask her: "What's the benefit in growing things in a time when it isn't necessary?"

"Pleasure," she says. "This is a pleasure garden." Maureen's novels are rock gardens—small explosions of beauty erupting among hardnesses. Her autobiography, *Facts of Life* (1978), is like that, too. In it she draws a firm yet tender picture of her mother, who used to quote lines of poetry and conjugate Latin verbs. "It would never occur to my mother that the finer things might be complicated for us," Maureen wrote of her. Maureen herself, who is 65 and has a soft face and cool eyes, seems a mixture of the hard, that is, the critical, and the fragile. At the end of *Facts of Life,* she sees that "everything is clear: the rose marble of the Morgan Library, mahogany bushes, tulips on the verge."

"New York is a pretty good place for gardens, but it's also harsh," she says. "You have to know where you live. Growing things is a way of locating yourself. I think that everyone who works in a garden in New York—and there are gardens all over this city—is looking for a refuge, a time and place to pretend. You have to be careful not to romanticize city gardens, but they do set a standard of repose.

"I know this neighborhood by its plants," says Maureen. "There's a house on 91st Street with a living rhododendron, but its top is dead. It's all I can do not to go to work on it with my clippers. I know it's none of my business, but I can't help myself. And I get very angry at the people who don't want trees around here—people who are working at the curbsides, doing auto repair and stuff. The tree is not germane to their business, so they kill it. Last year someone spray-painted silver on a row of trees. It drives me crazy. People who can't connect with the earth have trouble connecting with anything."

By late morning, the sun has covered the garden with warm light. More people are coming in—a mother with two little girls, one clinging to each of her hands; an old man who kneels beside his as-yet-unflowering flower bed and glances up at Maureen and me in helpless frustration.

Out on the street somewhere, a man shouts relentlessly. The words are gibberish, but they sound like agony.

"A good friend of my mother's died in a garden," Maureen says. "She was doing something she had done year after year. She loved it. And it seemed to me a good way to go, rather than the hospital tubes. Why not? And I remember that my mother, who was a very understanding woman, just kept saying that she couldn't understand why that woman would go out in the garden when she wasn't feeling well. Why did she do that? My mother didn't get it. But I got it." ■

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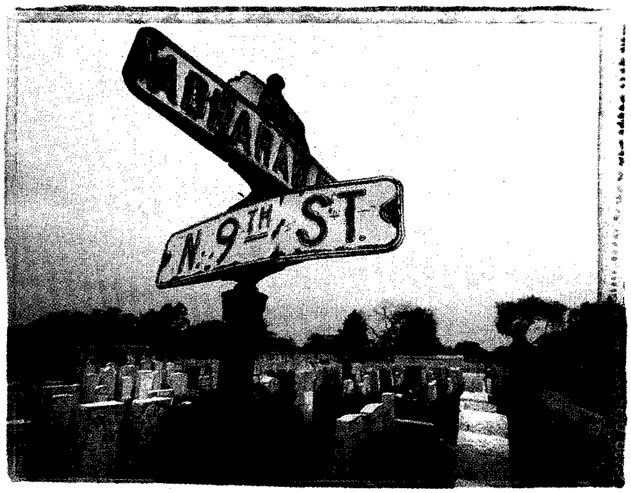
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEYOND BELIEF

BY
CRAIG HOROWITZ



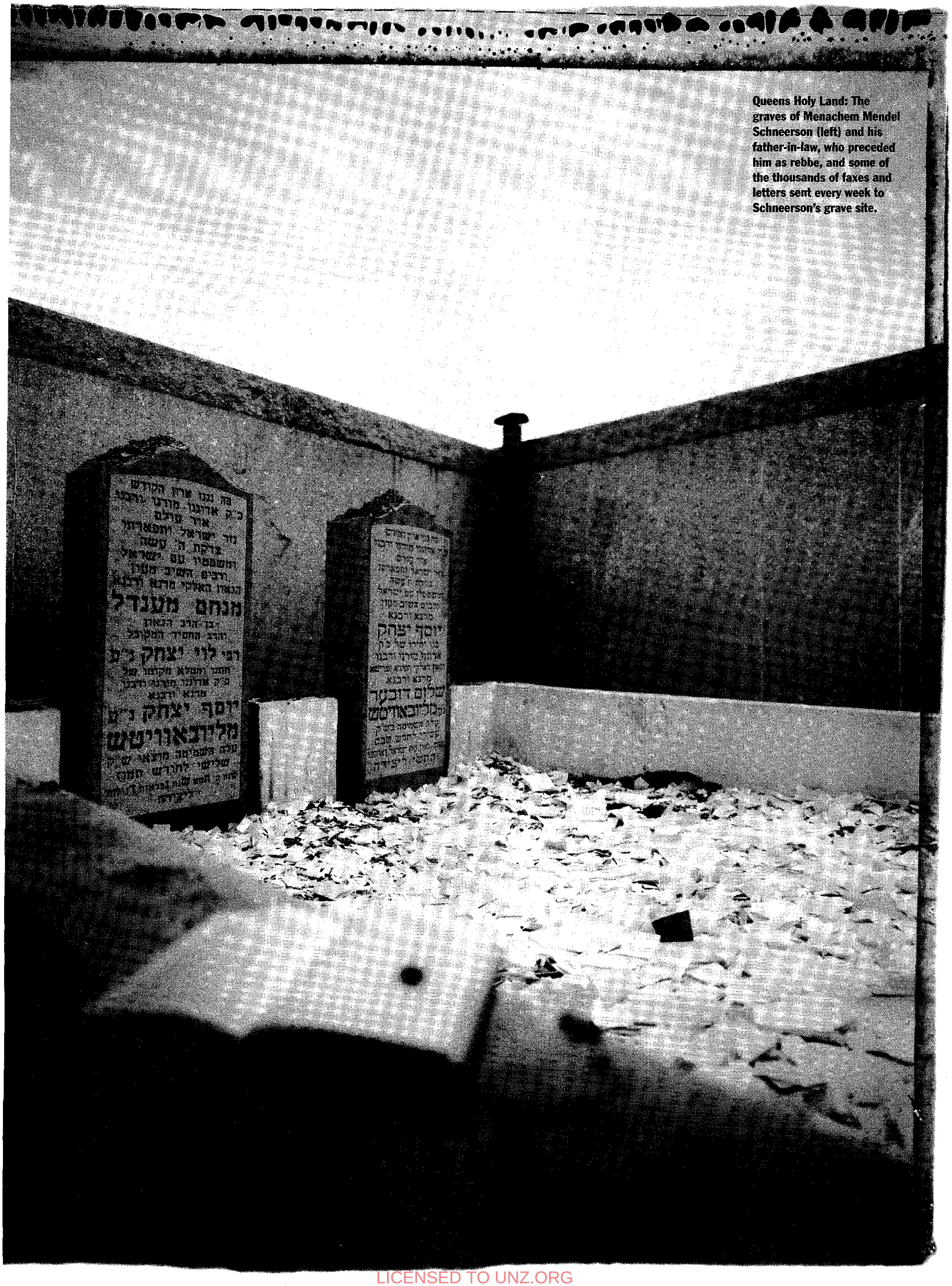
A year after his death, Rabbi Menachem Schneerson is still treated as a living presence by the Lubavitcher faithful. Indeed, his grave site has become a place of uncommon holiness, where thousands of pilgrims seek his blessing and an answer to the question, Is he really the Messiah?

A JET ROARED OVERHEAD ON ITS FINAL APPROACH TO Kennedy airport, but the almost intolerable noise had no discernible effect on the eight men standing together inside a twenty-foot-square, roofless mausoleum in an otherwise unremarkable section of Queens's Old Montefiore Cemetery. Bathed in warm afternoon sunlight and surrounded by ten-foot-high granite walls that held in the heat, the men seemed to shimmer as they prayed in exuberant Hasidic style. They rocked back and forth like out-of-sync metronomes, chanting together but not in unison. They sang psalms and recited passages from the Zohar, the seminal text of Jewish mysticism. The grave site was covered by thousands of pieces of paper, each with a personal message left for Rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson, the legendary Lubavitcher rebbe who died one year ago this week and was the focus of all this devotional activity. As the mourners continued their display, the scraps fluttered in the gentle late-spring breeze.

Suddenly a small woman of about 60 emerged from behind Schneerson's large headstone. She sobbed softly as she took a few halting steps, her bare feet obviously sensitive to the rock-covered ground (everyone is shoeless by the grave, according to tradition, as God told Moses on Mount Sinai to remove his shoes on the holy ground). Overcome by emotion, the woman appeared to be listing, first to the left, then to the right. She leaned forward a little and pressed her forehead firmly against the headstone, still weeping quietly. No one glanced at her. As the men began to finish their prayers, they left, one by one, only to be replaced by others who began the ritual all over again.

The scene at the *Ohel* (literally, tent), which is what the Hasidim call the rebbe's grave site, had an ethereal, almost fleeting quality—as if, like some kind of apparition or daydream, it could all disappear in the blink of an eye. But the stirring activity at Schneerson's grave has been the same for twelve months now. Every day hundreds of the faithful come to Cambria Heights, an immaculate middle-class black neighborhood, to "visit" their deceased leader. They come during the day and late at night. And they come not just from Crown Heights but from Melbourne and Paris and Cleveland and everywhere else in the world where Lubavitch has established a presence.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUSSELL KAYE


מנחם מענדל
רבי לוי יצחק
יוסף יצחק
מליובאוויטש
יוסף יצחק
שלום דובער

Queens Holy Land: The graves of Menachem Mendel Schneerson (left) and his father-in-law, who preceded him as rebbe, and some of the thousands of faxes and letters sent every week to Schneerson's grave site.

Some arrive seeking only the solace of a graveside visit, eager to tell the rebbe news of births, deaths, business deals, and family achievements. Others seek miracles, desperate but hopeful that 20 or 30 minutes of graveside prayer will cure a sick relative, solve a professional problem, or ease a personal crisis.

Indeed, they come to him just as they did when he was alive, seeking his counsel, his judgment, and his blessing. When Lubavitchers talk about Schneerson today it is rarely in the past tense. And when they do speak of his death, they often try to rationalize it by saying things like "now that the rebbe is no longer with us in the physical sense."

Those who cannot make the trip to the *Ohel* send faxes, sometimes as many as 1,000 a day. It happens that Schneerson's grave is right near the northern edge of the cemetery, which runs along Francis Lewis Boulevard, a wide street lined with small Cape Cod–style houses that back right up against the graves. Last December, the Lubavitchers bought for $200,000 a five-room, red-brick house whose backyard is less than 30 yards from the rebbe's grave. The house now serves as a kind of 24-hour visitor's center and decompression chamber, where the faithful can either prepare for their time at the grave or come down afterward.

One room is used for study. Another chamber, where a snippet of a colorful wall border missed by the painters reveals that it was only recently a small child's bedroom, is now a video room. Tapes of Schneerson play continually on a lone television surrounded by some chairs. Another bedroom serves as a synagogue and has a Torah kept in an ark that is actually a seven-foot-high steel safe. There's also a room with a long table and writing materials where believers can sit and compose the notes they leave on the rebbe's grave. There's coffee and cookies in the kitchen—is there another prominent religious leader at whose grave you can *eat?*—to rejuvenate those who fast until after they've prayed. And, of course, there are the fax machines that regularly print out, along with all of the expected messages and requests, wedding invitations for the rebbe.

"Look, people sent wedding invitations before, and they didn't expect him to come then either. They do it out of respect," says Abba Refson, a soft-spoken, dark-bearded, 23-year-old from Leeds, England, who runs the house at the *Ohel*. When he is asked, as he often is, Refson will read faxes aloud at the graveside. But even those he doesn't read are placed on the rebbe's grave, where they remain until just before the start of the weekly sabbath. Then they are gathered up and burned in a small potbelly stove that sits in a corner of the *Ohel*.

As Lubavitchers prepare to mark the Yahrzeit, the first anniversary of Schneerson's death, it is clear that they have barely begun to deal with the loss. (Schneerson died on June 12, the third of *Tammuz*, but because the Hebrew calendar is lunar, it falls this year on July 11.) Even the most optimistic members, those who are confident that the movement will continue to thrive, admit that this is a troublesome time for the 200,000 or so Lubavitchers worldwide. "He was our leader, but he was much more than that," says Henya Laine, a teacher who came to America from Russia in 1953. "He was everything. We come to the cemetery because we feel his presence is here now. He's with us spiritually."

While Laine spoke about what the rebbe means to her, a middle-aged French woman with flaming red hair and an inappropriately low-cut blouse told a Lubavitch woman from the Midwest how the rebbe saved her sick son's life by persuading him, after he'd given up hope, to listen to his doctors and take his medicine. In a back room, a successful 43-year-old podiatrist from Jamaica Estates pored over Torah with Abba Refson. The beardless podiatrist beat a long bout of severe depression—without Prozac, he says proudly—when he rediscovered his Judaism with the help of Lubavitch. Now he makes time to pray and study at the *Ohel* every day.

Practically every person who goes to the *Ohel* has a story of redemption, recovery, or some extraordinary experience related to the rebbe. Many, like the podiatrist, say they were either reborn or revitalized by the rebbe in the last year. It is a long-held Orthodox belief that part of the soul of a *tzaddik* ("righteous man") hovers over his grave. This makes communication possible not just with the deceased but, in a secondhand way, with God. Through entreaty, the *tzaddik* can be asked to intercede or ask for something on someone else's behalf in Heaven. The actual tradition of praying at the grave of a righteous person dates back more than 3,000 years. When Moses was leading the Jewish people through the desert, he sent twelve spies to Israel to find out what they could expect when they got there. Ten turned out to be traitors who brought back false reports. But Joshua and Caleb, who prayed in Hebron at the graves of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, faithfully carried out their mission.

Today, Henya Laine goes to the rebbe's grave on every birthday, on every anniversary, anytime she feels lonely, and whenever she wants a blessing. "Before this happened, I could never really feel anyone else's loss. Now I truly understand. I miss him so much. I feel like a piece of me has been torn away."

Though a stroke had left Schneerson partially paralyzed for the last two and a half years of his life, his followers essentially did nothing during this time to reconcile themselves with his impending death. Indeed, when the word went out last year that Schneerson had finally died, the shock was nearly as great as if he had been healthy and suffered an unexpected, fatal heart attack.

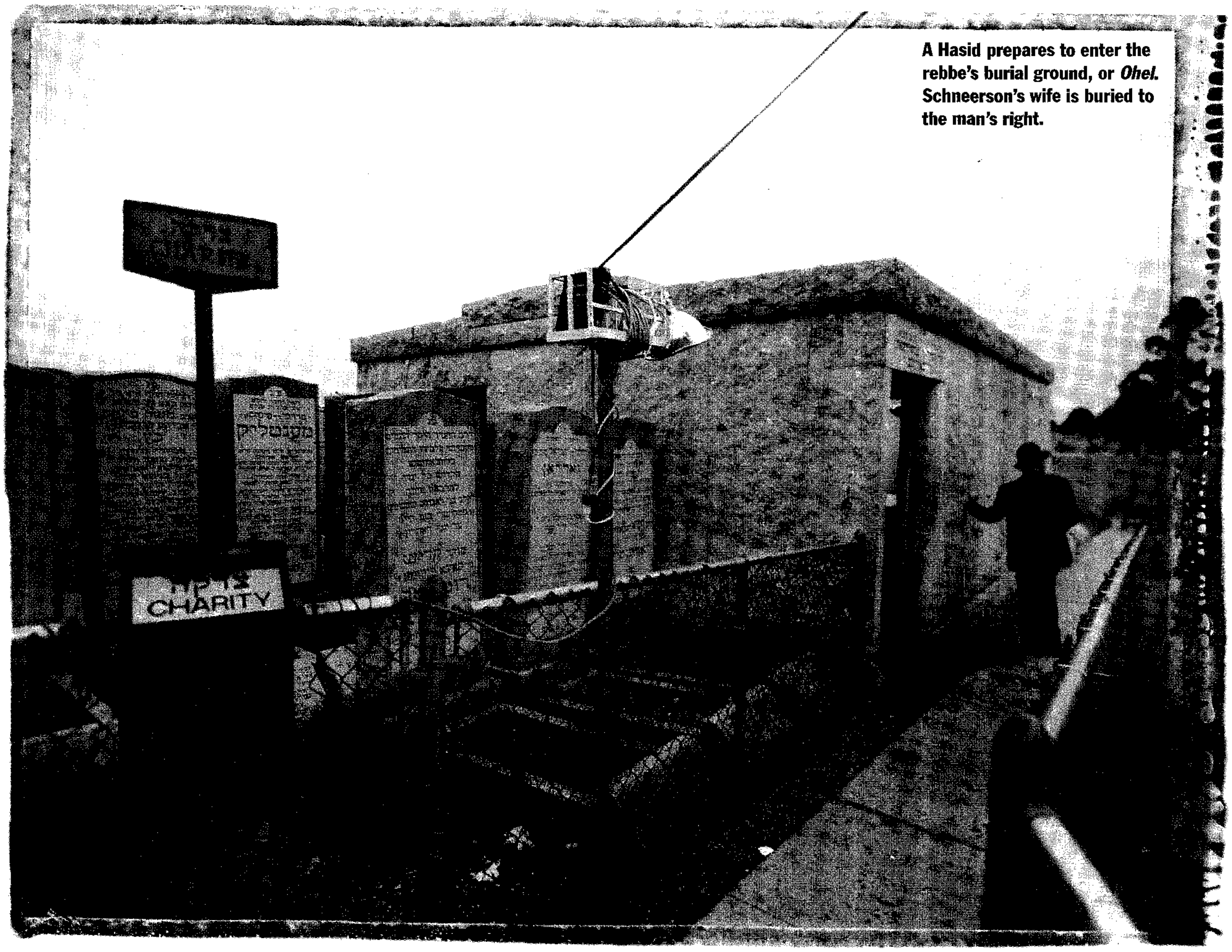
FOR CHABAD LUBAVITCH (THE GROUP'S OFFICIAL NAME; *CHABAD* IS AN ACRONYM OF THE HEBREW WORDS *chochma, bina,* and *da'at,* or "wisdom," "understanding," and "knowledge") the death of Schneerson—who, though married for 59 years, had no children and thus left no obvious successor—is an extraordinarily complex matter. It has opened up far-reaching spiritual and temporal questions for his followers that have yet to be satisfactorily resolved.

Alone among the surviving Hasidic groups, Lubavitch looks outward rather than inward, believing that the spiritual welfare of every Jew is each Lubavitcher's responsibility. Inspired by Schneerson, young Lubavitch couples willingly gave up careers and proximity to their family and friends to go off and work as missionaries wherever the rebbe said there was a Jewish soul in need. As a result, Lubavitch became a global organization. Its 3,000 *shluchim*—the tireless emissaries—now run more than 2,000 religious and social-service organizations around the world, from Tunisia to Tasmania to a just-opened Chabad House in Singapore.

But this network has been built largely on the energy and the enthusiasm of those few willing to accept far-flung assignments. Though the *shluchim* I spoke to emphatically declared that their commitment to "do what the rebbe wanted" is even greater now, despair over his death may eventually sap their spirit. Their work is also critical because of its impact on fund-raising. The annual Lubavitch budget is estimated to be $500 million, almost all of it raised through local Chabad Houses around the world.

"Our fund-raising has certainly not been helped by the rebbe's passing, but it has not been hurt either," says Rabbi Yisrael Deren, who is in charge of the Chabad Houses in southern New England. "Are we, as a movement, in distress today? Honestly, yes we are. But I believe our inherent inner strength will get us through this."

The Chabad Lubavitch organization, whose tentacles now reach into nearly every corner of the Jewish world, has continued to run reasonably well after Schneerson's death. Maintaining the group's political clout, however, is another matter. The rebbe's influence in New York, Washington, and Jerusalem on issues like school prayer, public display of religious symbols, the New York mayor's race, and Israel's controversial attempts to define who is a Jew was largely dependent on the force of his personality and his ability to deliver a solid voting bloc. (In what may have been a testament to the continuing political power of Lubavitch, Congress passed a resolution last year to award the rebbe the Congressional Gold Medal. He is the first person to receive the medal for religious work. The official presentation is scheduled for June 28.)



A Hasid prepares to enter the rebbe's burial ground, or *Ohel*. Schneerson's wife is buried to the man's right.

The grave itself was covered by thousands of pieces of paper, each with a personal message left for Rabbi Schneerson. As the mourners continued their display, the scraps fluttered in the gentle late-spring breeze.

But without his leadership, this power may start to dissolve. Though every Lubavitcher says "I know what the rebbe wanted," what the rebbe wanted is not always so clear. While there is a vast collection of writing and speeches to consult on virtually any issue—and Lubavitchers spend much of their time studying every nuance of his work—the true meaning of many of Schneerson's pronouncements is now subject to the kind of fierce debate that is usually devoted to the Talmud.

Of course, as followers of Lubavitch know, *every* issue, no matter how minor, is an occasion for fierce debate. The battle in Crown Heights for Schneerson's legacy has become so contentious that Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky, the executor of the rebbe's will and one of the leaders of Chabad Lubavitch, says that the community is "in danger of tearing itself apart." Even celebrations ignite conflict. There is a battle currently raging over an event to be held at the world headquarters at 770 Eastern Parkway in Brooklyn to coincide with the medal-presentation ceremonies in Washington.

There is even a battle raging over one of the provisions of the rebbe's will. Though his total assets were valued at less than $50,000, he wanted everything he owned turned over to Lubavitch. The only objects of any real consequence are his books and writings. However, even as Krinsky has diligently tried to settle the will—it is believed a soul cannot rest until its last wishes are carried out—Krinsky's opponents in Lubavitch have refused to turn over items that belonged to Schneerson. As a result, Krinsky may soon have to take this fight to court.

There are even bigger problems. A small fundamentalist faction in Lubavitch continues to promote aggressively the idea that the rebbe is *Moshiach* (the Messiah). This belief, which gained momentum while Schneerson was sick and unable to stop it, has done more to alienate mainstream Jews and others outside Lubavitch than anything else the group has done. Each of the previous six rebbes in the 200-year-plus history of Lubavitch had been considered by his followers to be a *candidate* for Messiah. Schneerson is the first rebbe who members of Lubavitch have claimed actually *is Moshiach*. Though Schneerson himself never presumed such exalted status, zealots have not been shy about making the proclamation on his behalf. Once he could no longer stop them, they turned the *Moshiach* issue into a relentless public campaign, including billboards, bumper stickers, T-shirts, and silly Madison Avenue– style slogans: MOSHIACH IS COMING—BE A PART OF IT!

For some Chabadniks, as the faithful are called, the question of whether Schneerson is the Messiah is in fact an argument over what Lubavitch is all about. "Is it a movement with a global mission to reach every Jew? And one that is molded by that mission, which is how I would describe it?" asks Rabbi Deren of Connecticut, who is critical of the hard-line pro-Messiah faction. "Or is it a movement with a message? And if the world wants that message, fine; if not, we're happy to have it for ourselves like any other Hasidic group. These people say as long as the message is pure, it doesn't matter if the world is laughing at us."

Back at the grave site, though, there is little sign that the fervency of the belief in Schneerson has been tempered at all. When I asked one solemn, heavyset man praying at the *Ohel* about the likelihood that there will be a successor to Schneerson, he replied without a moment's hesitation, "There is no one. But the fact that there isn't reinforces our belief that the rebbe will take care of things from where he is now." ■

The Comedy Zombies And the Ninth Circle of Funny

What killed the comedy business? TV? Bad, filthy jokes? (Be warned) In comedy hell, scores of comedians tried to make our reporter laugh. Might the few who succeeded be the makings of a Renaissance?

By Larry Doyle

HE TROTS TO THE STAGE, REPORTING FOR WORK. *Hey!*

Mike in hand, brick wall at back, he's wearing the uniform: blue jeans, unbuttoned white shirt, black T-shirt underneath. He's a Happy Guy. He's got a 32-tooth smile that says, I want to make *you* happy, too. A guitar lurks ominously off to the side.

Welcome to the Comedy Cellar in New York City, where we have the meanest waiters, the worst cabdrivers, and the stupidest terrorists.

And sometimes they're the same person.

We're not happy yet.

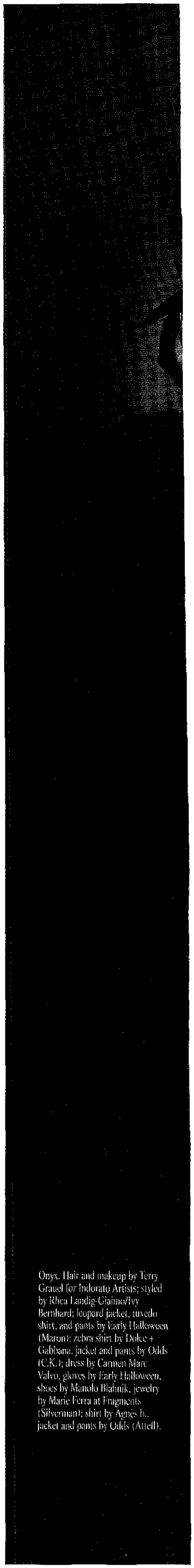
Whereufrom?

The three middle-aged women in the corner booth, Nicky, Jill, and Cathy, are from Britain.

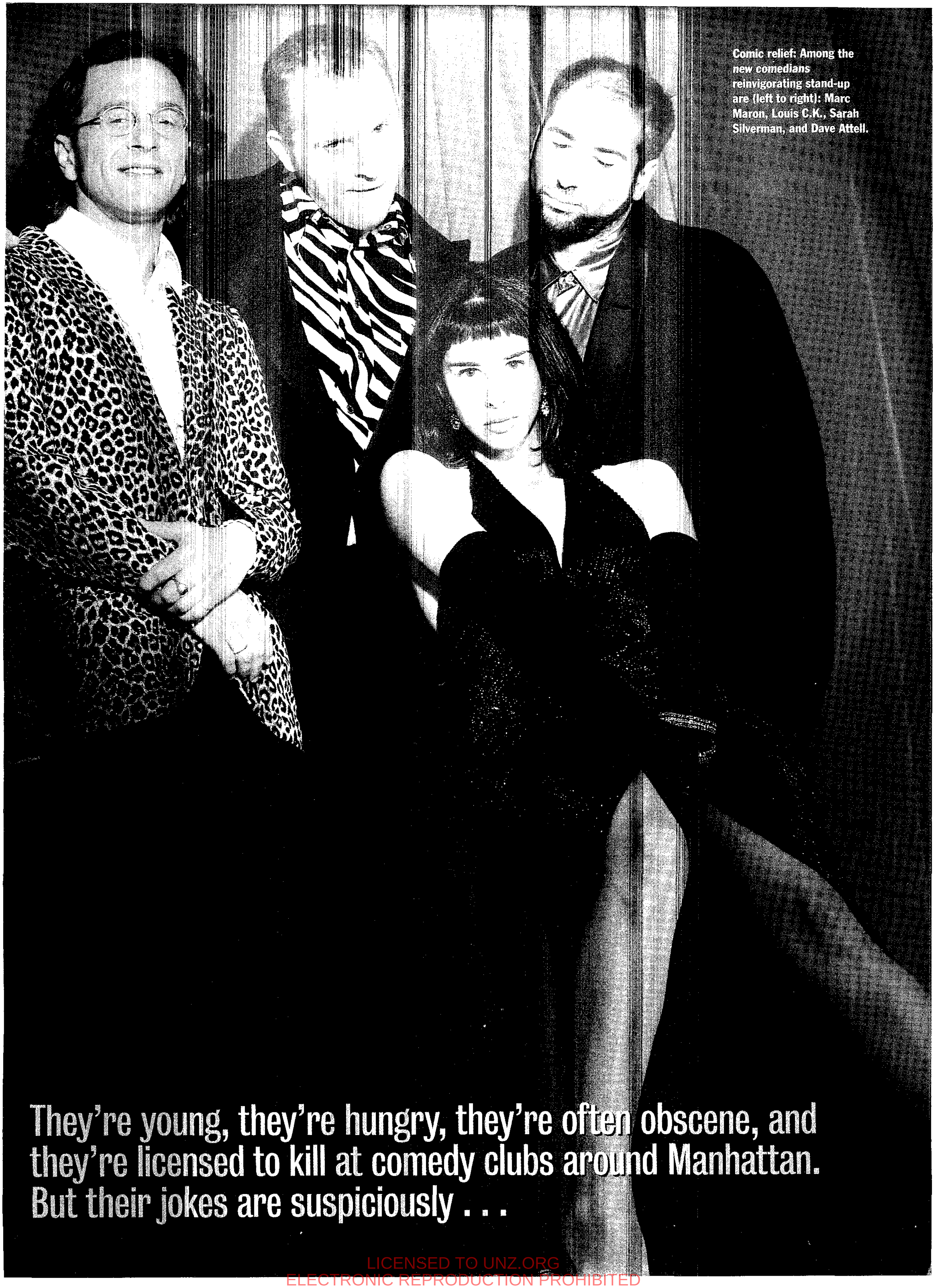
And whereufrom?

The two young guys at a far table are from San Francisco. Steve and another guy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CARROLL
FOR *NEW YORK*



Onyx. Hair and makeup by Terry Grauel for Indorato Artists; styled by Rhea Landig-Giaimo/Ivy Bernhard; leopard jacket, tuxedo shirt, and pants by Early Halloween (Maron); zebra shirt by Dolce + Gabbana, jacket and pants by Odds (C.K.); dress by Carmen Marc Valvo, gloves by Early Halloween, shoes by Manolo Blahnik, jewelry by Marie Ferra at Fragments (Silverman); shirt by Agnès b., jacket and pants by Odds (Attell).



Comic relief: Among the *new comedians* reinvigorating stand-up are (left to right): Marc Maron, Louis C.K., Sarah Silverman, and Dave Attell.

They're young, they're hungry, they're often obscene, and they're licensed to kill at comedy clubs around Manhattan. But their jokes are suspiciously . . .

We could make a whole night of this, but alas, that's everybody. It's a Sunday night in the Village, and everyone else is elsewhere. There were nights, back in '83, '84, when this basement was a smoking, heaving, coke-and-white-Zinfandel-spitting laugh orgy, but tonight, it's mostly dark brown.

Happy Guy goes for the guitar. He asks for *a current event or,* he says, *anything that's in the news. Think of this as a musical Montel Williams.* Taking the suggestion "the Oklahoma City bombing," he makes up a song, right on the spot, which is impressive but unamusing. One neat segue—*Why did they blow up Oklahoma? Why couldn't they blow up the O.J. trial?*—and he's into his O.J. stuff, which is also not funny.

Two guys from New Mexico walk in.

I wish they'd bring back the Bobbitt trial, the Happy Guy says, and suddenly, the Bobbitts are back. *Some people feel sorry for him. Some feel sorry for her. I feel sorry for neither. I feel sorry for the cop who had to find the penis. Now,* that's *something you'll never see on* Cops.

It's worth noting that since the first time Happy Guy told that joke, 75 comedy clubs have gone out of business across the country.

Club owner Dworman prefers comics who might not be as good as others but "are more predictable in terms of pleasing an audience."

Happy Guy gets off, and Fat Guy gets on. Fat Guy had breakfast just this morning at Burger King. *I had the Breakfast Buddy. What's the strangest fast food you've ever eaten—*

Voice from the back: "I have to cross? *Fuck.*" One of the patrons of the restaurant upstairs has been informed that in order to get to the toilet, she must pass in front of the comedian. In a full house, this might go unnoticed, but it's hard to blend into a crowd of five. Plus, this woman's gigantic, perhaps four times fatter than the Fat Guy, and she's wearing red-striped pantaloons. "Excuse me," she says, swaggering past the stage. "I have to take the shit of a lifetime."

Big laugh.

Only three years ago, there were 475 full-time comedy clubs in the United States, and perhaps 2,500 other places that offered comedy nights. Of the 350 comedy clubs still operating today, only 76 do comedy seven nights a week. Taking up the slack: karaoke.

I know I'm a fat guy, Fat Guy is saying. He's also, not surprisingly, a diabetic. His blood sugar is so high, *Dunkin' Donuts wants to use my urine for a glaze. "Time to make the donuts!"* Fat Guy turns around and feigns urination.

Fat Guy gets off with the one that always works: *The best part of waking up is Folger's in your cup? No, the best part of waking up is a boner in my briefs!*

Catch a Rising Star—the Upper East Side home of Richard Belzer, David Brenner, Billy Crystal, Andy Kaufman, Jay Leno, Richard Lewis, Jerry Seinfeld—is now Polly Esther's, the seventies-theme bar. The Improv lost its lease and is now operating out of an Italian restaurant.

A couple arrive; they're from Queens.

Time for the Smiling Black Dude. *I'm not really a comedian. I was just standing outside with a cup and they said, "Hey, you wanna do a few minutes?"*

So I was chasing these white guys down the street the other day . . .

Three adults with three toddlers wander down from the restaurant. Instead of making for the bathrooms, they sit down to catch the show. It's not often you see someone who is actually dumbstruck, but Smiling Black Dude stands there for several seconds, mouth agape.

Finally: *I don't have any more material.*

Another long pause: *They're going to go home, and one of their kids is going to go, "Mommy, what's dick?"*

Of the eleven clubs left in Manhattan, most paper their houses—let people in free, hoping they'll buy the overpriced drinks.

As it turns out, Smiling Black Dude does have material: *Whereufrom? England? I been to England. You know the cops don't carry guns in England? How's that work? "I say there, halt!" Heck you!"*

If there had been black people on Gilligan's Island, in three years you would have had a whole fucking nation.

The family gets up to leave. *I was just wondering,* Smiling Black Dude asks, *what possessed you to bring fucking kids down in a basement in the Village?*

"We just had dinner," the mother says. "We didn't think you would be so rude."

Well, fuck you.

The mother doesn't even bother to heckle back. Exit, Middle America.

How can I be funny now? I feel like I kicked out the Bradys.

Smiling Black Dude keeps talking, but no one's listening, and he's interrupting half his jokes anyway to beg the emcee to give him the light so he can get off.

I feel like Tom Hanks in Punchline. *I'm like, Help me, Daddy.*

True story: David Brenner says some guys interviewed him for a book about comedy a couple of years back, meaning the seventies. They'd amassed a list of every working comic in America, "including the guys who worked, like, the mountains, including the guys who worked at God's Waiting Room in Florida, you know, those condos." As Brenner tells it, "Including *all of them,* there were 145 comedians." The 1995 Comedy USA directory lists 4,800.

Alex and Edgar have joined us; they're from Ukraine. Also, two women, perhaps girls, have unwisely taken a table abutting the stage.

Jewish Guy gets up. He's wearing jeans, unbuttoned blue-striped shirt, black T-shirt underneath. He goes right for the girl-women. They're from the Netherlands and Germany. They're au pairs.

Hi, Jewish guy says, *I'm Jewish.*

He goes over to the British women. *You're from England. The cops don't carry guns in England.*

"We already heard that joke."

Well, you're going to fucking hear it again, out of a fucking white guy.

Fewer clubs, and less money: Manny Dworman, who owns the Comedy Cellar as well as the Olive Tree Cafe upstairs, pays comedians 20 percent less than he did two years ago—"50 bucks on a Saturday," he says. He calls back the next day to emphasize that he only pays that much on the *weekends.*

Jewish Guy has already done his impression (*Marcel Marceau in a Box, Urinating*) and his topical stuff (*So Kato Kaelin is writing a book. I'm sure he's not writing it, he's just coloring it*), and now he's all over the au pairs again.

I have a really big penis. With a little yarmulke on the tip.

You people came here on a Sunday; what do you expect—entertainment?

"There are people," Manny Dworman says, "who might not be as good as other comics, but who are more predictable in terms of pleasing the audience, and that's what's more important to me. I'm constantly having squabbles with the comedians who think of themselves as artists and who think it's more important to work on their art than to be funny."

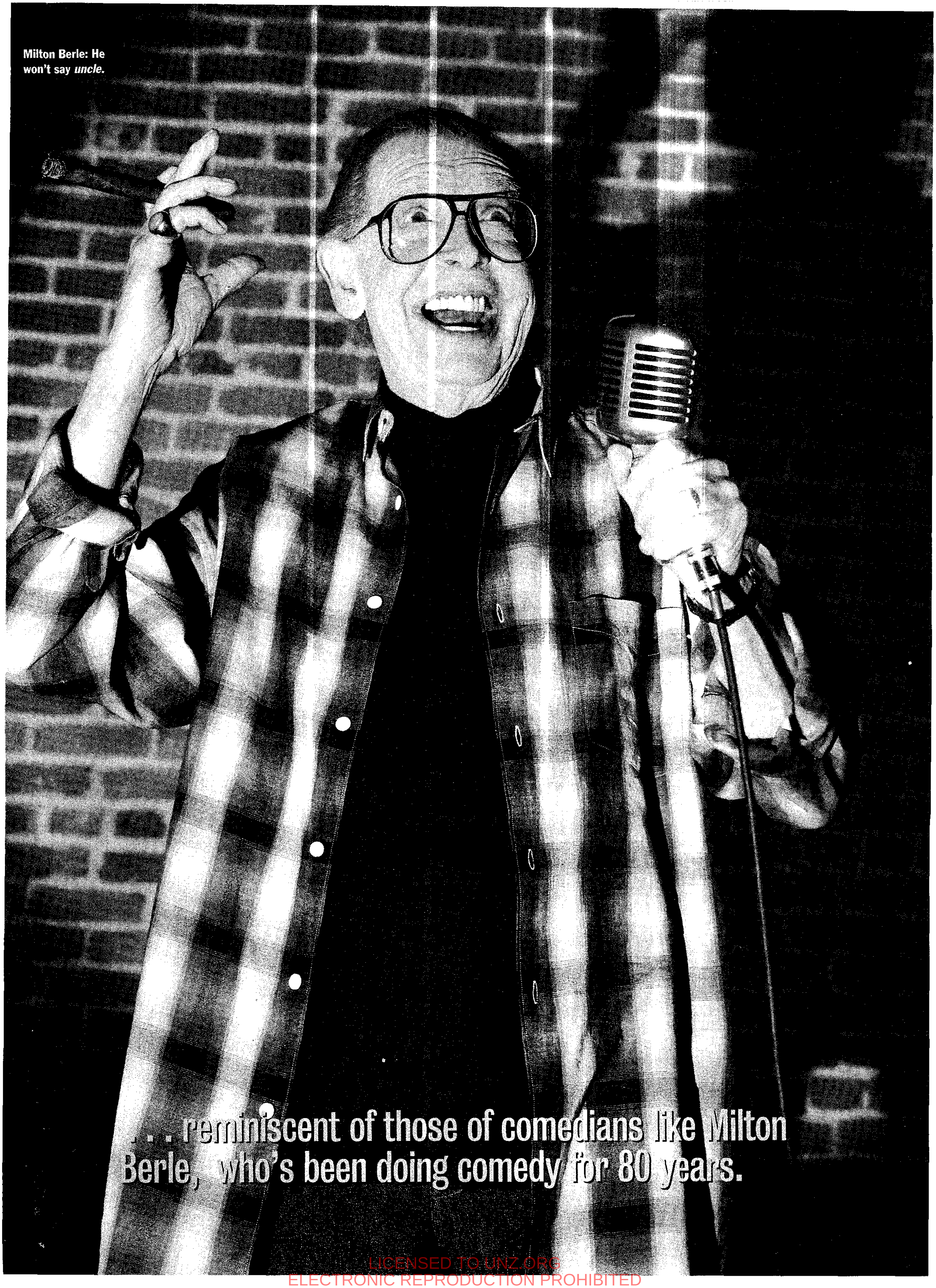
The next guy is wearing blue jeans, unbuttoned maroon shirt, black T-shirt underneath. *I just got in from Las Vegas. I'm onstage, and these little old ladies are yelling, "Show us your dick!"* He does his grandmother (*We got her one of those I've-Fallen-and-I-Can't-Get-Up things*), politics (*Dan Quayle. He wrote a book recently. It was a coloring book*), and then, *I don't feel bad for Pee-wee. I feel bad for the people who were sitting in front of him.*

No, wait—the Pee-wee joke was the guy *after* him.

ME: I've had the pleasure of going to comedy clubs every night now for the past four weeks.

Hair and makeup by Shawna Clark for Cloutier, styled by Laura Doss; shirt from American Rag, T-shirt by Calvin Klein, jeans by Levi's.

Photograph by Mojgan B. Azimi.



Milton Berle: He won't say *uncle.*

. . . reminiscent of those of comedians like Milton Berle, who's been doing comedy for 80 years.

EDDIE MURPHY
THE ONLY COMEDY CLUB
LIFE
ELECTRIC DEPT.

Sarah Silverman and Vanessa Hollingshead at the Comic Strip.

STEVEN WRIGHT: Wow.
DAVID BRENNER: Oh, you poor guy.
RICHARD BELZER: *Oy vay.*
PAULA POUNDSTONE: Oh, I'm so sorry.
TV EXECUTIVE WHO DEVELOPS COMEDY PROGRAMMING: *Ewww.*

[illegible], pedophilia, and genital mutilation are reliable laugh-getters these days. Why? Perhaps something to do with sex.

IT WASN'T *THAT* BAD. THE sandwiches at Carolines are made with focaccia, and they're tasty. At Stand-Up New York, you can order your buffalo wings mild, medium, hot, or suicidal, and they don't skimp on the napkins; you get a big stack. The Comedy Cellar serves a decent Middle Eastern platter, only eight bucks, and the frozen drinks at the Comic Strip come in many exciting colors. The only bad part, aside from a lot of the comedy, was trying to get my friends to come along.

Several phone messages like this one: "Listen, I know I said I would go, but I'm kinda tired and . . . *I just can't,* okay?" Sophisticates, urbanites, intellectuals, whatever it is we're calling people from Manhattan these days, are about as likely to go see stand-up comedy as they are to—I was going to say go bowling, but they're far more likely to do that. Stand-up comedy can't even be enjoyed on an *ironic* level anymore.

We did comedy. Before it sucked.

And when, exactly, *was* that? It's a pretty dream that every night at Catch a Rising Star or the Improv in the seventies was transcendent and everybody left a better human being, but sometimes Andy Kaufman would crawl into a sleeping bag and just lie there onstage, which makes for a great story but is a little thin in real-time entertainment value. And sure, in the eighties, during the Boom, we laughed ourselves stupid, our lips covered in spit, but just maybe that was the cocaine talking. Granted, maybe stand-up comedy is a little worse in the nineties; maybe it is the soft bloated corpse of the rock and roll it was supposed to become in the eighties, its skin glowing pale blue as it marches zombielike, arms out, toward a flickering television tube. You know, *maybe.*

But maybe there are still a few comics out there who actually care about stand-up comedy, Old Boys who believe that stand-up is an art form and not a sitcom audition, who have quaint notions about working hard and always giving it your best and having something to say. And maybe those few—maybe there are more than a few—are pretty funny. And maybe sometimes, usually on a Monday or Tuesday or after midnight, something happens in a comedy club that you can't get on television or in the movies and would never see on Broadway, and guess what? You missed it.

And say what you will about stand-up comedy, but remember this: It helped kill disco.

America can be counted on to take any good idea, or any bad idea, and absolutely run it into the ground.
—George Carlin

"I CAN'T PROVE THIS," THE COMEDIAN Richard Jeni says, "but as the AIDS epidemic took hold, people were less likely to want to go to a nightclub to get laid." It's as good a theory as any for why comedy clubs got so hot. Other hypotheses: the deification of *Saturday Night Live,* HBO and Showtime's uncensored stand-up specials, cable television in general. The simplest explanation: low start-up costs.

If you had a failing disco in 1980 and you didn't want to spring for a mechanical bull, you were one microphone stand and a wacky name away from owning a comedy club. Giggles, Bananas, Uncle Funny's, Yuk Yuk's, all fine wacky names. Brian Bradley, now the announcer in *Grease!* on Broadway, played one club in the mid-eighties that "used to be a coffee shop turned disco. I had to perform on the dance floor of the disco, and I was below the audience. My eye level was at their knees. And it was just pathetic, people leaning over a brass railing looking at me."

It didn't have to be a disco, though that was nice. Steven Wright started at Ding Ho's in Cambridge, Massachusetts—comedy club in front, Chinese restaurant in back. It's a little spooky to hear Wright, so stone-cold deadpan onstage, get all nostalgic about Ding Ho's. "There was no agents, there was no managers, there was no TV people watching. . . . We didn't—it was very *innocent.*"

Not for long. It took cable-TV executives less time than it takes to develop a deep, almost primal, loathing for Carrot Top to realize: Add two cameras, it's an acceptably cheap TV show. It's, specifically: MTV's *1/2 Hour Comedy Hour;* VH1's *Stand-up Spotlight;* Fox's *Sunday Night Comics* and *Comic Strip Live;* HBO's *Women of the Night;* A&E's *Comedy on the Road, Evening at the Improv,* and *Carolines Comedy Hour;* Comedy Central's *Two Drink Minimum, The A-List,* and

I like to go to an art gallery and stand in front of a painting and moan. Ohhhh

Stand-Up, Stand-Up. And that begat Jerry (*Seinfeld*) Seinfeld, Tim (*Home Improvement*) Allen, Roseanne (*Roseanne*), Paul (*Mad About You*) Reiser, Martin (*Martin*) Lawrence, Brett (*Grace Under Fire*) Butler, Ellen (*Ellen*) DeGeneres, Richard (*Platypus Man*) Jeni. And that, in turn, begat the international comedy festivals: the Toyota Comedy Festival here in New York (continuing this week); the new U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen, sponsored by HBO; and, most conspicuously, Juste Pour Rire in Montreal, which started out tiny thirteen years ago but has burgeoned into a laff-stuffed bag of 200 comedians, 400 talent scouts, several dozen reporters, and about 600,000 people who refuse to speak English to you. David Chappelle, tentatively scheduled to become David (*Buddies*) Chappelle on ABC this fall, was only 19 when Disney saw him in Montreal in 1992 and put him into three years of development hell. Margaret (*All-American Girl*) Cho landed her network deal there in 1993, based on fifteen minutes of material and the self-applied sobriquet "Connie Chung's younger, slutty sister."

And all of a sudden, everybody's a comedian. "A lot of people," according to Richard (*Homicide*) Belzer, "said, 'Oh, maybe I'll be an accountant, maybe I'll be a lawyer . . . *no*, I'll be a *comic*.' It became a career choice."

Not a very wise one, it turned out. "The sort of threat of stand-up comedy overstaying its welcome was always hovering, both literally and figuratively, over our heads," Paula Poundstone recalls. "Because a lot of these clubs never took down the disco balls. . . . I'd look up and there was a disco ball just out of sight, over my head, and it was always like saying, you know, 'This is not going to go on forever.' "

INDIAN COUPLE WALKS UP TO THE BOSTON Comedy Club on Third Street at 9:15 on a Thursday night in 1995. Looks like a good show. According to the sandwich board on the sidewalk, all of the performers have been on at least one television program.

Indian guy asks, "What time is the show?"

"9:45," the guy at the door says. "You want to buy your tickets?"

"We'll just come back."

"You should buy your tickets now."

"Well," the Indian guy says, "it's not like you're going to fill up."

"You never know."

Up one flight of stairs is a fraternity's idea of a ski lodge. At 9:45, a waitress with a tub of wet dishrags crosses the empty room. When, I ask, is the show going to start?

"Hopefully, pretty soon."

I begin to grow afraid the show might go on just for me. As I get up to leave at ten, a skinny black kid bounces in and trots to the stage and shouts, to no one, *Don't tell me there's no show. If there's a stage and a mike, I'll do a fucking show.*

Comics and club owners have been talking about the belly flop of stand-up for enough years now that their alibis fairly well match up, down to a peculiarly specific image. They all say, "If some guy can sit at home in his underwear in front of the tube and see everything he's gonna see at a club for free, why should he come out?" Others are a bit more frank and admit that as demand for comedians increased, perhaps club owners and TV producers weren't very picky.

Then there's the comedian Marc Maron, who's much more candid, so candid that a lot of the people on the business side of comedy think he's a jerk. Fortunately for Maron, he can also be fiercely amusing. So he's had some success; earlier this month he taped his own HBO special, which will air in August. The point is that when he talks about the sad state of stand-

The Golden Age of Stand-up

Let's talk about the old days, those mythic nights nearly a quarter of a century ago, back when New York comedy clubs were *hip*—go ahead, sneer, but you couldn't get in. Richard Belzer—the guy on *Homicide*; he was once going to be Lenny Bruce all over again—used to emcee at Catch a Rising Star, Rick Newman's place, up on First Avenue, and *there were lines on a Monday night.* People knew anything could happen, anything; some nights it'd get so wild, Belzer'd mix it up with the customers, get into actual fistfights. David Brenner—the first comic ever to utter, "Didja ever notice . . ."—was there nearly every night. So was Richard Lewis, the original wailing Jew and inventor of the all-purpose comedy suffix *-from hell.* Oh, but don't get those guys started. . . .

Newman: There was one evening where you had Belushi up onstage doing Joe Cocker, and you had Belzer and Robin Williams doing backup *doo-wops* while he was singing.

Lewis: It was the kind of thing you would go out afterwards to a café or a coffeehouse or whatever and sit and talk about everybody's set. We were all there were. There was nothing else going on.

Brenner: I remember the night I saw Andy Kaufman stand up at Catch a Rising Star, and the audience booed him. He came offstage, and I took him on the side, I introduced myself, and I said, "You're one of the funniest guys I've ever seen. You're a lunatic. I can see you're definitely a lunatic. Something's wrong with you. . . . But you keep coming back here."

Belzer: There really was a Golden Age. Thursday nights at Catch in the early seventies . . . On any given night, you could have Tony Bennett, David Bowie, Sean Connery, De Niro, Pesci, and on and on and on and on, Henny Youngman, Berle—all kinds of people would be in and out of there.

Lewis: Robert Klein, Steve Landesberg, Jimmy Walker, Freddie Prinze, Gabe Kaplan, Jay Leno . . .

Brenner: . . . Steve Martin, Albert Brooks . . .

Newman: You know what it was? It was the Studio 54 of the comedy world, and everybody hung out there.

Belzer: Any minute, Belushi might stroll in, or [Paul] Shaffer, or anybody might jump up onstage.

CRIFFIN
MAYNE
MONROE

Jay Leno (as Elvis) at Catch a Rising Star, circa 1974.

Newman: Bill Cosby at the end of the night sometimes would just sit around. He never wanted this announced. But he would just sit around and told me just to spread the word to any of the comics, and he would just take a chair and sit up onstage after the audience left, and just talk to them about anything that they wanted to talk about, about the business that they were going into.

Lewis: It was just sort of a very surreal world; most of us had to have a real job, so we were really in it for the right reason, which was just to be funny and maybe, maybe make a living in show business eventually.

Belzer: You had the feeling, even at the time.

o one will stop you. They think you're enjoying the art. You can't do that anywhere else—say, in front of a playground.
DAVE ATTELL

up comedy, he's not bitter, just angry.

"Look," Marc Maron says, "the reason comedy sucks right now is because shitty comics ruined it."

You're all staring at me like we all stared at O.J.'s white Bronco for two hours.

—Ad-lib by a Southern Fella at Comedy Cellar

You're staring at me like we all stared at a white Bronco for two hours.

—Ad-lib by the same Southern Fella at Stand-Up

This table is staring at me like we all stared at O.J.'s white Bronco for two hours.

—Ad-lib by the Southern Fella at Carolines

Lady, you're staring at me like we all stared at O.J. in that white Bronco for two hours.

—Ad-lib by the Southern Fella at Carolines, second show

I HAD A DREAM ABOUT THE ZOMBIES. ONE shuffles up to the stage, bares his teeth, and starts to say, *How many people here tonight*—before I stand, pull out a sawed-off 12-gauge, and splatter him across the brick wall. All that's left is jeans, unbuttoned flannel shirt, black T-shirt underneath. He topples over, but another Zombie takes his place. *You people ever watch that show*—I drop him too. But then there's another, and another, all with those hideous *Mr. Sardonicus* grins, happy chanting into the mike, *Didja ever . . . ? Whereufrom . . . ? You know what I can't stand . . . ?*

I'm trying to understand the Zombies. I'll acknowledge that they are often good—*enough*. They have their ten, their twenty minutes, and they can repeatedly and reliably be counted on to do it flawlessly. They do their A material, the *A* standing for as-seen-on-television. And I'll admit that they're nothing new. But there are so many more now. Television, which after all managed to give every TV announcer the same accent, bears some of the blame. But it seems a lot of the Zombies are simply driven by fear "If you bomb, you might not get another spot," says one. "And there are so many comedians out there, and all the clubs have closed; everybody's vying for those spots, so you can't risk it. You *have* to shill."

You also have to do what you *know* will work.

Quick impression of a Friday night at the Boston Comedy Club: *Whereufrom?* "New Jersey." *How long you been going out?* "Seven months." *Have you had sex yet? Some of these inventions I don't give a shit about. Who invented Smucker's jelly, I don't give a shit. Who invented the blow job, that's what I want to know. Have you guys been going out long?* "Seven months." *So that's not much. In all that time, have you ever shot a load on her belly button? So I see you're wearing braces. I know, I know how hard it is to have braces. I know about the bleeding. I know how hard it is to blow people. Guys, didja ever be getting oral treats from a lady of the evening and all of a sudden you realize, My, what a large back for a gal? That's depressing. Twenty dollars for a blow job from Rosie Greer. "What are you going to do when you're done?" "Go visit O.J." O-kay. You guys following that trial?*

That stuff worked; that stuff, in fact, *killed.* Bestiality, incest, pedophilia, and genital mutilation are also reliable laugh-getters these days. I don't know what psychological and sociological factors make people laugh at this stuff, but I'm guessing it has something to do with sex. And sometimes it's even funny. Dom Irrera, who's amazing, fifteen years a stand-up and nobody better working in the clubs, came through Carolines a few weeks ago, and along with supplying a stream of acute observations about the human condition, he did some truly filthy stuff.

I think my cat's gay. 'Cuz the thing is, now when I fuck him, he kind of relaxes, *y'know?*

But the thing is, there are at least five New York comics who do jokes about sodomizing their cats, none of them that funny. Most comics also have a fellatio joke, either about failing to get it from a woman or about accidentally getting it from a guy. Several perform explicit reenactments of sexual conquests—that is, when they're not talking about their chronic masturbation. Some female comics, no longer second-class smutmongers, now talk about their vaginas so much you'd think they had penises. And thanks to—well, let's blame *Natural Born Killers*—ordinary pornography is no longer the acceptable outer bound. I wonder what Bob Dole would say if he saw, as I did, a packed crowd of well-dressed Middle Americans laughing at and applauding this joke: *They say marijuana is as bad as crack cocaine. Gee, that's like saying, "Should I masturbate or fuck this dead homeless woman in the nose?"*

Paula Poundstone hasn't been to a club in a while, but she's not surprised, nor particularly appalled. "Well, there was always a fair amount of that around," she says. "I actually followed a guy one night who said, 'I was eating out the cunt of a bear,' and the crowd thought that was the funniest thing they'd ever heard, screaming with laughter."

That seems to be the point. *We're just giving the audiences what they want,* the comedians say, *and we hate them for it.*

"Who am I supposed to give the gift of innovation to?" complains one comic. "If every night you go out there, the intelligent people aren't out there. Even the other comics aren't in the room anymore. It's just you and an audience full of dipshits. You try a couple of things, and if you really get slammed to the pavement, you go, I know that this works. Thank you and good night."

He's whining, but he's right. Take it from someone who shared a table with a giggling bachelorette party of four from Long Island and another night sat behind four guys from Jersey, one of whom identified himself as Claude Balls. Take it from someone who has seen a guy from Queens do a spit take into his beer at the joke *Jism—that's an interesting word.*

"I would agree that the audiences suck," says a cable-television talent scout who has spent more time in comedy clubs than is healthy. "If you're a comic who does something interesting or new, you'd better not be following some guy who has just killed with a bunch of homophobic dick jokes."

Actress/comedian Dina Pearlman once had to follow a guy with a penis puppet—"I mean, it looked like a . . . it was *disgusting*"—and she can vouch for the fact that an audience that has just hooted with delight over Peter Pud isn't in the mood for a deft impersonation of a

Other Funny People

A few selections from six of the city's most talented comedians:

Keith Anthony: Three fucking months I'm unemployed. Three months. I'm watching TV for three months without cable. I watched so much fucking O.J., I thought *I* killed those people.

Todd Barry: Do you like Michael Bolton? I *hate* Michael Bolton. The first time I heard Michael Bolton, I said to myself, "Oh, man, I owe Barry Manilow an *apology.*"

Darrell Hammond: Your wife comes in and says, "Do you think I look fat?" Do you say, (a) "Yeah, you could lose a few," (b) "No, honey, you've never looked better," or (c) "Wait, let me get my protective headgear." Keep in mind you've been encouraged to be honest about your feelings.

And so I said, "Hey, honey, yeah, you could lose a few," and as they say in the nature specials, "When the wildebeest leaves the herd, *now there can be but one outcome.*"

Tom Hertz: For the unmarried people in the audience, let me explain marriage. Somebody comes to live with you and they never leave.

Ray Romano: My daughter names her toes. *That's Judy, that's Julie* . . . It's so cute. But if Granddad names his toes, all of a sudden it's a *tragedy*.

Jon Ross: So now we're marketing cigarettes to the Third World, which is just what they need. "Yes, Punyabi, I know you're hungry, but *this* will cut your appetite."

When did the poor become the enemy all of a sudden? They always say, "We're going

Dave Attell at the Comedy Cellar.

Photograph by Andrew Lichtenstein/JB Pictures.

hard-boiled *film noir* dame. Pearlman's act landed her a role in Spike Lee's upcoming *Girl 6*, but in the clubs, "more often than not, I go down in a *blaze*, particularly a Saturday-night crowd around midnight—you know, a lot of guys with medallions and guns and haircuts. . . . One 'Show us your tits,' and that's the end of me."

> **"In a way," says Dave Attell, "it's good that comedy has fallen this way, because now it'll go back to the way it used to be."**

I would really love to meet the comedian who can look me in the face and say, "I don't want to star in the No. 1 sitcom and make millions of dollars and be loved by the public and be famous." . . . I could never understand the rationale "No, I would just rather work out at two o'clock in the morning and not be able to pay my rent." I'd like to meet that person.

—Rory Rosegarten, manager of Robert Klein, David Brenner, and "some of the hottest young comedians right now"

LOUIS C.K., HOT YOUNG COMEDIAN, SITS ON a stoop outside Stand-Up, not smoking a cigarette. A waitress passes on the sidewalk, ferrying another box of buffalo wings from Blondies restaurant to the club, ordered by somebody who only moments ago beheld Louis C.K.'s big, hairy, freckled belly and was shamed. *I'm just one of those people who can eat anything I want,* Louis C.K. had announced cheerfully, *and I just get really fucking fat.* He reached down, and slowly, playfully, gathered his T-shirt into his pudgy fingers, and pulled tantalizingly upward. And what a magnificent fleshbowl of sienna-flecked alabaster it was, too, a display that in a healthier culture would have won him many mates.

Louis C.K., né Szekely, has much to be proud of: big fine belly, fine red hair still covering many parts of his head, a recent HBO *Young Comedians* special, and a new job writing for David Letterman. But he hasn't had a cigarette in three days, and the topic hasn't helped.

"Being a great comedian used to be an honorable thing. But ironically, what happened with the Boom is that it took the focus away from stand-up itself. People have always said to me thousands of times, whenever I had a success in stand-up, people say, 'That's great, you did the Letterman show, you killed, that means that soon you'll get your own show and you won't have to do this shit anymore.

" 'Wow, boy, someday you're gonna be *out* of this shit.' What's *wrong* with this shit?

"People aren't encouraged to be great comics anymore," Louis C.K. goes on, staring down. "The big pinnacle of being a comedian now is being on a bad sitcom. They're so proud of it. It's like, 'Boy, he was so brilliant and he got to be Eddie on that show.' "

The next morning, Louis C.K. calls. "I was in a really shitty mood last night." He wants to say something positive. "It's my lifeblood. I love doing it. I think it's one of the coolest forms. . . . Stand-up is great. . . . I love America. God bless America."

Of course it's an art form. Absolutely, absolutely. But it's a delicate art form.

—Milton Berle

REBAR IS A CREATIVE SPACE FOR ARTISTS working in the medium of comedy. So say the three gurus of Alternative Comedy, East Coast Division.

"It's not that we don't want people to get laughs. We want people to have a good time, but that's not what we're about," says Dave Becky, a 32-year-old talent manager from 3 Arts Entertainment.

"The one rule here is, you can't do your act. When you come to see Louis C.K., you're not going to see what he did on Letterman last week," says Michael O'Brien, a 28-year-old entertainment publicist for Lerner, Arons Associates.

"There is still that golden promise of what you can achieve through comedy," says 25-year-old Amanda Schatz, a talent scout for MTV.

Monday night, behind a crimson curtain at the back of the bar on Eighth Avenue at 16th, is the setting for "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience"—four beat-up couches arranged in a semi-square, filled with black-clad hipsters. Others stand against the walls, or sit guru-style on the floor. Most are young, and all are seemingly from Manhattan, except the woman sitting next to me, who "showers and shaves" in Astoria.

to cut welfare!" And the crowd goes, Wooooooo! They never finish the sentence. "And then the poor will die." Wooooooo!

MARC MARON

The emcee is recent *Late Show* performer Jeff Ross, wearing jeans, blue cotton shirt, T-shirt underneath. He stands in the middle of the room and, without the benefit of a microphone, spotlight, or brick wall, says hello. A woman walks in about 30 seconds late and begins wading through, looking for a spot to sit down.

You missed the best part, Jeff Ross says. *I set my dick on fire and killed 50 people.*

"That wasn't a good night," O'Brien says.

It does get better. Another Monday: Michael Black, one of the dozen or so guys on MTV's *The State* sketch show, gets up and without saying a word spreads out a big pink sheet. He reaches into a cardboard box, pulls out recent issues of *New York, Details, Esquire, People,* and *Spin* and methodically lays them out on the sheet. Then a Human League cassette, a *Doctor Zhivago* videotape, a picture of Jacqueline Bissett, eyeglasses, various articles of clothing, two AC battery adapters, three condoms, ice skates. It's five minutes in, he hasn't spoken, and the crowd has the giggles. After he finishes laying everything out, he leans again the wall and stands there. A minute passes.

If you had a failing disco in 1980 and you didn't want to spring for a mechanical bull, you were only a wacky name away from owning a comedy club.

"How much for the skates?" someone finally asks.

Five bucks.

Black manages to sell everything in his ten minutes, including the pink sheet, and gets a huge round of applause. Okay, so it's not Andy Kaufman singing along to a Mighty Mouse record; it is funny, and it would *never* happen in a comedy club.

Sam Seder goes up. He explains that rather than do any comedy, if no one minds, he'd like to bring out his nephew, who needs to practice his bar mitzvah speech. His nephew comes out in shawl, yarmulke, and *payess,* but looks suspiciously like Sarah Silverman, whom you may remember as one of the female performers on *SNL* two years ago.

Yo, who's in the house! the nephew yells, pumping her fist.

Seder tries to get his nephew to give the speech, but the nephew is more interested in why, if Seder is a comedian, isn't he being funny?

My friends don't even know who you are! Adam Sandler is funny, and you are not funny. I wish that Adam Sandler was my uncle! You suck, and Adam Sandler rocks, okay? He's funnier than you with his Canteen Guy, and I write on my notebook every day: Uncle Adam, Uncle Adam, Uncle Adam——

And that's when Seder slugs her.

"I would have never done what I did here tonight at a comedy club, where my neck was on the line," Silverman says later. It's true. Her stand-up act, while unique and amusing, is rather risk-free. *I love my vagina. It's like having your own swimming pool. I mean, you don't want anyone to pee in it.* But Silverman and several other Rebar regulars are beginning to feel like the beautiful comedy commune they joined last September has already sold out to the Comedy Man.

"I mean," Silverman says, "as much as I love Rebar—I think it's one of the greatest things that's come around—everything, including Rebar, is packaged to sell."

Broadway Video, Lorne Michaels's company, has signed a deal with "Eating it" partners Becky and O'Brien to develop an alternative comedy program; Scott Schneider, a Comedy Central talent executive and one of the original partners in the Rebar experiment, has moved to Los Angeles, where he'll oversee *Ground Zero,* his channel's alternative comedy program. O'Brien insists their show "won't affect what happens at Rebar."

I think now is probably the best time ever to be a stand-up comedian. It did bottom out, and the people who were never supposed to be doing it went back to their jobs at Kinko's. It's really the junkies who are left now, the people who really need that stage time, who need that fix.

—Tom Rhodes

DAVE ATTELL HAS THREE SPOTS TONIGHT. This one, at Stand-Up, at ten. Then another one in an hour across the park at the Comic Strip. Then his "rock-and-roll set" down at the Cellar, at 11:45. It's the Thursday before Memorial Day, but it could just as easily be a Monday in October, or Christmas; he does this every night and "used to go out more before the comedy thing fell down."

Attell doesn't need the 30 bucks. He's done *Letterman,* he's done *Conan,* he's another one of HBO's new comedians, and, until its cancellation last week, had been pulling down good money writing for *The Jon Stewart Show.* But even when he was a featured performer and writer at *SNL* two years ago, he used to sneak out every night to do his sets, which was one of the reasons he wasn't asked back.

"I do it because I have nothing else to do most of the time," he says.

Attell's immediate problem is that he has to follow a female comic who has just been to England and observes, *Doesn't the food suck the biggest bag of dicks you've ever tasted? You could have a big bag of dicks and suck every one and that's what it tastes like.* The audience is a handful of sailors—on free tickets they got from the USO—and she does very, very well.

Attell has plenty of penis jokes; *The New York Times Magazine* doesn't declare you one of the 30 most brilliant artists under 30 (November 20, 1994) for nothing.

So Attell goes up onstage and decides to talk instead about the coffeepot-size frozen drinks a couple of the sailors' dates are drinking. *Those are big drinks. My, how big you are. Well, mmmmmmmm, drinking. Drinking's not bad. There's only one drink I cannot stand. Eggnog. Oh, gollygoogoo, does that suck. How'd they think that up? "Hmm. I'd like to get drunk, but I also want pancakes. Somebody call Willie Wonka." So, MMMM, oo ah oo ah, ee, here come the dick jokes, because* this *is a special night.*

Attell doesn't tell jokes so much as sing them, like a guy about to fall under the anesthesia, an effect enhanced by eye bags that look like they've been drawn in by a cartoonist and a perpetual ten-o'clock shadow. He stands up there in blue jeans, unbuttoned flannel shirt, black T-shirt underneath, black baseball cap on fly-style, looking less like a standard-issue comedian and more like a kid in a comedian costume after the longest Halloween of his life. Like the oldest boy in the world.

Oh oh ee ee yessir. There's something about Mace that really bothers my eyes. I don't know what it is, but I always lose my erection. Ma! Ma! The sailors don't really get it.

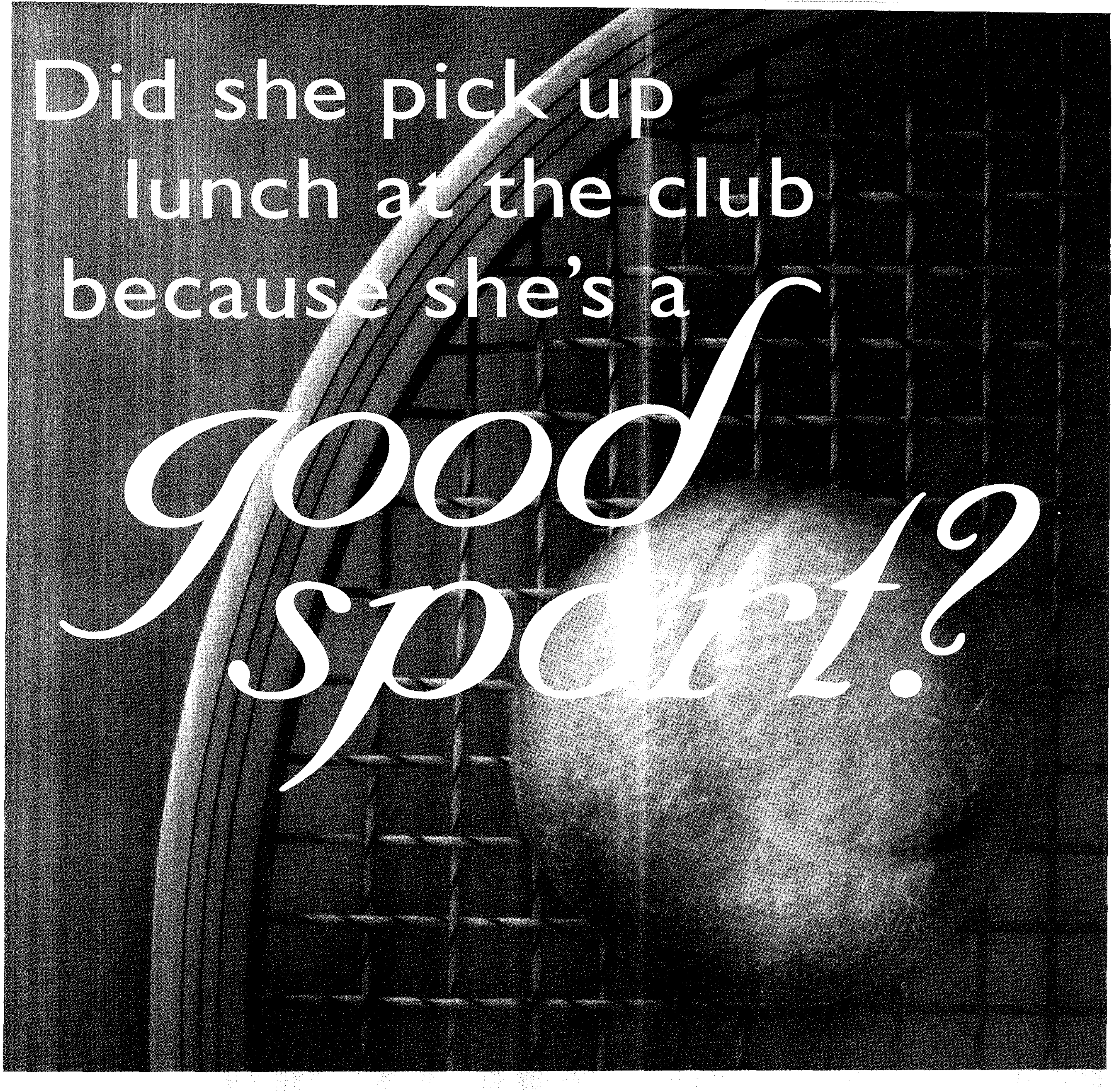
"I got 'em that time, hoo boy," Attell says minutes later, climbing into the photographer's car, a 1985 Buick Century that features a foam-lined roof bearing what appear to be claw marks. "What is this, your rapemobile?"

Attell rolls down a window. "Stand-up is—people get so into, you know, what it is and stuff, but what it really is all about is selling drinks in a bar somewhere. You mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

He smokes two, maybe two and a half packs a day, and he doesn't take care of himself, either. Three Sundays before, he was at the Cellar, after midnight, performing with the flu. He was on antibiotics, and smoking and drinking a beer; he's 30, but looked like he was 50. He couldn't hear and was more singsongy than usual. It was the end of that night of the Zombies, the one we began with, and Attell had decided to go down in flames. *My ex–German girlfriend wrote a book,* he

New York is the only city in the world where you have to say things like "Hey, that's mine, don't pee on that."

LOUIS C.K.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At Rebar: "We want people to have a good time, but that's not what we're about," says Dave Becky.

I had a dream about the comedy zombies. One shuffles up to the stage and starts to say, "How many people here tonight—" before I shoot him with a 12-gauge.

told the German au pair. *It was called* Mein Cunt.

Eva. Eva Braun. Hitler *had a girlfriend. I don't have one. Is that* fair? *Huhhhh?*

"Well," Attell says now, casually, "you *remembered* it, didn't you?"

At the Comic Strip, Louis C.K. is showing everybody his belly, and they're loving it. It's a great crowd for a Thursday night, almost full, almost all non-Manhattanites. "So now you're going to hear most of the same material again," Attell says. "You know what, this could actually get me bigger press. If you could blame the whole stand-up thing on me? 'Ladies and gentlemen, the man who destroyed comedy.' "

Maybe he was going to do the same material, but Attell is almost immediately distracted by a rangy blonde sitting with a table of goons.

What's your name?

"Crystal."

I didn't ask for your escort name; what's your name?

"Your mother."

Especially this weekend, you shouldn't be making fun of my mother, a woman who had twenty confirmed kills in the Iraqi Gulf War.

Attell can work this crowd. But Attell can't get off the stage without taking on one of the mooks who've been interrupting him. *It's because of guys like that,* pointing to the mook, *that women like that,* pointing to the blonde, *fuck guys like me.*

In the car, and it's suggested that Attell could have gotten something going with the blonde. "Yeah, right."

We're speeding down Second toward the Cellar. "It'll be bad down there. I can tell already, by [the crowd at] Stand-Up, that it's going to be a bad night," Attell says, lighting another cigarette. "But what can you do? You try to have a little fun."

The Cellar has sixteen people in it, and they're getting up to leave.

"This looks like some kind of bomb hit."

Attell waits for the Woman Who Sucks a Big Bag of Dicks to finish and takes the stage, a bottle of beer and a cigarette in the same hand. *Are you guys leaving? Okay. Thank you very much. It's funny, you know, anybody who leaves my show ends up buried in a field somewhere. I don't know what it is.*

In the bathroom, there's vomit all over the toilet, exactly the color and texture of plastic novelty vomit. Back in the room, Attell is asking audience members to name minority groups, so he can declare how the white man can make it up to them.

"Niggers."

Sir, I wish you hadn't taken it that far, because now its not going to be funny, but, ah, the edginess. Okay, black people—200 years of slavery, oppression. Okay, from now on, for every African-American in this country, whatever cotton product they want is free.

"Indians."

All liquor, half off.

He's just having a little fun now, playing a little piano *for all you special ladies out there,* and gets into it with a 15-year-old street Romeo, who's wandered in with three baby-fat dates. *Ladies, can I give you some advice, an older woman to three younger women? If it feels like more than two fingers, it's probably his dick.*

"That was okay." Attell says later. He's sitting in front of a beer and a Jameson at a bar around the corner. "In a way, it's good that comedy has fallen down this way," he says, leaning on the beer. "Because now it'll go back to what it used to be." He excuses himself, and heads toward the pay phone.

He returns moments later with another beer and another whiskey. "I was just calling about some spots," he says. "For the weekend. I'm doing a lot of spots."

LARRY KING: What do you want to do, everything, Kato? You want your own television show?
KATO KAELIN: Okay.
LARRY: Book, going to write a book?
KATO: I don't know. I don't know.
LARRY: Movies?
KATO: I would love to do film. I love film.
LARRY: Stand-up comedy?
KATO: Things *are* kind of *happening.* If it comes up, I think I can do a gig or two.■

Photograph by Andrew Lichtenstein/JB Pictures.

This friend of mine had her clitoral hood pierced. I know, ewwww. I would never *get my clitoral hood pierced. . . . I mean, I'd wear a clip-on.*

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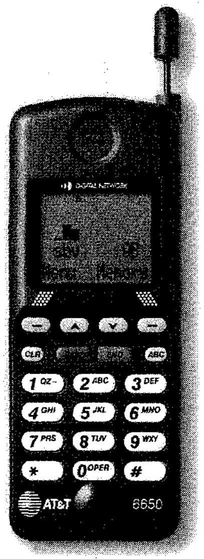

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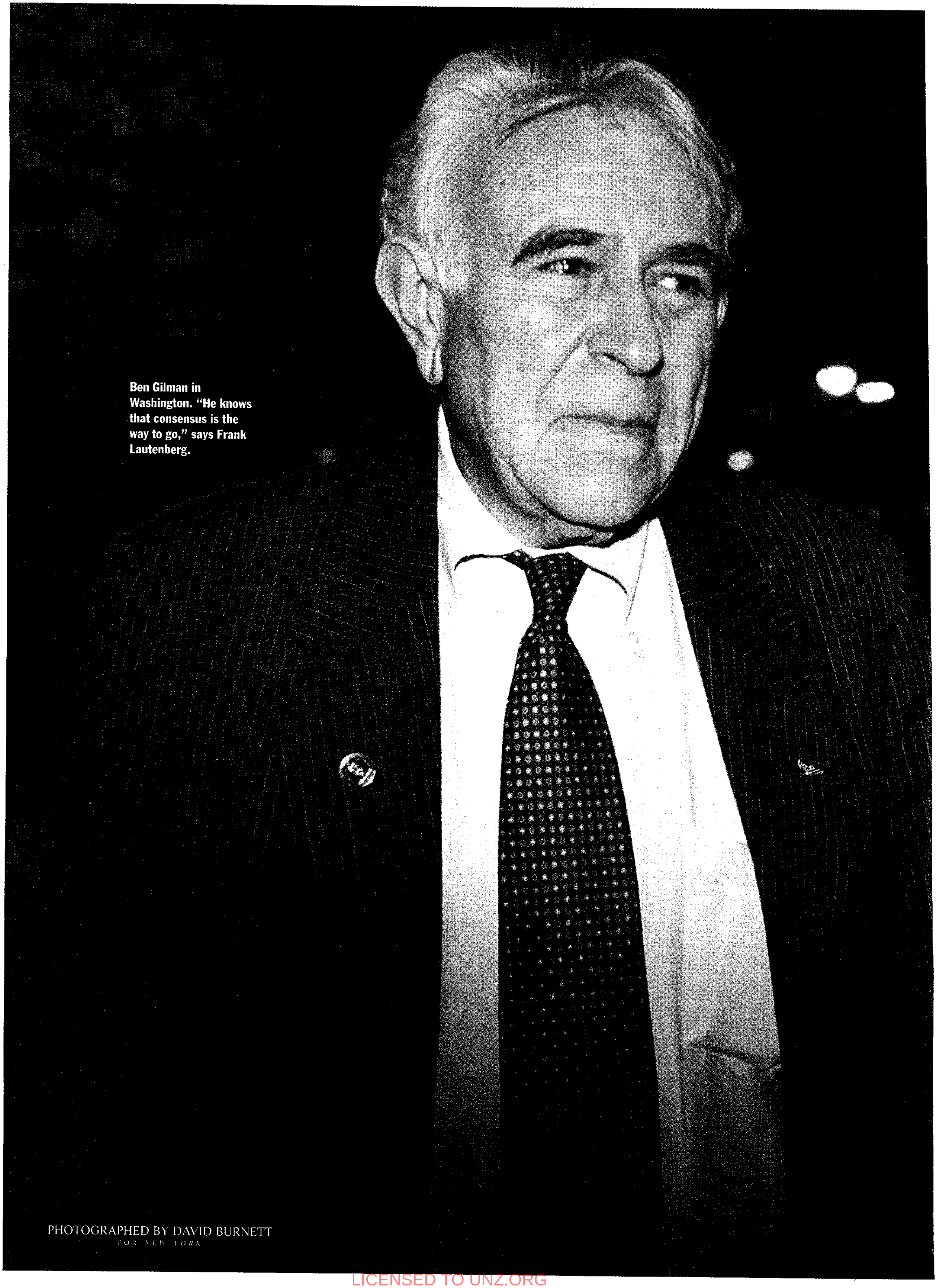
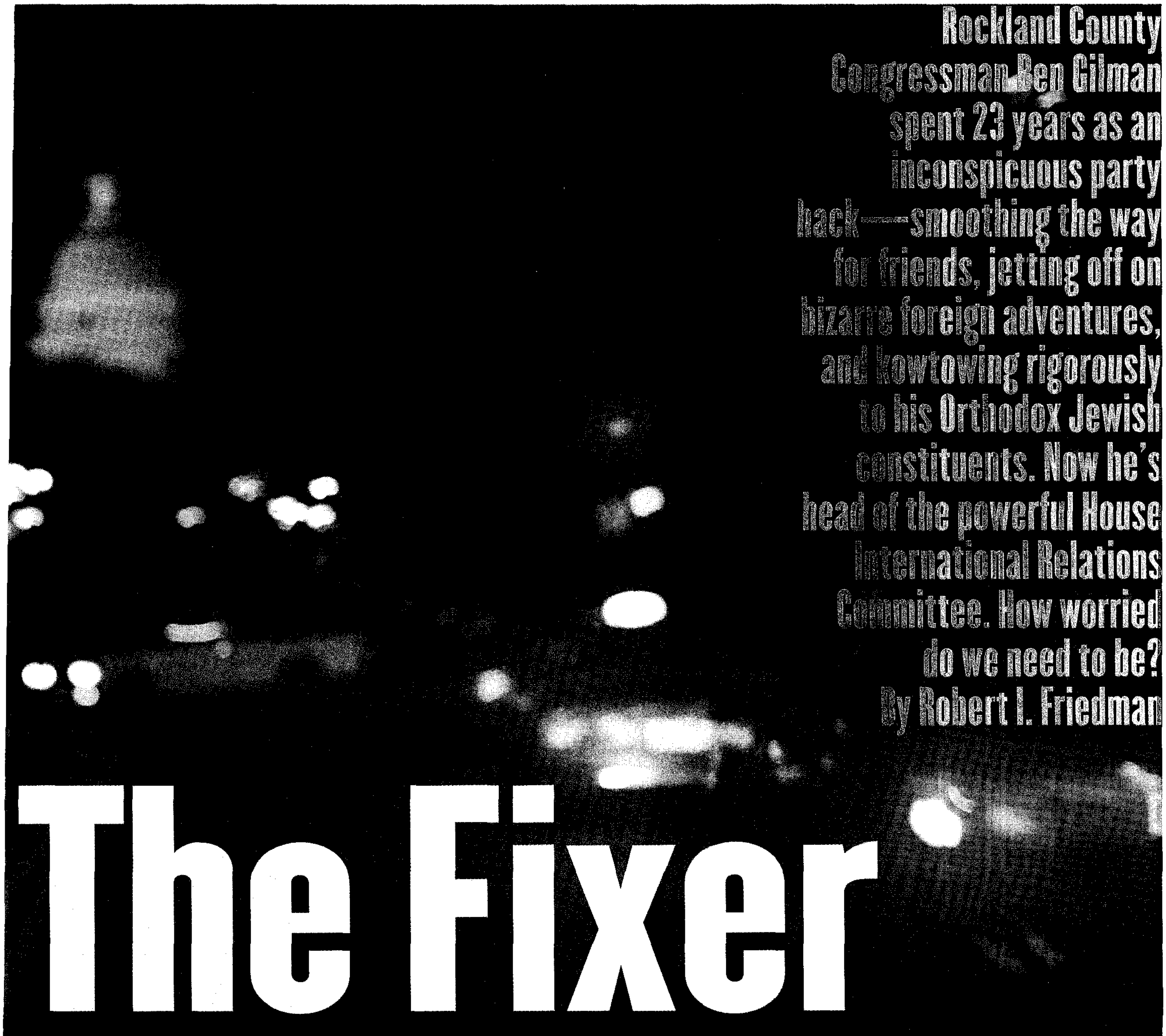


Ben Gilman in Washington. "He knows that consensus is the way to go," says Frank Lautenberg.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BURNETT
FOR NEW YORK



The Fixer

Rockland County Congressman Ben Gilman spent 23 years as an inconspicuous party hack—smoothing the way for friends, jetting off on bizarre foreign adventures, and kowtowing rigorously to his Orthodox Jewish constituents. Now he's head of the powerful House International Relations Committee. How worried do we need to be?

By Robert I. Friedman

IT WAS FIVE O'CLOCK ON A DAY IN MAY, AND THE CORRIDORS OF THE RAYBURN Building were emptying out. Congressmen and their aides were rushing off to their evening activities, many of which involved what is surely the most extravagant free-food program in America—the sumptuous buffets offered up by foreign embassies and K Street lobbyists.

Congressman Benjamin Gilman of Rockland County, for the last few months the chairman of the International Relations Committee and the latest Republican point man on questions of foreign policy, had no less than four banquets to attend. But first, the stocky 72-year-old from the Catskills

Gilman with his staff: "He's very popular in his district. I think he goes home every weekend."

Gilman, says one old enemy, is "a stealth member of Congress. He's made a career out
uous, unquoted, unnoticed, and that's given him a certain freedom to basically do wh

had a guest to receive: Carol Pollard, sister of Jonathan, the American who spied on the U.S. for Israel. Jonathan Jay Pollard comes up for parole in August, and his sister is counting on sympathetic congressmen like Gilman to intervene on his behalf.

Like a kindly uncle, the silver-haired Gilman hugged the tall, blonde Pollard in the foyer of his office. Then he led her into his private chambers. A moment later he invited me in for a photo op. "We're coming to the homestretch," she said, sitting down stiffly in a leather chair in Gilman's sparsely decorated office.

"I *hope* we're coming to the homestretch," Gilman replied soothingly. "Have you seen him lately? Is he well?"

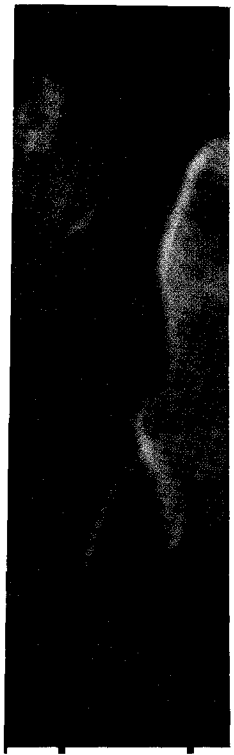
I never heard the response, since I was asked to leave the room and Gilman and Pollard talked behind closed doors for nearly an hour. But later, as the congressman and I drove through a light rain to the first function, Gilman tried to convince me that Jonathan, who has served ten years of a life sentence, was being unfairly punished: After all, he spied for one of America's closest allies. It's not as if Israel would have *misused* the thousands of pages of purloined documents and highly classified code books that revealed exactly how the U.S. intercepts and breaks codes around the world. No, said Gilman, Pollard had been unfairly singled out: "Carol gave me a chart that shows Jonathan's sentence is more severe than that of anyone else who spied for an ally." Besides, he asserted, whatever damage Pollard is supposed to have done was probably the doing of CIA rogue Aldrich Ames.

The Pollard affair is quite the contentious subject in Washington—Clinton refused to free him last year, though the Jewish lobby wants desperately to get him out—and Gentle Ben, as his colleagues call him, is not usually the sort of congressman who sticks his neck out on controversial issues. When it comes to Israel, though, things are a little bit different. It is his staunch support for that country during the twelve terms he's been in Washington—particularly his insistence that its foreign aid remain at its present level, $3 billion a year—that earned him the chairmanship of the International Relations Committee in the first place. When House speaker Newt Gingrich balked last January at giving Gilman the position, deeming the congressman too moderate, the Jewish lobby informed Gingrich that Gilman was the man for the job. "In terms of support for Soviet Jewry and Israel, Gilman is a hero who merited our support," says David Pollock, the associate executive director of the Jewish Community Relations Council in New York.

Ever since then, Gilman has become an increasingly important player in Congress. Everyone seeks his favor, his advice, or his vote. Last week, he shepherded a key neoisolationist foreign-aid bill through the House that slashed foreign spending by $3 billion over three years, but spared Israel and Egypt, which get the bulk of U.S. aid at nearly $5 billion annually.

Carol Pollard was but one of many supplicants chasing after Gilman during the day I spent with him. Bulgarian diplomats in baggy, Cold War retro suits begged for foreign aid (Gilman was noncommittal); the charismatic Romanian bishop Laszlo Tokes warned gravely that his government was in the grip of hard-line Communists (Gilman ordered aides to call for a congressional hearing); the representative from Macedonia, the breakaway Yugoslav republic where 500 U.S. troops are now deployed, asked for an exchange of ambassadors. Gilman rebuked her for Macedonia's persecution of its ethnic-Albanian minority community. (As it turns out, Gilman is one of the top recipients of Albanian PAC money in Congress: $8,000 from the National Albanian American PAC between 1989 and 1994.)

For his age, Gilman is amazingly vigorous; during the meeting-crammed day I spent with him—it started at 7:30 A.M.—his younger staff members could barely keep up, shadowing him up and down underground corridors and up banks of elevators at high speed to shove briefing papers in his face. Gilman didn't flag until the third party of the evening, a gala awards ceremony in his honor at the National Archives; he was being fêted for the 35 combat missions he flew as a B-29 navigator during World War II. Gilman took a seat on the dais in the main cupola just behind the glass-enclosed Constitution and Declaration of Independence; he listened to an a cappella military choir, then a marine honor guard singing a soulful rendition of the national anthem, and he fell asleep in his chair during the introductory remarks. He woke up just in time to give a brief address—"Those of us who lived through . . . the Munich Agreement and dastardly, sneak attack on Pearl Harbor will always remember and will warn future



generations that peace comes only through strength”—and to receive a standing ovation. In the audience were other vets: Senators John Glenn, John Warner, Strom Thurmond, Claiborne Pell, Frank Lautenberg. They were standing for their colleague Ben Gilman, a Jewish boy from the Borscht Belt who’d finally made good. “He’s a super guy, widely respected; he knows consensus is the way to go,” enthused Lautenberg, a Democrat from New Jersey, during the scramble to the buffet table.

ing inconspic-
er he wants.”

SO JUST WHO IS THIS super, well-respected guy? “A stealth member of Congress,” says Sean O’Brien Strub, who ran in the 1990 Democratic primary in Gilman’s district and who is now editor and publisher of *Poz,* a magazine for the HIV-positive. “He’s made a career out of being inconspicuous, unquoted, unnoticed, and that’s given him a certain freedom to basically do whatever he wants in obscurity.”

This obscurity is not a quality many view charitably. One Democratic congressman who spent ten years with Gilman on the IRC says that not only did he not write a single piece of significant legislation, he was famous for falling asleep in the House chamber and for putting others to sleep during his tedious prepared statements. “We would just kind of laugh at him,” says the ex-colleague, now a federal official. “I remember looking at [then–IRC chair] Lee Hamilton one day and our eyes would just roll: ‘Here he goes again.’

“He’s very popular in his district,” this ex-congressman continues. “I think he goes home every weekend. This goes to show that very often the people on the outside who are really, really popular are not the people who are respected in the institution. The best thing you can say about Ben is that he’s not malicious or mean. Thank God, he’s not smart.”

If he’s not malicious, mean, or smart, what kind of politician is he? A *New York* investigation has helped to frame an answer: Gilman is a small-time Al D’Amato, the kind of politician who ensures his political longevity by taking care of his friends, no matter how unsavory; by fixing constituents’ problems, no matter how skanky the fix; and by never missing a bar mitzvah. More moderate than Senator Pothole, and not quite proficient at bringing home the bacon, Gilman has nonetheless quietly built himself a finely tuned money machine, a slick fund-raising apparatus based on PAC money and donations from ultra-Orthodox Jews. And in his relentless quest to ingratiate himself with his Jewish constituents, Gilman has embarked on a slew of foreign-policy adventures that have left him entangled with one of the oddest networks in Washington politics—a ragtag group of convicted Soviet spies, Russian mobsters, and East German intelligence agents.

So once again, who is Gilman? As the current mayor of the congressman’s hometown, Joseph DeStefano, puts it, “Gilman is a good advertisement for campaign-finance reform.”

FROM THE MOMENT GILMAN returned from the Pacific after the Second World War, he set his sights on high office. “He thought he should have been a governor or senator,” says his first wife, Jane, an attorney in Middletown. Gilman’s family owned a dry-cleaning store in Middletown, a shabby railroad terminus that lost most of its small industry to non-union shops in the South. Gilman went to New York Law School in lower Manhattan, where he met Jane; afterward, he took a job with the state attorney general’s office. In 1966, he was elected to the first of three successive terms in the State Assembly. In 1972, Gilman entered the race for the twentieth congressional district with an $11,000 gift from his wife.

The twentieth district consists primarily of Rockland and Orange Counties, a suburban-into-rural region made up of small towns, summer resorts, and dairy farms; many of the residents are policemen and firemen who work in New York City. Rockland, which is about one-quarter Jewish, also contains the largest concentration of Hasidic Jews outside of Brooklyn, although this community is quite diverse: There are groups devoted to Israel and others that view it as a blasphemous secularization of a sacred ideal.

What Gilman needed to succeed in this district was access to Hasidic and Orthodox bloc votes and campaign contributions. “I remember him when he was campaigning in the Republican primary,” says Dr. Mandell Ganchrow, president of the Orthodox Union and a surgeon. “In those days, I did not have the benefit of a private pool. And I sat at the town pool. It was a hot July or August day. He came in a black suit to the pool, campaigning and introducing himself. He was speaking about gun control. I remember giving him a hard time. He wasn’t very well known at the time among the Jewish community.”

All that changed when Gilman met Ronald Greenwald, a rabbi from Monsey by way of the Lower East Side who became the single most important person in Gilman’s political life. Street-tough and extremely smart, Greenwald was no ordinary rabbi; he first made a name for himself as a political operative for Richard Nixon. The then-president had received 17 percent of the Jewish vote in 1968, and he wanted to double it in 1972. New York, with its huge Jewish population, was a crucial state. And Greenwald, as one 1971 New York *Times* story put it, was “the key to [Nixon’s] New York effort.”

Greenwald was recruited by CREEP—the Committee to Reelect the President—to mine for Orthodox Jewish votes. He toured synagogues, warning that McGovern would betray Israel and wipe away Jewish gains by giving away too much to blacks. His efforts paid off: Nixon received nearly 36 percent of the Jewish vote in 1972. And when White House aides were wondering whether to back Gilman for Congress, it was to Greenwald that they turned for advice. “I said I think they should support him all the way, because he’s going to win,” Greenwald says now. “I got close to Ben that way.”

Gilman’s patron delivered the Orthodox votes that got him elected, but the alliance with Greenwald was not without its risks. The rabbi was constantly in the throes of some political scandal or other. After Nixon was re-elected, for example, he was rewarded with a plum post at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare as a consultant on Jewish poverty programs, including a job-training program for Brooklyn’s Hasidic community. Greenwald was soon being investigated by a young federal prosecutor named Rudolph Giuliani for allegedly placing jobs-program trainees in a garage in Williamsburg of which he was part-owner, as well as for creating no-show jobs. (The investigation was dropped, and Greenwald has denied wrongdoing.)

In the mid-seventies, Rabbi Greenwald came to Gilman with a proposition few Jewish politicians could refuse: to spring famed Soviet Jewish dissident Natan Sharansky from the Gulag, where he’d been imprisoned after the KGB falsely accused him of spying for the CIA.

The odyssey got under way in 1978, when Greenwald brought two associates to Washington to meet Gilman. One was Shabtai Kalmanovitch, a charismatic Russian Jewish émigré who seemed to know just about everybody in Israel’s political and defense establishment. The other was Wolfgang Vogel, the East German lawyer who had engineered the Abel-Powers spy swap 25 years earlier. The trio proposed an intricate three-way swap that involved an Israeli pilot being held in Mozambique on espionage charges, a Soviet spy incarcerated in a Pennsylvania prison, and Sharansky. Gilman liked the idea and brought in enthusiastic State Department officials to hammer out the details. The Sharansky deal did not come off, but an American college student jailed in East Germany was swapped for the Soviet spy. Then Kalmanovitch, Greenwald, and Gilman flew to Mozambique for the pilot. While they waited in a steamy jungle, Kalmanovitch entertained the border guards with magic tricks. "Shabtai has a very warm heart," Gilman fondly recalls.

Shabtai Kalmanovitch also had a soft spot for organized crime. "Wherever you looked in the world, Kalmanovitch knew the spookiest, the dirtiest, the weirdest people," says Professor Stephen Ellis, a British expert on Africa who has written extensively about Kalmanovitch. "Paraguayan ex-Nazis, New York mafiosos, South African neo-fascists, U.S. congressmen, CIA agents—spooks of every description." After making a fortune in the so-called independent South African homeland of Bophuthatswana—where Greenwald was an economic adviser with the rank of ambassador in New York and Washington—Kalmanovitch set up a company in the impoverished West African nation of Sierra Leone with Marat Balagula, the John Gotti of the Brighton Beach Russian mob. (Balagula replaced Evsei Agron, a Russian-Jewish gangster who obtained his U.S. visa with help from Gilman's man Greenwald.) Kalmanovitch and Balagula virtually privatized the Sierra Leone economy during the eighties, taking over everything from the nation's internal-security services to its diamond mines.

When Gilman's friend Shabtai Kalmanovitch was arrested for attempting to defraud Mer
a glowing letter of recommendation. Released on bail, Kalmanovitch fled to Israel, w

On frequent visits to New York, Kalmanovitch often dined with the Gilmans and Greenwald. Kalmanovitch's friendship with the congressman gave him access to high-ranking American politicians such as Alexander Haig, whom Kalmanovitch met in 1982 at a Gilman fundraiser at Tavern on the Green. "Gilman is used as a pawn by Ronnie [Greenwald], and Ronnie gives him whatever he needs votewise," says an underworld source with extensive knowledge of Greenwald's activities with the Russian Mafia.

Greenwald and Kalmanovitch used Gilman for more than just introductions. In 1987, the gangster Balagula threatened to kill his partner Kalmanovitch over a deal that had gone sour. To make good on the loss, Kalmanovitch engineered an intricate forged-check scheme to defraud Merrill Lynch of $3 million. Greenwald carried $400,000 of it to Balagula's representatives in a Zurich hotel men's room. According to three of the scheme's participants, Greenwald was paid $50,000, an allegation the rabbi denies. Greenwald admits delivering the money but says he thought it was the proceeds from a diamond sale. On May 22 of that year, Kalmanovitch was arrested by Scotland Yard and extradited to America to stand trial on fraud charges. (The FBI questioned Greenwald three times, but didn't arrest him.) As the court was deciding on bail, Congressman Gilman sent a character reference: "Mr. Kalmanovitch has held several highly sensitive posts in the Israeli government . . . [and] enjoys a wide reputation for his integrity and business acumen."

Released on $50,000 bail, Kalmanovitch flew to Israel, where he was promptly arrested on suspicion of being a KGB spy. "I was shocked," Gilman says now. Then–defense minister Yitzhak Rabin says he was "almost certain" the KGB had passed on information obtained from Kalmanovitch to Syria. Wolf Blitzer, then a Washington correspondent for the Jerusalem *Post*, reported speculation that sensitive material stolen by Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard was passed on to the KGB by Kalmanovitch.

Kalmanovitch was convicted and served six years of a nine-year sentence. He now lives in a suite in Moscow's swank Metropole Hotel, where he books Western entertainers such as Liza Minnelli.

The East German Vogel wasn't so lucky. He's currently on trial, accused of having been a Stasi official and of forcing his clients to relinquish their property for exit visas. Before the collapse of the Berlin Wall, he secured the release of 34,000 political prisoners and 200,000 East Germans in a family-reunification program, helping to sustain the Communist regime, which reaped billions of dollars from the émigrés' confiscated assets and billions more in blood money paid by the West German government. Once again, good old Ben Gilman was there with a character reference. In 1993, the congressman wrote to a German court, "I have known Dr. Wolfgang Vogel for over fifteen years . . . [and] I can personally vouch for his unfailing honesty." In a small flight of revisionist fantasy, Gilman concluded that "the crumbling of the Berlin Wall is due in no small part to Dr. Vogel's efforts in obtaining the freedom of so many illegally incarcerated individuals."

When I asked Gilman if he knew the FBI had investigated Greenwald for alleged links to organized crime, he stared blankly and said, "I didn't know that." Later, his press aide Andrew Zarutskie told me: "If there is one thing about Ben Gilman, it's that he is unbelievably loyal. If you're his friend, you're his friend for life. Ronnie [Greenwald] is a good friend, and he's going to stick with Ronnie."

AS A CONGRESSMAN, GILMAN HAS been indefatigable, especially in the service of the Jewish community, the source of his money and his staying power. "In the community, no matter what the occasion, whether it was a bar mitzvah or a speaking engagement or the laying of a cornerstone, he always came," says Dr. Ganchrow.

Gilman goes as far as he can for his constituents. He couldn't tell the New York *Times* to stop running advertisements with models in skimpy underwear, as the rabbis in the ultra-Orthodox Catskills village of Kiryas Joel once asked him to do. But he did make a phone call five years ago to a judge on behalf of Rabbi Aron Teitelbaum, Kiryas Joel's political boss and a major Gilman supporter. Seven children had been expelled from the local yeshiva because their father, Joseph Waldman, had had the chutzpah to run for the school board without Teitelbaum's blessing. The children's parents sued in State Supreme Court. Though Gilman publicly called for a compromise, sub rosa, he tried to influence the case. "That fucking Gilman, calling me and telling me how to rule here," Judge Peter Patsalos told an associate after Gilman's call. The children were reinstated.

Gilman's political zeal, however, didn't do much for his personal life. "He sacrificed his marriage, his children, everything," says Jane. "His family were immigrants who came over on the boat from the *shtetl*. He felt very grateful that he didn't wind up in a concentration camp—that his family survived. He felt a great deal of obligation to his country. To have a Jewish boy become a congressman from this area was amazing.

"But what it meant to me and the kids is that their father was never home."

In 1976, after 27 years, Gilman's first marriage short-circuited amid lurid charges of adultery and petty theft. In divorce papers, Jane accused him of having "conducted numerous affairs during the course of the marriage, . . . [being] the father of an illegitimate child by one of his staff members, . . . [and failing] to maintain even the semblance of normal paternal relations with his children." She also alleged that he "engaged in a course of conduct of pilfering small sums of money each week from the Social Security pension of [her] mother, who is 84 years old." Gilman told Middletown's *Times Herald Record* that the charges were "scurrilous" and "untrue."

The divorce was only made worse by an astonishing series of family tragedies. That same year, the Gilmans' 14-year-old daughter was killed by a drunken driver. In 1991, one son jumped off a bridge in a suicide attempt and was committed, and another, their gay eldest son, David, died of AIDS.

After that, Gilman began to support gays in the military. "I liked what Senator Goldwater said," he told me. " 'If he can shoot straight, that's the most important aspect of someone's military qualifications.' " His pro-gay stance, however, did not prevent him from using gay-baiting to tear down an opponent. During the 1990 primary campaign, Gilman's staff members phoned local journalists to say, ominously, that Sean Strub, who was one of the Democratic candidates, was gay, according to several sources. “The phrase was, ‘I thought it was something you should know,’ ” said Strub. “[Gilman] had a legitimate fear of Strub,” says Steve Lieberman, a reporter for the Rockland *Journal News* who knew about the whispering campaign. “Sean was raising issues like PAC money and voting record. Gilman basically tried to submarine him.” Strub lost the primary. Similarly, although Gilman once paid for his own daughter's abortion, his foreign-aid bill contained a provision denying U.S. funds to nations that sponsor abortions.

Gilman was remarried in 1984, to Rita Gail Kelhoffer, a woman he had started seeing while still married to Jane; a decade later, Gilman was embroiled in another seamy divorce—Rita alleged adultery, sodomy, and physical abuse; he accused her of mental instability. (Rita now says, bitterly, “He's the only man I know who would bring toilet paper home from his office in envelopes. Do you know anyone else cheaper?” Gilman, for his part, wrote in sealed court papers, “Crazy as this sounds, in July 1994, my wife showed me a copy of a newspaper article with the headline WOMAN ACCUSED OF FEEDING 73-YEAR-OLD HUSBAND RAT POISON that appeared in the Washington *Post* and told me that I better watch out what I eat.”)

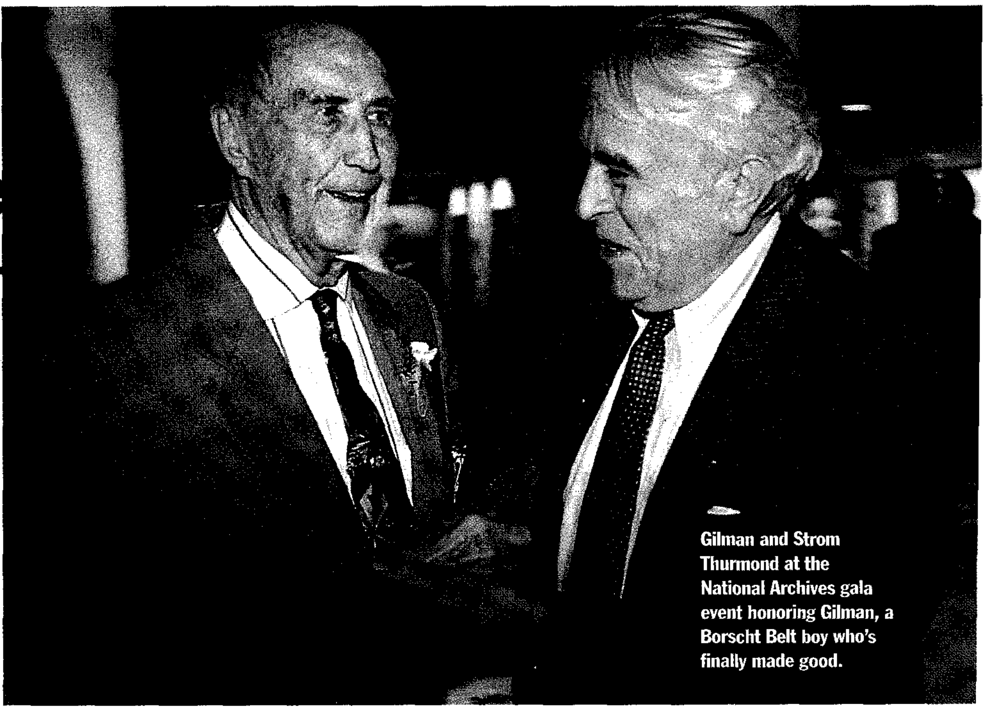
ch of $3 million, Gilman wrote
he was arrested as a KGB spy

Rita attended law school, graduating from Georgetown in 1988. Shortly before their separation late last year, Rita says now, Gilman got her a job at Manhattan's Touro College, a violation of congressional ethics rules, which bar members from exerting influence to obtain a job for a spouse. Rita claims that the congressman got her the job because he was planning to divorce her and wanted to reduce future alimony payments.

He couldn't have picked a more appropriate place to wield undue influence. Touro has long operated more like a racketeering enterprise than like an institution of higher education. Eugene Hollander, one of its founders and its first chairman, had made his money from a corrupt nursing-home business—six nursing homes where patients lay in urine-soaked beds while Hollander embezzled their Medicaid money. The city eventually condemned four of the homes as unsafe; it also suspended his license. Hollander tried to sell those four homes to Touro and lease them back, but was blocked by the state; he was subsequently convicted of Medicaid fraud.

Founded two decades ago as a school for Orthodox Jews, Touro is now a four-year liberal-arts college, with campuses in East Harlem, Flatbush, Israel, China, Korea, and Russia. It has been investigated almost every year since it opened for state and federal student-loan fraud, among other things. In 1993 a Senate investigation headed by Senator Sam Nunn found that Touro was one of 27 Orthodox Jewish schools in the New York area that were ripping off taxpayers for tens of millions of dollars in student-loan scams. Touro is currently under investigation by a federal task force on student-loan fraud. (Touro refused repeated requests for comment.)

“Touro has a lot of political connections which have helped it skate the netherworld between criminal conduct and shady but not technically criminal conduct,” says a city investigator who is probing allegations that Touro bribed high-school officials in Brooklyn's scandal-ridden District 21 for free classroom space in which to teach English to Russian immigrants. (The city is also looking into whether Touro, which receives up to $7,000 in federal aid for each immigrant, paid the immigrants kickbacks to sign up for classes they never attended.)



Gilman and Strom Thurmond at the National Archives gala event honoring Gilman, a Borscht Belt boy who's finally made good.

Gilman had a particularly close relationship with former congressman Lester Wolff, a Democrat from Long Island who is now the chairman of Touro's Pacific Community Institute (PCI), a program to improve business and trade relations with Asia. Wolff and Gilman met in the seventies, when they were both members of the International Relations Committee. Gilman has since traveled to Asia on junkets run by PCI and been paid thousands of dollars in honoraria. (Gilman has failed to note his role as an adviser to PCI on his congressional disclosure forms, a seeming violation of House ethics rules. Zarutskie says the position was honorary and didn't have to be listed.)

His estranged wife Rita claims Touro only hired her after Gilman “besieged” Wolff. “It's not true,” says Gilman. “Former congressman Wolff and I had dinner in Rita's presence, and she reached out to him. She said she could do a good job, and he referred her to the Touro people. They worked out some kind of consulting job. I did not take part in it. She was always actively looking not only for a job but for contacts. I tried to steer clear. Sometimes it became embarrassing when we were with people and she was making those requests.” In sealed court papers, however, Gilman admits that “[Rita] asked me to assist her in any way that I could.”

Wolff also denies having had anything to do with getting Rita the job, “except for the fact that when I was asked about it, I said she graduated from a damn good law school.” But Touro's president, Dr. Bernard Lander, tells another story: “Mrs. Gilman was recommended to us by Congressman Lester Wolff as a specialist on immigration matters,” he wrote in a faxed statement.

Rita, however, didn't even own an up-to-date law book on immigration law. She worked under contract to Touro for a year and a half, making $1,000 a month. Initially, she says, she was supposed to lobby China to let Touro start a school there. Later, she did visa work, but mostly she had little to do. “In fact, my ‘consultancy’ was as close to a no-show job as one can describe,” Rita said in a sworn affidavit.

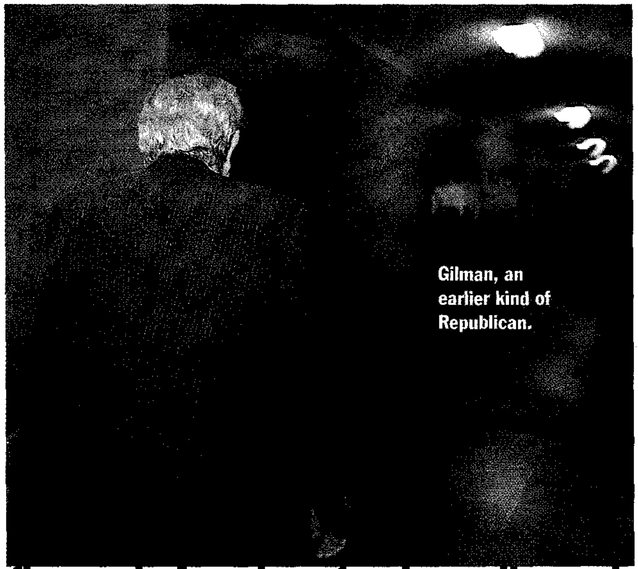
GILMAN'S CLOSE FRIENDSHIP WITH WOLFF raises serious questions of propriety, given that Gilman is now the House's top guy on foreign affairs. In addition to his duties overseeing Touro's PCI program, Wolff is a registered lobbyist for the Burmese government, a repressive military junta largely responsible for the plague of heroin on New York's streets. “Heroin is Burma's largest export,” says Alfred McCoy, a history professor at the University of Wisconsin and author of *The Politics of Heroin*, “and it provides the regime with a substantial amount of its operational funds. Every drug lord in Burma is a creature of the Burmese regime.”

Since the Burmese government has paid for at least three of PCI's congressional junkets to that country (Gilman went along on at least one of them), it seems reasonable to wonder if Touro and PCI aren't subsidized by Burmese drug money. Moreover, some of the particular Burmese officials Wolff introduced to congressmen are alleged to have participated in the drug trade.

"When PCI's ties to [the military junta] arose, it kind of shocked everyone," says a Clinton adviser on Burma. John Badgely, a political-science professor at Cornell specializing in Burma, says that Wolff's salary as a lobbyist for Burma "is dope money."

Wolff's history of ties to unsavory foreign politicians goes back a long way. In the mid-seventies, he personally touched off the infamous Koreagate scandal. As head of the House South Asia subcommittee, he led a junket to Korea in which other congressmen and their wives received bribes. Two congressmen subsequently went to jail. Wolff's Washington office was burglarized and his files stolen soon after they were subpoenaed; Wolff was never indicted. Ben and Jane Gilman were also investigated after Jane remarked that a junket to Korea was better than going to the North Pole to visit Santa. At the same time, the Washington *Post* revealed that Wolff's Korean-born secretary Suzi Park was a member of the Korean CIA.

What is Suzi Park doing these days? She's a top official at Touro College's branch in Korea. And Korean college students have worked every summer since 1982 as interns on Capitol Hill in a program run out of Gilman's Washington office. The program was founded by Touro.



Gilman, an earlier kind of Republican.

One of the most powerful figures in American foreign policy today, Gilman has allowed his office to become a clearing house for Jewish fringe groups fighting the peace process.

LESS THAN AN HOUR'S DRIVE FROM Manhattan lies one of the most exquisite regions in America, the last forested ecosystem between Manhattan and Albany. It is called Sterling Forest, and Gilman has stewardship over its 17,500 acres—30 square miles of forested ridges, valleys, lakes, and streams in which dwell black bears and 27 threatened or endangered species, including bald eagles and red-shouldered hawks.

When it comes to environmental questions, Gilman's national record is rather good; when environmentalism comes up against local constituent politics, however, Gilman's record plummets. Sterling Forest is owned by the Zurich Insurance Group, which recently took it over from the Swedish insurance firm Trygg-Hansa. In the mid-eighties, the Swedish concern announced a controversial plan to build 14,500 housing units in the forest, turning it into a city of 50,000 people. Of all the congressmen in the area, only Gilman supported the plan; the others lobbied the secretary of the Interior to acquire the land and save it from development.

Not surprisingly, Gilman's stance appealed to AmBase, Sterling Forest Corp.'s parent company, which contributed $1,500 at a 1988 campaign dinner. It also appealed to the chairman of Sterling Forest Corp., Louis Heimbach, who contributes regularly to Gilman's campaign funds.

Opponents of the development said it would cost New Jersey an additional $100 million to build water-treatment plants, since the new town would be flushing its toilets directly into Newark's water supply. Congressman Robert Torricelli, the New Jersey Democrat, has called the plan a "full-fledged disaster." Gilman, who tried to block a federal environmental-impact study of the plan, insisted the forest wouldn't really be destroyed, that there would be open space and trees between the rows of houses.

Stiff opposition and the soft real-estate market kept Sterling Forest Corp. from finding a backer to help foot the development costs. So it came up with an ingenious strategy: Develop only a quarter of the forest and sell state or federal authorities the rest—and, for the right price, sell it all. Local congressmen jumped at the chance to save the entire forest and promptly drafted a bill appropriating $17 million in federal funding. Gilman cosigned the bill. (It died last year.)

The catch is, Sterling Forest Corp. appears to have no intention of selling the entire forest. And environmentalists, smelling a rat, are now cautioning the congressmen not to pony up federal dollars; they argue that the entire scheme is just Sterling Forest Corp.'s tricky way of funding the project at the expense of those who oppose it.

A MONTH BEFORE I FOLLOWED Gilman around Washington, I visited him in his squat, modern glass office building in Middletown. His conference table was stacked with literature from Ateret Cohanim, a Jewish extremist group that wants to take over the Muslim Quarter in Jerusalem's Old Walled City in preparation for the coming of the Messiah. In a way that his right-wing Jewish supporters would find laudable, Representative Ben Gilman, one of the most powerful figures in American foreign policy today, has allowed his office to become a clearing house for Jewish groups fighting the Middle East peace process. Despite his cautious public support for peace, he's made it almost impossible for the PLO to get the $100 million in aid promised by the Clinton administration while he holds hearings on Arafat's fiscal fitness. Rabin has personally begged Gilman for the funds.

The new Republican majority swept into the House with a mandate to eliminate government waste and end the abuse of federal social-aid programs. Gilman, however, belongs to another generation—the kind unrepentantly allied to the K Street white-envelope crowd, to the narrow concerns of powerful special-interest groups. Despite the new Republican support for term limits, Gilman, a virtual one-man argument for limits on service in Washington, was the lone House chairman to vote against them. "I didn't know that experience is an evil," he says. "I think the answer to the power of the incumbent lies more with campaign reform than with term limits." But he also voted against a bill that would have prevented members of Congress from accepting free meals and junkets from lobbyists, an important element of campaign reform narrowly defeated in the House last year.

Should a man as beholden as Gilman lead the House on foreign policy? Possibly not, but there may not be a lot anyone can do about it. "He's not strong on the issues, but you can't run a credible race against the guy because he's too powerful financially," says Middletown mayor Joseph DeStefano. "He's locked up the special-interest money." And what can we expect from Gilman in the coming years? The answer depends on whom he happens to be indebted to at the moment. Ben Gilman, as his former colleague on the International Relations Committee puts it, "will do exactly what he's told." ▬

"An Inspector Calls, at the Royale Theatre, is not to be missed. Stephen Daldry's revisionist revival of this small, well-made play (which was written by J.B. Priestley and premiered in New York in 1947) successfully translates World War II idealism into 1990s terms."

Jim Paul
16-year-old sophomore at Flushing H.S.

With the possible exception of Vincent Canby, critics are not born, they're made, as are patrons. Which is why Lexus is working with the Theatre Development Fund to provide 1,000 public and private high school students from New York's five boroughs the chance to see and review three Broadway plays. Because the arts should be a fundamental, not an optional part of the educational process. Of course, that's only our opinion.

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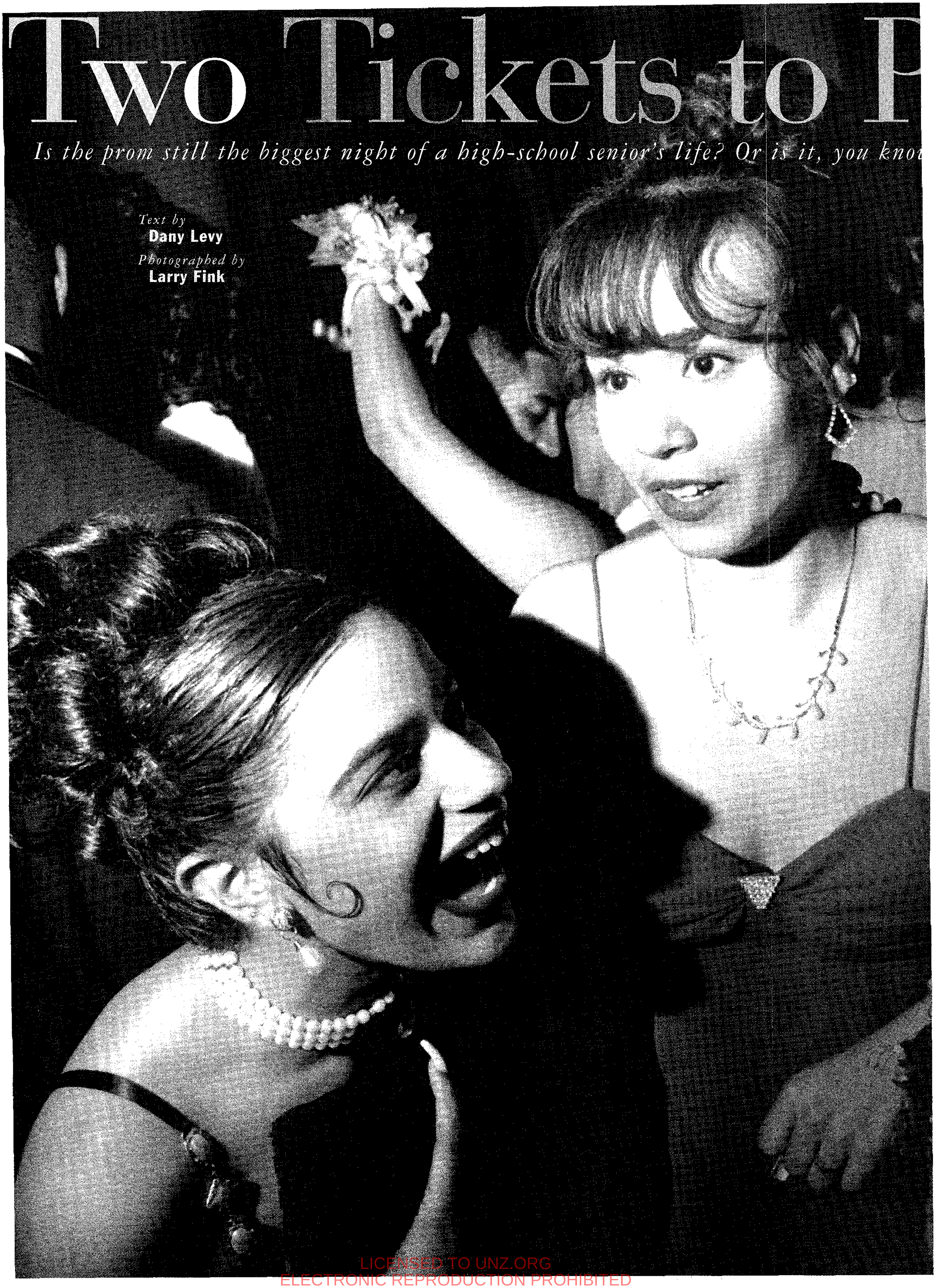
Two Tickets to P

Is the prom still the biggest night of a high-school senior's life? Or is it, you kno

Text by
Dany Levy
Photographed by
Larry Fink



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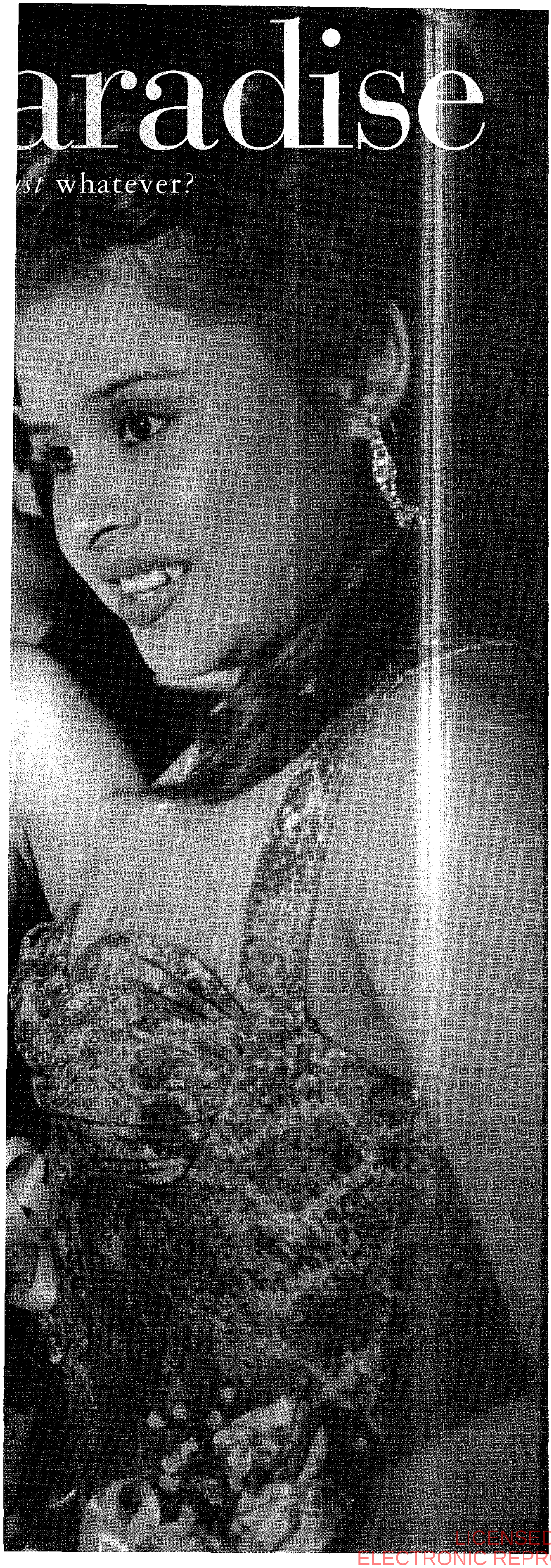


"THIS HAS UNDERWEAR BUILT IN," SAYS SHARON AARON, A senior at Brooklyn's Catholic-run Nazareth Regional High School, pointing to her white-and-gold dress. "I've had it all planned out since freshman year." It's prom night at the Puck Building. Up at the Waldorf Astoria, White Plains High School senior John Iasillo complains, "They're making it seem like a wedding or something." He fingers the roses in his date's hair. "Girls get real silly about it."

The familiar early-summer sight of the overstuffed limo with taffeta and body parts streaming out of its windows raises questions. In an era of gangsta rap and dysfunctional families, is the prom still *the* primal teenage rite of passage? Is it still about virginity and corsages? Or has it become just an excuse to get stoned and throw up in the bathroom?

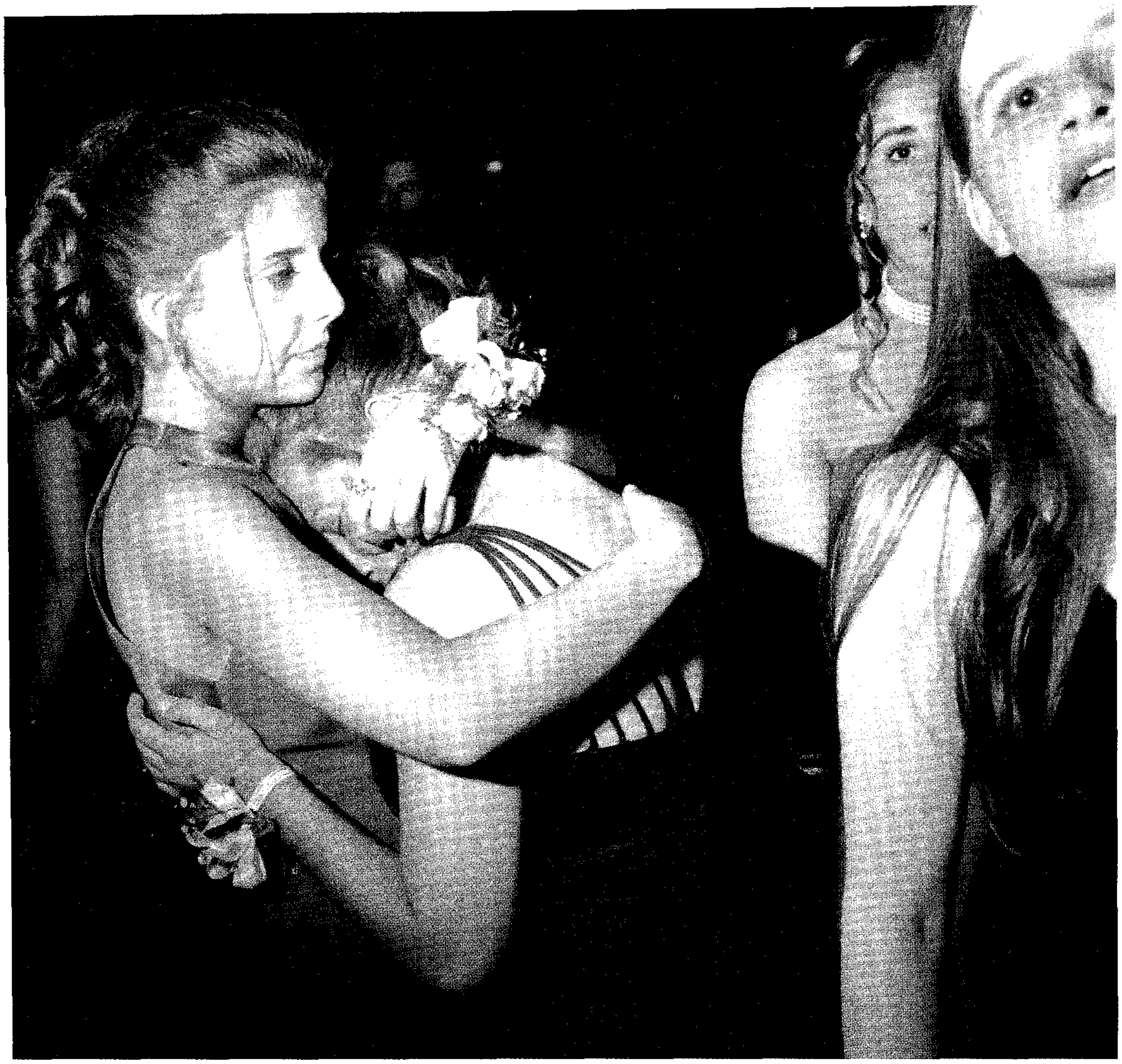
A few facts. Of ten couples polled at last month's Nazareth and White Plains proms, the girl asked the guy nine times. Nine out of ten went Dutch, more or less. The average female prommie spends two and a half hours primping. As for non-females, Dea-Sean Hicks, who claims "Zeller's [Tuxedos] knows me personally," admits to taking an hour and a half with his toilette (skin "creaming," aftershave application, eyebrow straightening)—"My family says I'm like a woman, it takes me so damn long." The kids spend between $300 and $800 each, but one student admits, "it don't cost me nothing 'cause my moms is paying." There still are pre-prom parties and post-prom parties, followed by post-post-prom breakfasting. As for those vestigial gender differences, says one student, "this prom thing is much more of a girl thing than a boy thing. . . . Guys stress more about getting play and getting fucked up." And in case anyone remains deluded as to the sexual precocity of today's youth, Joddie Vaughn, a Nazareth senior, admits, "A lotta people are gonna be tappin' skins."

So okay, no blushing, chiffoned ingenue is getting pinned, but the proms are just as big a deal as they were in 1975 and 1955. Herewith, a look at urban and suburban seniors as it all goes down. . . .

White Plains

Yesenia Avenaut

Yesenia (center) ended up dancing with her girlfriends because her date, a fellow employee at the local TJ Maxx, pooped out. "No one's ever kept up with me," she says, "except for my friends." Her date was "really nice," she insists, "but during the limo ride he kept rattling his mouth, he kept saying he had to go to the bathroom." It took her four weeks of looking before she settled on a mid-length, partially sheer, backless dress. She had wanted an almond-colored number, but the saleslady at the Corner Closet "said that red made me come out more."



Mia Palazzo
and
Jessica Birnbaum

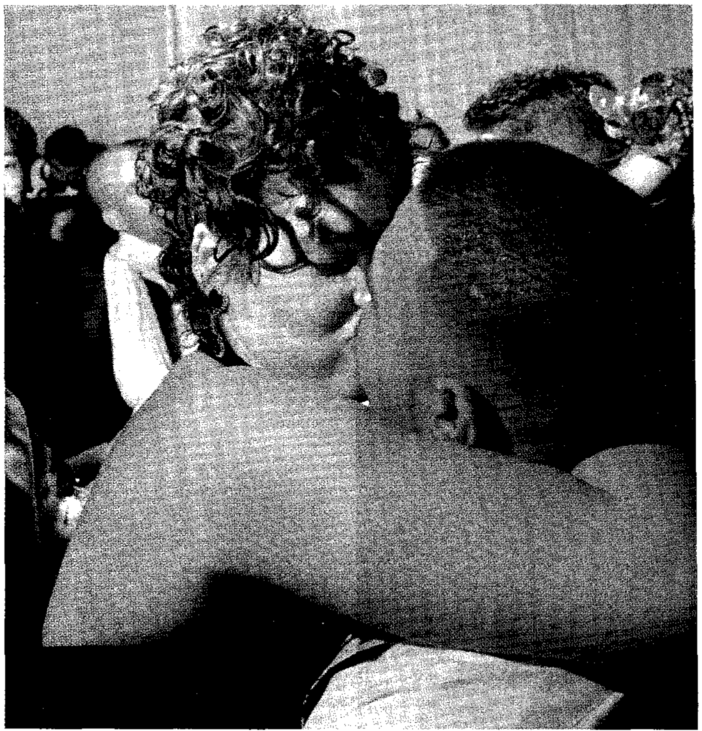
Those eons of primping and planning all build toward the evening's most sublime moment: prom song. But when Bob Seger started wailing "We've Got Tonight"—no, they haven't updated the music since the seventies—Romeo was nowhere to be found. "Something happened with her date," explained best friend Mia (at left), who sacrificed a slow dance to console Jessica. "He wasn't there for prom song." But "it's typical of guys at my school," Mia said. (And FYI—the boyfriend in question is no longer.)

Megan Buckley *and* **Offir Barnea**

"Half the fun was the anticipation," says teenage realist Megan (below), looking at boyfriend Offir. "Seriously, almost every girl skipped school that day to stay home and primp." Every nail salon in White Plains was booked solid. Once they got to the Waldorf, she says, "it got pretty wild. The food was so bad, nobody wanted to stay at their table—it was like the people who planned this were trying too hard to be high-class or something." The only damper: "Our limo driver was a retired cop, so there wasn't much drinking in our car."

Betsy Serrano
and
Cesar Avila

"I'm a lucky guy," coos Cesar when asked about his girlfriend, Betsy, whom he met in math class last year. Now they're inseparable, even to the point of shopping together for prom outfits. For her, they chose a strapless black dress at Lillie Rubin in the newly opened Westchester Mall. But wanting to liven up that boring blac and-white formal look, they picked o for him a cunning Mickey Mouse ves and bow tie. Cesar was sure he was going to do something stupid when th got to the prom: "I was kinda nervou I would walk into the Waldorf and trip or something." He didn't.



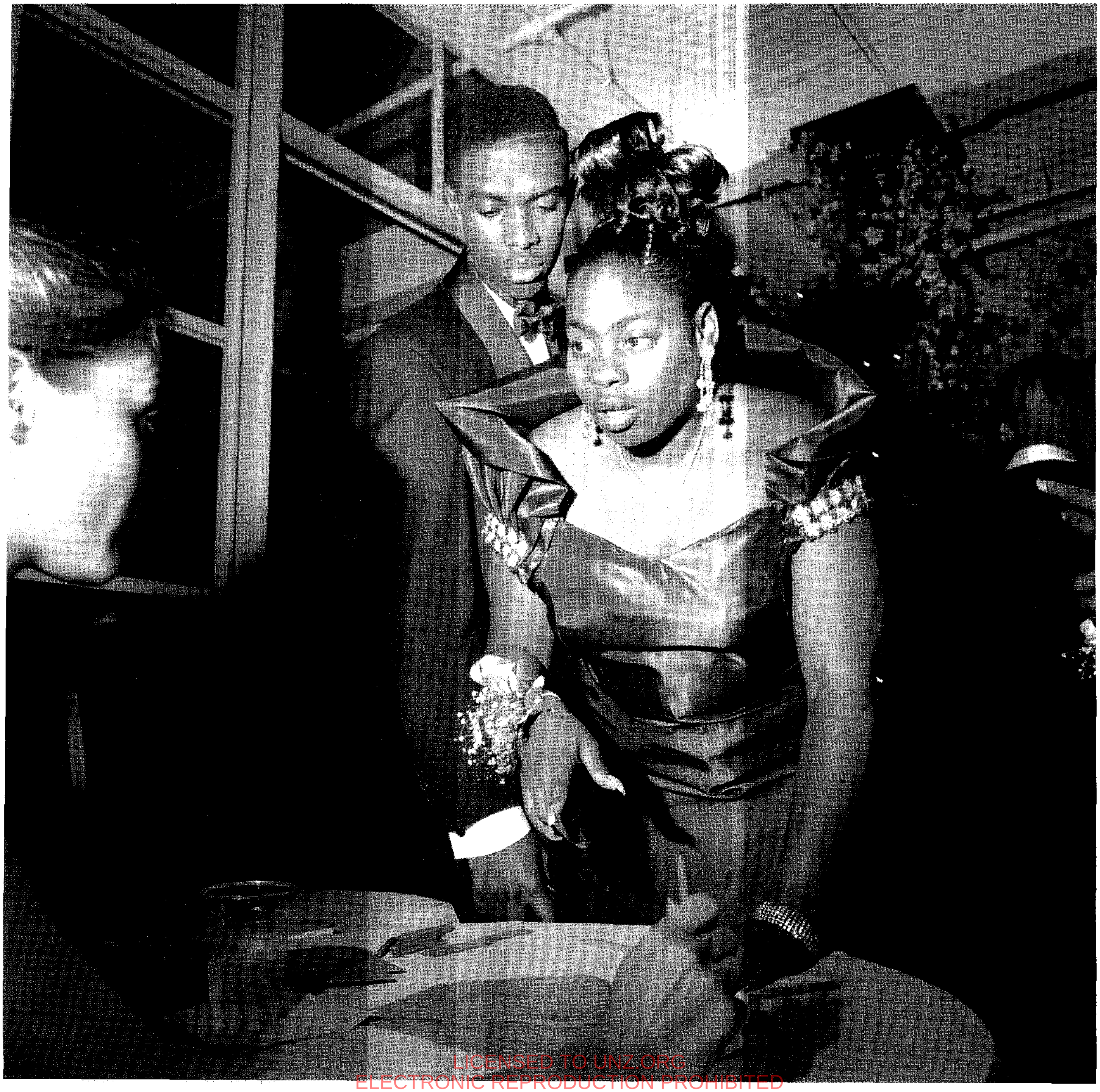
Nazareth

Kathy DeMello
and
Andre Rivers

Some not only wear their sunglasses at night but sport white foulards and walking canes as well. Why a cane? "It's an extra boost to make you look cooler," Andre's friend Ricardo Joseph explains appreciatively. Andre (right) writhed uncomfortably in his tux; "I'm not used to it," he said. His (very pretty but reticent) date, not shown, declined to comment. "She's just shy . . . ," said Andre, who schmoozed instead with Kathy, the school nurse.

Blanche Abigail Haywood
and
Garrett Fletcher-Grant

"We call her the countess," says an onlooker, pointing to Blanche (below). "She looks like she owns her own castle." Blanche saw this dramatic getup in a bridal magazine months ago; her friend Roslyn made it for her. "We had a problem, though," Blanche says. "It kinda fell apart the night before. The top part kept falling down, and then the sides came all undone." Temperamental taffeta aside, after a solid five hours of prep time—including four hours of hairstyling—Blanche was incontrovertibly the belle of the ball. Of her beau, Garrett, who taught her how to waltz, she coyly admits, "We're still in the honeymoon phase."



BEST BETS

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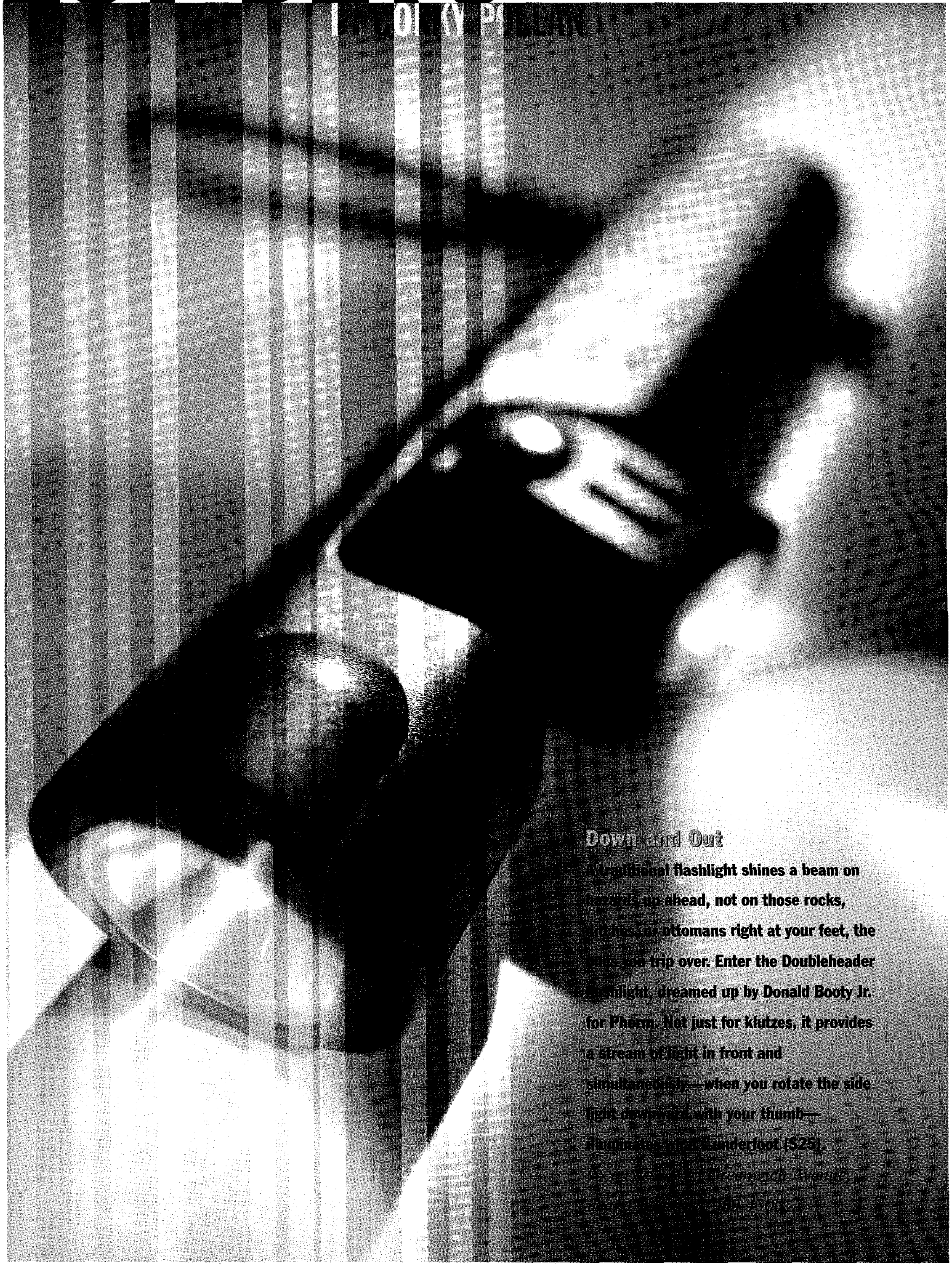
BY CORKY POLLAN



Down and Out

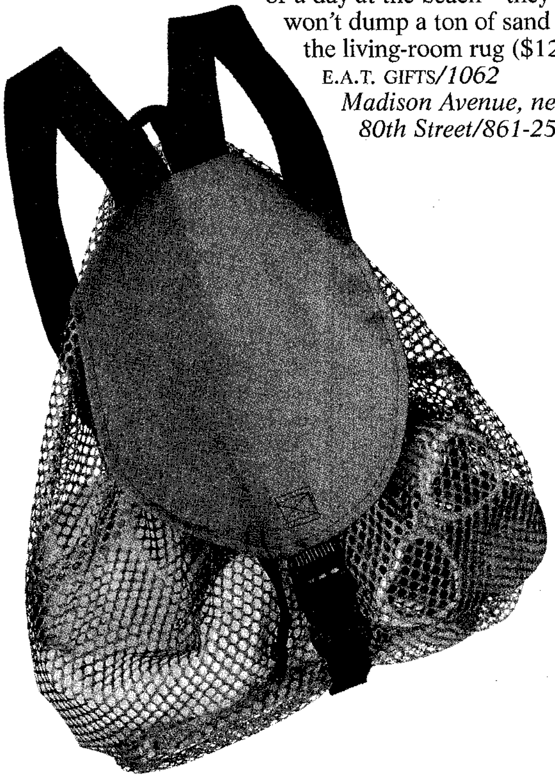
A traditional flashlight shines a beam on hazards up ahead, not on those rocks, ditches, or ottomans right at your feet, the ones you trip over. Enter the Doubleheader flashlight, dreamed up by Donald Booty Jr. for Pherm. Not just for klutzes, it provides a stream of light in front and simultaneously—when you rotate the side light downward with your thumb—illuminates what's underfoot ($25).

[illegible] Greenwich Avenue, [illegible]

Photographs: clockwise from left, John Wilkes; Steve Wisbauer; Kenneth Chen; Steve Wisbauer (3).

Web Sight

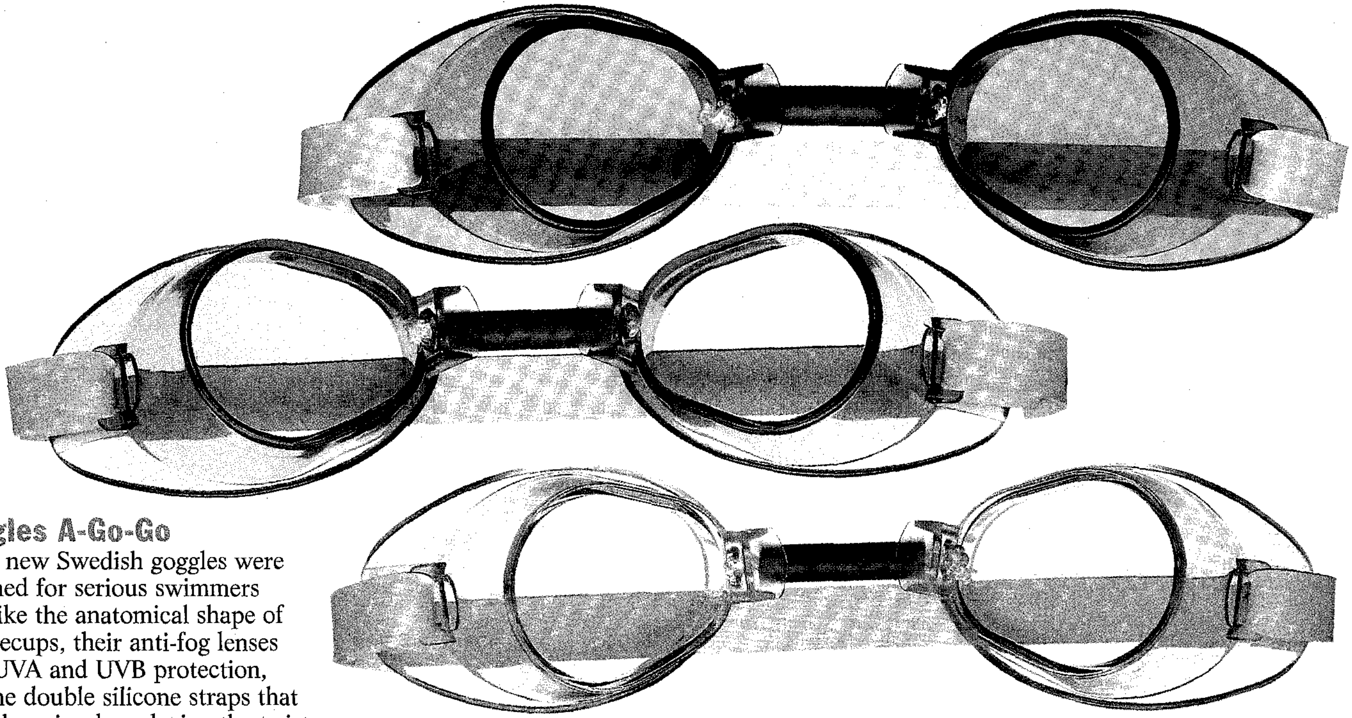
The clever heads at Object Design have taken the same nylon webbing used for scuba gear and turned it into a nifty backpack for kids. So after a morning at the playground—or a day at the beach—they won't dump a ton of sand on the living-room rug ($12).
E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*



hola!
hallo
aloha
hi
bonjour
ciao

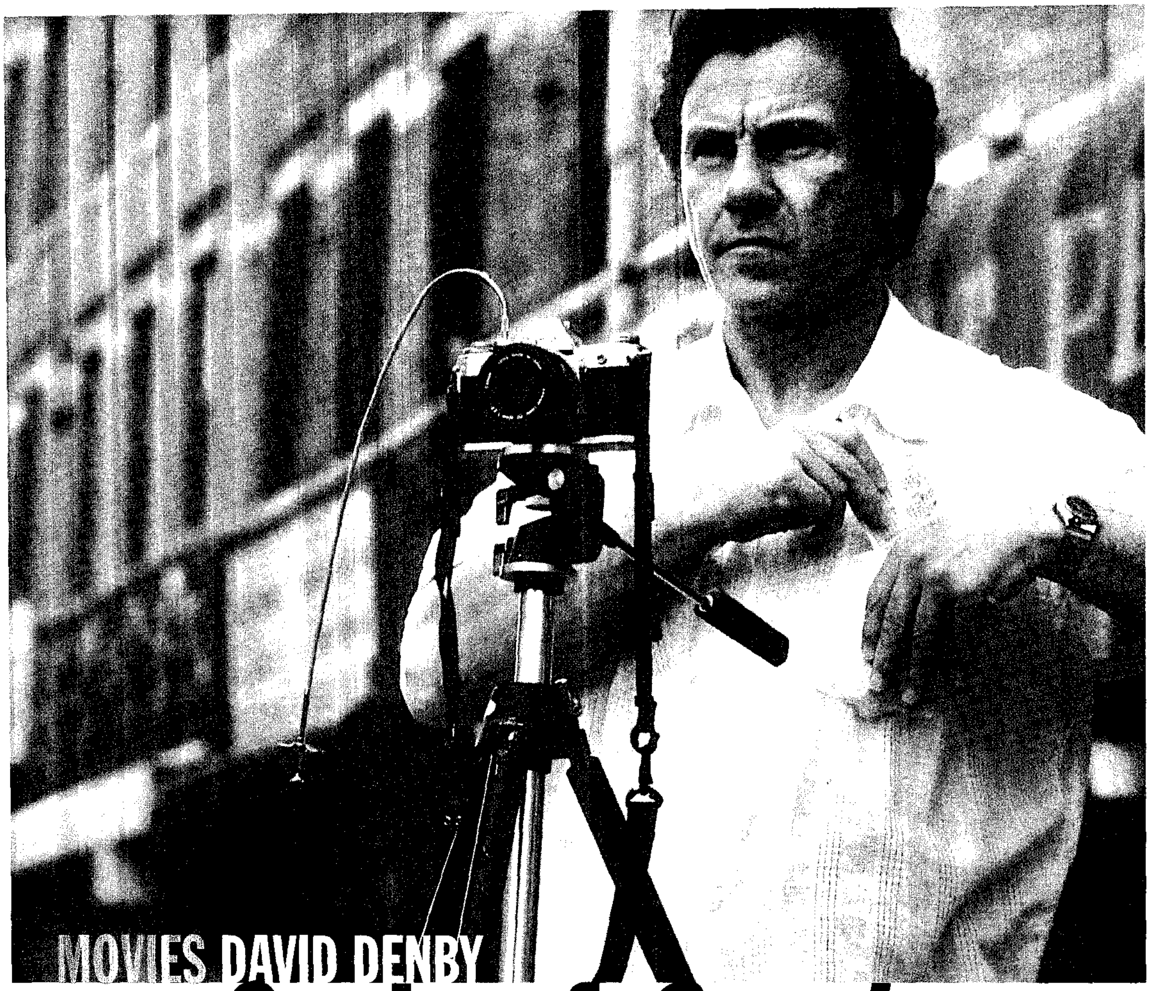
X-Girl Vision

Way too funky, insufferably outrageous: That's the kind of clothing you'd expect from a member of Sonic Youth, New York's premier postpunk rock band. But in fact, the stuff that Kim Gordon (the group's bassist and singer) and her partner, Daisy von Furth (a former stylist), have designed is sane and wearable. Their skirts and shirts just might become your summer uniform. A-line dresses and photojournalist shirts owe a debt to Godard films, and deckhand T-shirts are inspired by those in Jacques Cousteau documentaries. Skirts come in knee, mid-thigh, and crotch-cover lengths; shorts are tiny but respectable; and jeans are cut straight and tight (from $20 for a tank top to $42 for a dress to $50 for a zippered golf jacket).
THE X-GIRL STORE/*248 Lafayette Street, near Spring Street/226-0151*



Goggles A-Go-Go

These new Swedish goggles were designed for serious swimmers who like the anatomical shape of the eyecups, their anti-fog lenses with UVA and UVB protection, and the double silicone straps that keep them in place during the twists and turns of dives. But recently, the goggles have been seen on in-line-skaters, club groupies, and the fashion crowd—who just like them for their look ($5).
THE FINALS/*1466 Broadway, near 41st Street/302-1308*



MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Curls of *Smoke*

Wayne Wang and Paul Auster's splendid new film drifts easily through Park Slope, a roundelay of neighborliness and chat.

Harvey Keitel as Auggie, the Brooklyn cigar-store owner and amateur photographer around whom this urban picaresque turns.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE OF **Smoke**—A LOVELY movie written by New York novelist Paul Auster and directed by Wayne Wang—the great actor Forest Whitaker tells a story to a young man whom he barely knows. As he talks, Whitaker, a mechanic working in Peekskill, holds up his artificial arm: An unnecessary automobile accident killed his wife, and God punished his reckless driving by leaving him alive, with the artificial arm to remind him of his stupidity. The young man who listens (Harold Perrineau Jr.) is a glib, well-mannered poseur without an identity—that is, without a mother and father. He has come to Peekskill determined to work for the one-armed storyteller, and he pesters him with questions. Whitaker's acting is a tremendous piece of quicksilver volatility, shifting between rage and self-punishing submission to God's design. Wonderful and startling in itself, the scene is also a case of dramatic irony, since the audience knows what he does not know—that the boy who is listening is his son. We also know the tale won't end once it's told, that it will spill over into the movie. In *Smoke*, people tell stories, and the stories galvanize the lives of the listeners and comment on the lives of the storytellers.

Smoke starts slowly and becomes immensely pleasing, a deceptively quiet winner among the hollow big bangs of the summer season. The gentleness of this movie—gentleness without softness—is nearly revolutionary in American film at the moment. Largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (Auster's home turf), *Smoke* is a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. There are five major characters, and they all act benevolently for no particular reason—because it suits them, because they want to tell stories and storytelling and kindness seem linked to each other. In this movie, an unexpected act of kindness is always the beginning of a story. A few such gestures, a few such stories, the movie says, and you have a neighborhood. *Smoke* is about the persistence of neighborhood life, about people taking care of one another in the small stores and apartments and pubs of old Brooklyn.

Auster sets the movie in 1990, but the period feels more like 1950. Electronic culture hasn't taken everything over yet; the Dodgers might still be playing around the corner. In the beginning, as neighborhood characters gather at a corner cigar store, each person chimes in with his character tag line, and we think we might be listening to a radio play with pictures—an echo, perhaps, of something Auster heard in his youth. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs the store, has no decent cigars to sell and has to save up to smuggle in cigars from Cuba. Which is highly characteristic of Auggie's life. An intellectual without portfolio, a great reader who never went to college (we find out why), Auggie has missed out on things, but he's self-sufficient and happy enough. Keitel lavishes his Brooklyn street smarts on this man; his rough, layered voice speaks of bad nights and black-coffee mornings. Auggie has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died, and when Paul, leafing rapidly though the pictures, says, "They're all the same," Auggie advises him to slow down; he might learn something. The rest of the movie could be taken as evidence of what Paul learns.

Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid—the same teenager who later goes in search of his father. Paul takes the boy in, and the

Photograph by Lorey Sebastian/Miramax.

two begin an unstable friendship. In his fogged and ruminative way, Hurt is quite charming: His Paul is a man who has lost the habit of effectiveness; ideas rattle around in his mind like odd shoes at the bottom of a closet. Attempting to play father to Rashid, Paul really needs a little fathering himself (Auggie provides it). There's a sweet-natured allure to all this tentativeness—the initial lack of obvious dramatic point, in its very oddity, captures our interest (the melodies are familiar but combined in new ways).

Auster provides a nominal plot: Rashid has a bag of cash that he leaves at Paul's apartment, and this cash, like the earrings in Max Ophuls's *The Earrings of Madame de . . .*, will pass from one character to another, picking up more meaning with each exchange. But mainly the movie proceeds through long, beautifully written and played two-character scenes. Material that at first seems loose and meandering is actually densely woven thematically; stories the characters tell one another begin to "rhyme" in complex ways with things the characters actually do. Hurt, a father figure, tells a story about fathers and sons to Rashid, who actually is looking for his father, and so on. In the most beautiful of the gratuitous gestures of kindness, Auggie finds a grandmother—not his actual grandmother but an elderly woman who needs his company on Christmas night.

Wayne Wang, who started very small years ago with the independent film *Chan Is Missing*, has grown in confidence. In his previous movie, *The Joy Luck Club*, he was working with conventionally winsome material, but at heart he's still an independent. He doesn't compete with Auster's chatty literariness; he uses a straightforward camera technique and no more cutting than is necessary. The camera generally starts well out, in master shot, and then moves in, as if the talk were bringing us closer. And Wang has become a great director of actors. Stockard Channing turns up as Auggie's old girlfriend, Ruby, a Brooklyn chippie in tight pants with a patch over her eye, and suddenly we realize why Auggie's life went off the rails. No one could resist Ruby, the kind of aggressive yet easily bruised woman who causes trouble. Channing is the most movieish presence in this generally realistic movie. She digs into this gutsy-vulnerable role in a way reminiscent of long-ago actresses like Ida Lupino and Susan Hayward.

The garrulous fluency of Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. Early on, William Hurt asks the question "What does smoke weigh?" and he recounts an experiment conducted by none less than Sir Walter Raleigh himself, who introduced tobacco into England. Raleigh weighed a cigar before and after smoking it (he weighed the ash too). The movie is just smoke—just talk—but of course, if there's soul in it, smoke weighs more than anything. ■

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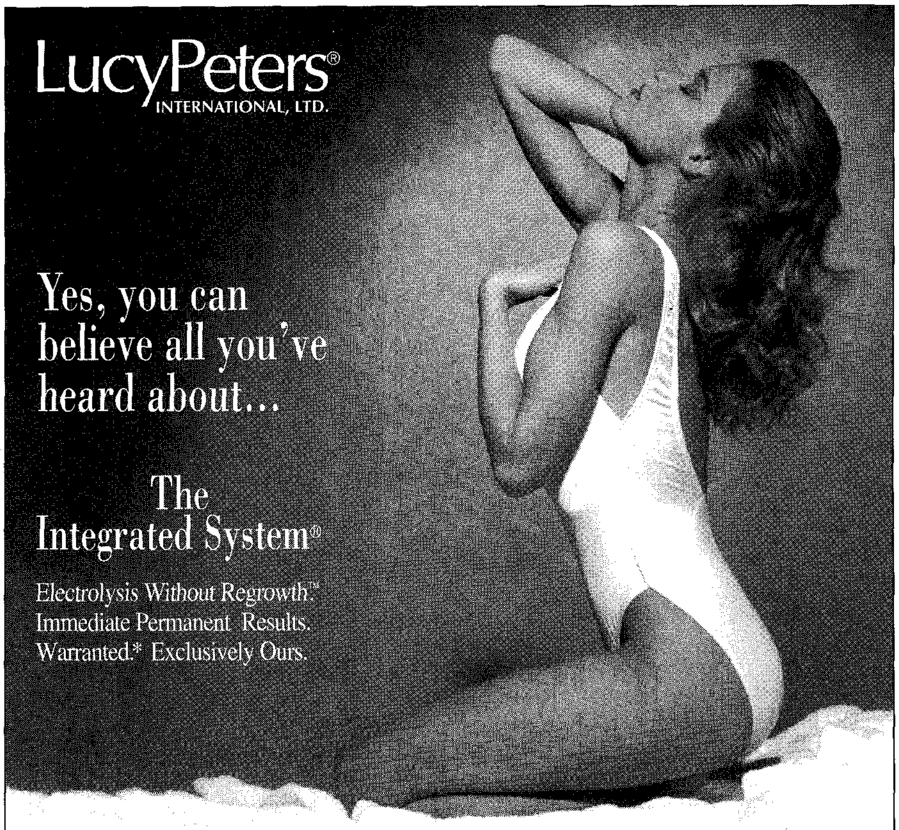

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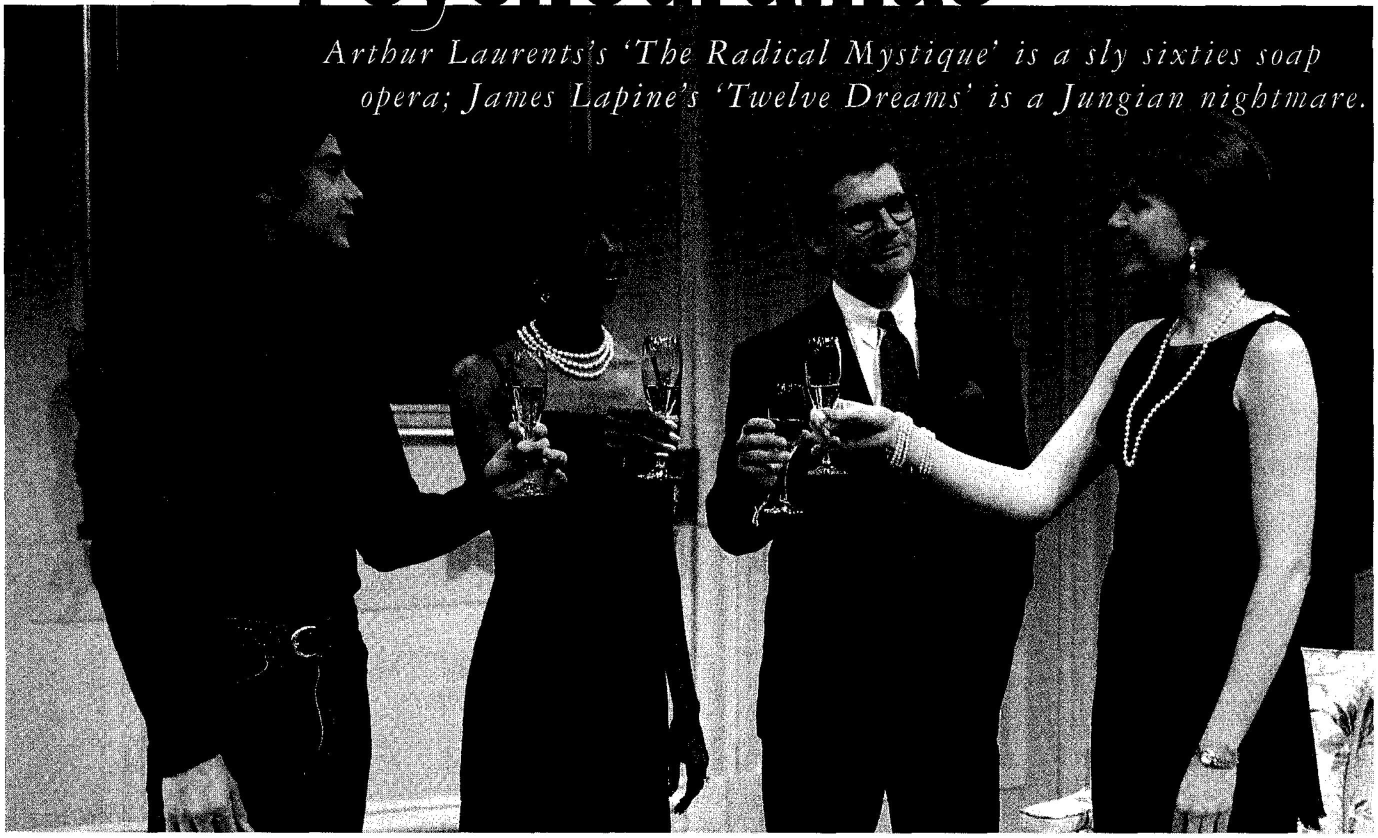
THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Psychodramas

Arthur Laurents's 'The Radical Mystique' is a sly sixties soap opera; James Lapine's 'Twelve Dreams' is a Jungian nightmare.



Radical* castaways: From left, Oren J. Sofer, Sharon Washington, Kevin O'Rourke, and Mary Beth Fisher in *The Radical Mystique.

AT A TIME WHEN EVEN THE FEW WELL-MADE PLAYS are ill made, it is soothing to get a new work from Arthur Laurents, a disputable artist but an astute craftsman. **The Radical Mystique** crams together two middle-aged women (one black, married to a Wasp; one Catholic, married to a Jew) who must face up to their repressed racial and religious resentments, an ostensibly happily married father who is embarrassingly outed just as his 17-year-old son happily discovers his own homosexuality, a very "white" black woman who enters into her first affair with a black man just as her 17-year-old son moves in with a Jewish woman twice his age, and a sleazy FBI agent who tries to blackmail the parents of the aforementioned homosexual youth into canceling their fund-raiser for the Black Panthers by threatening to reveal that their son was in the Greenwich Village house where the Weathermen's bomb accidentally exploded. In short, the entire social history of the late sixties.

Such riches of embarrassment, divided among five onstage and several offstage characters, are a heavy load for one short play to carry. But it is to Laurents's credit that he almost manages to humanize his excursus into historical didacticism, and that his characters are more than stick figures, though not quite flesh and blood. What also helps is the author's savvy direction and casting. As the lace-curtain shiksa who discovers twenty years into her marriage to a Jewish professional party giver that he is a closeted homosexual, Mary Beth Fisher gives a carefully calibrated yet explosively felt performance that juggles contradictory emotions with unerring skill. Nearly as good is Sharon Washington as her black confidante from her Sarah Lawrence days. Now a Wasp's wife carrying on with a black radical, she has grievances as profuse and prickly as a porcupine's quills. And as a radicalized rapscallion—as sassy as a Dalton senior can get—Oren J. Sofer is an on-the-mark Marxist with overtones of Marky Mark.

Kevin O'Rourke's prodigal father lacks the requisite Lenny Bernstein charm, and Jake Weber's Machiavellian FBI man slips into caricature halfway through. Nevertheless, they help recapture the period, with its endangered-hothouse atmosphere, its hyperintensities verging on hypocrisy. And there are good vibes from Thomas Lynch's set and Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes. It's nice to see iconoclasm and conformity battling it out onstage, even if they rarely do so anymore in life.

DID YOU KNOW ABOUT AMS, AGING-MASTER SYNDROME, which often attacks the greatest artists in their old age? Its chief symptom is trendiness, specifically a desperate need to prove oneself up-to-date, even at the expense of reason and, more dishearteningly, the body of one's previous work. Ingmar Bergman falls prey to this affliction, especially when he directs Shakespeare, who doesn't seem to suit him. **The Winter's Tale,** briefly seen at BAM, was a nosologist's dream.

Certainly, there were masterly touches: Lennart Mörk's magical sets and costumes, Donya Feuer's discreetly atmospheric dances animating the background, and the luminous performances of Pernilla August (Hermione), Bibi Andersson (Paulina), and the veteran Gösta Prüzelius (Camillo). Indeed, the opening scene of Act Two—a song delivered to an enchanted ballroom assembly silhouetted against a star-bespangled sky—was as lyrical a moment as the theater can summon up.

But Bergman has ballasted the play with a top-heavy frame: a huge birthday party in a nineteenth-century Swedish manor, where guests and staff put on a celebra-

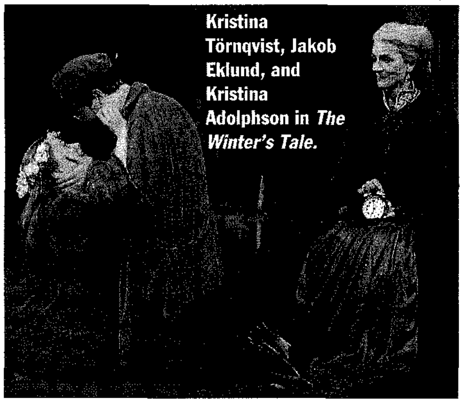
Photograph by Joan Marcus.

tory performance of *The Winter's Tale* with many interpolated songs by the nineteenth-century composer and lyricist C. J. L. Almquist. I don't know which is worse: Almquist's tunes or his lyrics. And to think that Bergman in his glory days had the likes of Blomdahl, Wiren, and Von Koch composing his music.

Far worse was Bergman's decomposing of the text. He tampered with the serious parts, exaggerating Leontes's jealousy into all-round bestiality, and he rewrote the comic parts. In came motorcycles, roller skates, an alarm clock where the lines require an hourglass, mention of Absolut vodka (a sponsor), fellatio, present-day Swedish and American topical jokes, and vulgar horseplay subverting the original's words and intentions. Plus two bears, one more than the action can bear. For each enhancement there were, roughly, six besmirchings.

Even the acting was not uniformly good. Börje Ahlstedt, who reached his apogee early in the nude scenes of *I Am Curious Yellow* and *Blue*, is someone whom Bergman has vainly labored to turn into a well-rounded leading man. And as Florizel and Perdita, the gawky Jakob Eklund and earthbound Kristina Törnqvist left me as uninvolved as the uninspired simultaneous translation. You don't want your transistor to go thespian on you, but neither do you want it to go soporific.

I was, however, keen on Bergman's companion production, Yukio Mishima's *Madame de Sade*, last time round, and have no reason to assume that the identical production two years later was any less dazzling.



Kristina Törnqvist, Jakob Eklund, and Kristina Adolphson in *The Winter's Tale.*

HOW APPROPRIATE that Richard Noll's book exposing Carl G. Jung as not only a phony (some of us realized that all along) but also an outright liar is making headlines just as **Twelve Dreams,** James Lapine's 1981 play, is being needlessly revived at Lincoln Center. Lapine—who in his small way strikes me as no less a faker than Jung—bases his play on one of Jung's alleged case histories about a 10-year-old girl who supposedly foretold her imminent death in twelve dreams she recorded for her father. Noll—a clinical psychologist and Harvard researcher—has pointed out other fabrications of Jung's, among which the case of the girl, here called Emma Hatrick, can take its place.

The twelve supposed dreams, as reprinted in the program, foretell as little as the prophecies of Nostradamus. For example: "Once upon a time there was a very drunk woman who fell into a lake. But when she came out all wet, she wasn't drunk at all." This could mean just about anything, including that Lapine, intoxicated by undeserved raves early in his career, had the luck to fall in with Sondheim, after which his fame was real enough, but he remained all wet as before. What Lapine hoped to accomplish here was threefold: establish himself as a deep Jungian thinker, write a play full of striking images, and leave audiences atingle at the mysteries of the collective unconscious. No wonder he called his heroine Hatrick.

Though the play fourteen years ago was equally hollow, pretentious, and mendacious (there's a hat trick for you!), it was better produced back at the Public. The cast was superior in almost every instance, and Heidi Landesman's set was less cutesily dollhouse than Adrianne Lobel's, pretty as it is. Other things remain literally the same, including the appealing music by Allen Shawn. Especially poor in the present cast is Jan Rubeš as the Professor (i.e., Jung), whose thick accent, ponderous delivery, and oleaginous demeanor add up to an all too accurate—if unintentional—portrait.

ENTERING **Prisoner of Love** IS LIKE TAKING A 75-minute trip through a funless fun house, with madness staring at you from layers within layers of distorting mirrors. The book of that title, written when Jean Genet's body was consumed by cancer and his mind racked by megalomania, was described by Edmund White as "a bible written by the devil," in which Genet "speaks of himself . . . in tones usually reserved for God." Ostensibly dealing with his stays among Palestinians and Black Panthers, *Prisoner* rehashes some overworked Genet staples, without his earlier eloquence, lopsided originality, and insidious lyricism.

Now add JoAnne Akalaitis's absurd hodgepodge of an adaptation, whose opacity is enhanced by a set and props that make scant sense, and her choice of the ghastly, gap-toothed Ruth Maleczech to play Jean Genet. All this to the accompaniment of beastly music by Akalaitis's ex-spouse, Philip Glass, played on a variety of saxophones by the able but misused Melvin Butler, wandering in and out of the inaction. As always, Frances Aronson's lighting impresses, but 75 minutes of sheer lighting is a bit much. Unless you fancy stuff like "Anyone who hasn't experienced the ecstasy of betrayal knows nothing about ecstasy at all," or "Excrement is consoling," which I doubt. It did not even console me for not knowing the ecstasy of betrayal. ■

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Lincoln Center Gets Medieva

Stalin's favorite czar, Ivan the Terrible, returns to the screen with a "live" soundtrack that one-ups Hollywood. Prokofiev never heard it this good.

THE GREAT SOVIET FILMMAKER SERGEI EISENSTEIN once ironically referred to the second part of his cinema epic **Ivan the Terrible,** completed in 1946, as his "suicide note." If so—Eisenstein did die in disgrace two years later—then it's clear that the composer who collaborated with him, Sergei Prokofiev, added his own signature to the document, and with a flourish. No one used the medium more operatically than these two craftsmen, and at nearly every point during the three-hour film, Prokofiev's music enhances the incendiary visual images with its own powerful pictorialism. Small wonder that Stalin felt like he had been kicked in the stomach. He censured the director and composer equally for "misrepresenting" his favorite czar and role model, who ruled medieval Muscovy with such ferocity and brutality. Even an abbreviated 90-minute version of both parts shown earlier this month in Avery Fisher Hall, with the New York Philharmonic and Pro Arte Chorale providing the "live" soundtrack, packed a wallop.

Part I, released in 1944, apparently caused no official displeasure; it was a popular and critical success that even won six Stalin Prizes. Here young Ivan dreams of uniting his country, crowns himself the first czar of all the Russias, chooses the lovely Anastasia for his bride, and drives out the Tartars in the bloody battle of Kazan—a grand adventure told with Eisenstein's typical vivid iconography and breathless montage. The problems for Stalin arose in Part II when Ivan's psychotic nature rises to the surface, driving him to increasingly ugly acts of depravity and violence with the help of the "iron ring" he drew around him: the *oprichniki,* a dedicated band of thugs uncomfortably similar to Stalin's own secret police. Perhaps the most stunning moment of the film occurs during the *oprichniki*'s vicious drunken revelry, when, for the first time in any Eisenstein film, the black-and-white screen suddenly bursts into color.

Prokofiev responded to all this with tremendous energy and unabashed enthusiasm. He retained a boy's love of gadgets all his life, and the mechanics of moviemaking fascinated him, especially the ways in which music can be exactly synchronized with the film image to achieve maximum dramatic impact. In this area, he even awed Eisenstein, who understood just how much Prokofiev added to the finished product: "In the crystal clarity of his pictorial language," the director once declared, "he is equaled only by Stendahl." *Ivan the Terrible* is awash with music—29 numbers that cover a wide range of moods, from Ivan's twisted introspections to blazing battle music that puts Hollywood to shame. Two of the most extended sections are purely operatic in concept, yet in context they seem absolutely right: Efrosinia's chilling lullaby to the simple-minded son she is determined to put on Ivan's throne, and the wild choral orgy of the *oprichniki.*

The Philharmonic's presentation, produced by John Goberman, unfortunately compromised both film and score by sacrificing some of the best parts of the movie, somewhat altering the sequence of what was used, and leaving out a lot of good music. And as greatly as Eisenstein admired Prokofiev, I doubt that he would have been happy to hear so much of the dialogue obliterated by the Philharmonic in full cry, however splendid the orchestra sounded under Yuri Temirkanov's perfervid direction. Of course, it's a grand thing to have the music performed live by a major band rather than make do with the original dimly recorded soundtrack, but inevitably William David Brohn's musical adaptation for this abridgment is often awkward and out of sync. Goberman should put this ver-

Flying like an arrow?

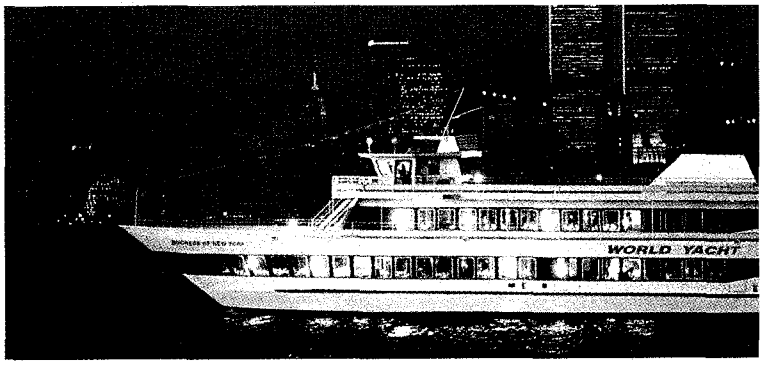
The New York Philharmonic revives Prokofiev's dramatic score for Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible.*

sion aside and be encouraged to prepare a complete one similar to his live performing edition of an earlier Eisenstein-Prokofiev collaboration, **Alexander Nevsky.**

With a running time of just under two hours, that film is a more practical proposition for concert presentation, and it has been widely circulated in Goberman's skillful arrangement—New York saw *Nevsky* not long ago with live musical commentary supplied by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Now the film is available for home viewing on videotape and laserdisc with Prokofiev's score newly recorded by the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Temirkanov (RCA 62705-6). For those who prefer to hear all the music for the film without seeing it—about ten minutes' worth is omitted from the familiar and oft-recorded cantata Prokofiev arranged from the score—RCA has released the musical portions on an audio-only compact disc (61926-2).

Listening to the CD after watching the laserdisc version is the second-best option, only reconfirming how inseparable sight and sound are in these films. The haunting mezzo-soprano lament after the terrific battle on the ice is moving enough heard by itself as an in-concert abstraction, but the stabbing rise and fall of the vocal line is even more poignant when counterpointed to what Eisenstein's camera records as it restlessly explores the field of the dead, wounded, and dying. Such poetically imagined scenes coalesce to make *Alexander Nevsky* an altogether tauter, nobler, and more assured statement than *Ivan the Terrible,* which came to life under Stalin's cruel scrutiny and remains a torso. Considering the dangerous direction Eisenstein was taking, the never-to-be-made third part might have surprised those pious cultural commissars who still dismiss both director and composer as morally degraded Stalinist shills. Even the bits shown by the Philharmonic indicated something quite the opposite.

To sign off with a Prokofievian postscript: The ninth and final disc in **Boris Berman's** survey of the composer's complete piano music has just been released (Chandos 9361), a wonderful finale to a project of remarkable consistency and accomplishment. Much of this terrain has been traveled before, the nine sonatas in particular, but seldom so thoroughly or with such full command of the music's frenzied physical energy, athletic virtuosity, crystalline sonorities, or elusive poetry. This last volume features the Sixth Sonata, possibly the most devilishly difficult of the lot, and Berman's vitamin-rich performance ranks with Sviatoslav Richter's classic interpretation; no higher praise is possible. Of special interest are the pieces that frame this recital: the fragment of a Tenth Sonata, unfinished when Prokofiev died in 1953 (on the same day as Stalin), and six bits of sparky juvenilia from his teenage years nearly half a century earlier. ■



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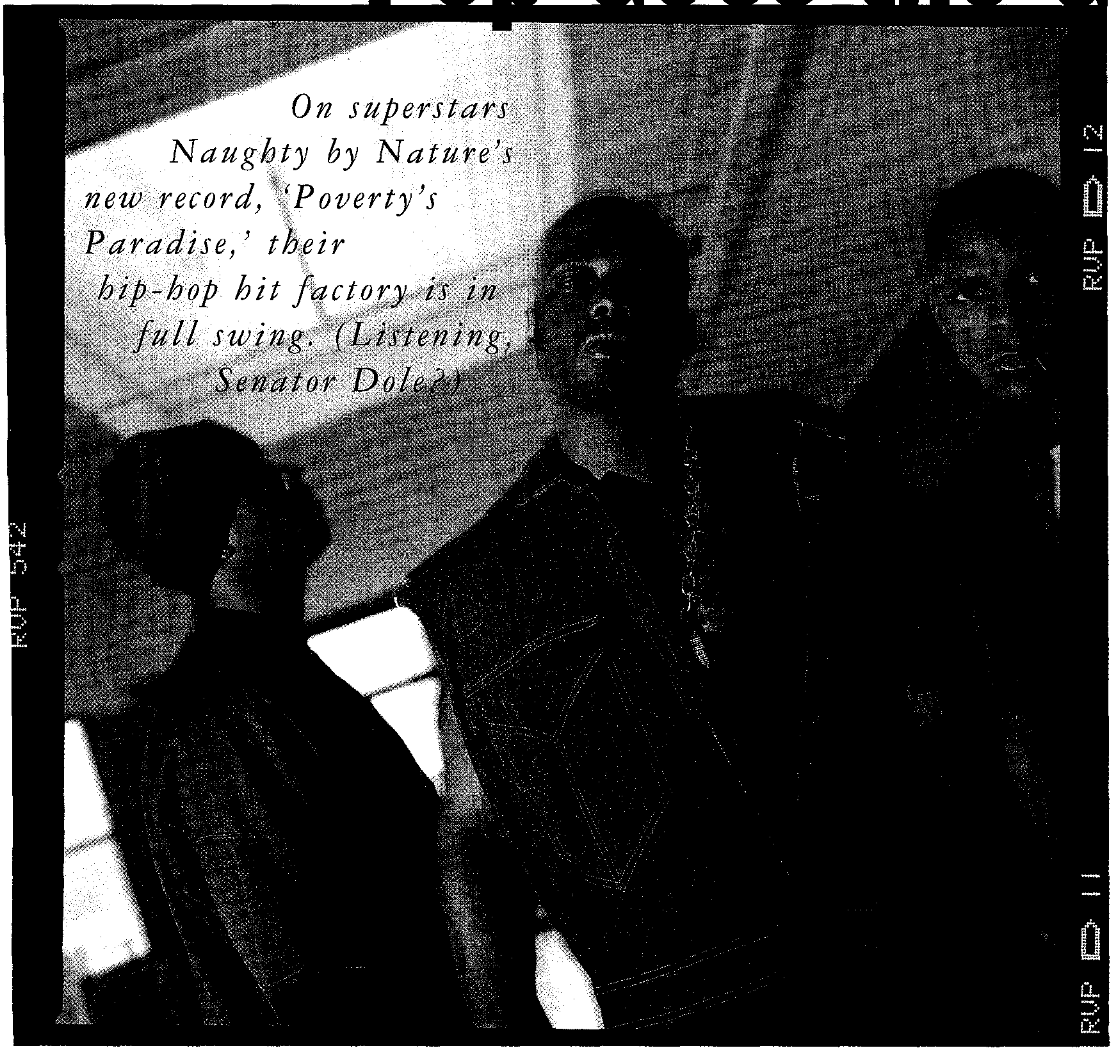
POP MUSIC **CHRIS NORRIS**

Pop Goes the Ghetto

On superstars Naughty by Nature's new record, 'Poverty's Paradise,' their hip-hop hit factory is in full swing. (Listening, Senator Dole?)



Naughty by Nature, from East Orange, New Jersey: Kaygee, Treach, and Vinnie.

FOUR YEARS AGO, ON ITS SELF-TITLED DEBUT, Naughty by Nature issued a warning: "If you ain't never been to the ghetto, don't ever go to the ghetto." As it happens, the line crystallized hours of Senate hearings and pages of Op-Ed hand-wringing without even stooping to debate.

Hip-hop has never been particularly "friendly to families." It has never flinched at offering "nightmares of depravity." It has, in fact, continued to do everything possible—from using arcane slang to fashioning noisy soundtracks to portraying, yes, nightmares of depravity—in order to remain an underground art form, willfully separate from those who have never been, and who are best advised never to go, to the ghetto.

Today, when everyone from Bob Dole to the "hip-hop nation" is obsessing over the uneasy interaction between rap and mainstream pop, Naughty by Nature's admonition is more telling than ever. On the one hand, because it answers critics with a brush-off typical of nineties rap (and of nineties cultural Balkanization in general): If you don't like it, stay away. But also, more interestingly, because the song the line comes from says something quite different.

"Ghetto Bastard," from the group's first record, is a grimly detailed biography of a doomed youth, with the narrative vividness and infectious wordplay that marks a great rap song. But it's also a glorious self-contradiction. Because, under lyrics like "I live right around the corner from West Hell," the D.J. lays the chords to Bob Marley's "No Woman No Cry." The lovely pop progression transcends the scratches, samples, bells, and whistles that come into vogue seasonally in rap production. Unlike the forbidding sonic defenses of most hard-core, this melodic soundscape actually *welcomes* outsiders and neophytes. Treach—Naughty's machete-wielding, padlock-and-chain-wearing lead rapper—was drawing lines in his lyrics between Them and Us, set in a musical backdrop that erased them. And with that—and two more giant-selling singles—three kids from the slums of East Orange, New Jersey, became a pop band.

Which, two albums later, they remain. Naughty by Nature's new record, *Poverty's Paradise* (Tommy Boy), is a celebration of hip-hop's street origins, a vision of its bit players, and a thrilling demonstration of the state of the art—in a sense, a neoclassicist streamlining of hip-hop culture. And like all the group's records thus far, this one's a bold-faced attempt to bring it—all of it—to the wider world.

Treach pretty much says so himself: "We came back 'cause we heard hip-hop needed another anthem," a dubious proclamation if Naughty by Nature didn't have a résumé that includes such platinum-selling singles as "O.P.P." and "Hip Hop Hooray." They're about the only group able to take "real" hip-hop into the same arm-waving sonic arena as Guns N' Roses and make an anthem.

"Craziest," the record's first single, isn't "gangsta rap" in the classic L.A. style now being deplored by Dole, Bennett, et al. But it's a celebration of the freedom that can accompany desperation, and it has its own moral complexities. Treach wraps his fleet-tongued, melodic rap style around a joyride, affecting a recklessness and fury that blossom out into the song's lyrical hook, an exuberant shout-out to the wild-living niggas (the more polite "homeys" in the radio version) across the country. If their last hit, "Hip Hop Hooray," was a rallying toast to hip-hop culture, "Craziest" says just what the culture means. Still "giv[ing] props to hip-hop," Naughty now explicates it: Hip-hop is ghetto is crazy. And the tone makes it clear that this craziness, this recklessness—this "moral impairment"—is just a fact of ghetto life, thank you.

Naughty also seems blithely untroubled by issues of "hardness," a neurosis (related to the authenticity complex in white alternative rock) that burdens so many

Photograph by Carl Posey.

hard-core hip-hoppers. Confident in the roughness of their upbringings, Treach and his more purposeful co-star Vinnie make like old-school rappers and flaunt their bad-ass potency with prodigious rhyming. And—like practically no other rappers at all—they flaunt the reliability of their formula: "I bet you if you put a pen and pad in my hand I could write in your face . . . put it on tape . . . spread it through the industry. The next three weeks my single done peaked on the rap sheets."

There's something inspiring—something Republican, even—about this blatant will to sell, this confidence that moving units doesn't mean selling out. In fact, the group members seem to revel in their expertise at traversing street and pop.

Which is not exactly voguish in their milieu. What die-hard fans would consider "real hip-hop"—the stuff of lyrically savvy street poets with names like Smif'n'Wessun and Mobb Deep—is alive and well in car stereos and the phone-in cable-TV channel the Box. But consider the hip-hoppers on MTV: an obese pimp-daddy who mumbles intricate rhymes about hustling and the good life; a head-shaved studio impresario who doesn't so much rap as *preside* over shimmering funkscapes; and a trio of Nautilized young women who flex, frolic, and chat about guys. Naughty by Nature seems, at least formally, a lot closer to hip-hop's origins than Notorious B.I.G., Dr. Dre, or Salt 'n' Pepa. But they do yield—in a big way—to the pop impulse.

In the process, however, they don't forgo darkness, a quality rather essential for a group purporting to represent current urban realities. Over the vicious, War-style groove of "Hang Out and Hustle," Treach, Vinnie, and several guest rappers give voice to street dealers. They also show the desperation behind the street game, dropping verses like "I got a little man calling me Daddy . . . I gotta please 'em but first of all clothe and feed 'em." And later, with the song "Chain Remains"—a shopworn argument that today's prisons are the equivalent of slavery—they follow up with a moving twist: actual phoned-in greetings from prisoners across the country.

But the next track returns to the band's trademark ebullience. "Feel Me Flow" is like hip-hop Simon and Garfunkel: a sunny, unhurried loop, with twinkling keyboards, a jubilant bass line, a singsong chorus, and rapid-fire verses that show off Treach's considerable mike skills.

Just as in rap's earliest appearances, the medium here—breathtaking lyrical pyrotechnics—is the message. The expansive soundtrack shows no interest in the smallness of pop's underground, in the claustrophobic sonics of nineties hard-core, or in the lush pimp fantasias of gangsta. Because, quite simply, Naughty by Nature makes music that's *big.* Big enough to make the ghetto sound like the whole world. ■

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LEONORE FLEISCHER **JUNE 19, 1995**

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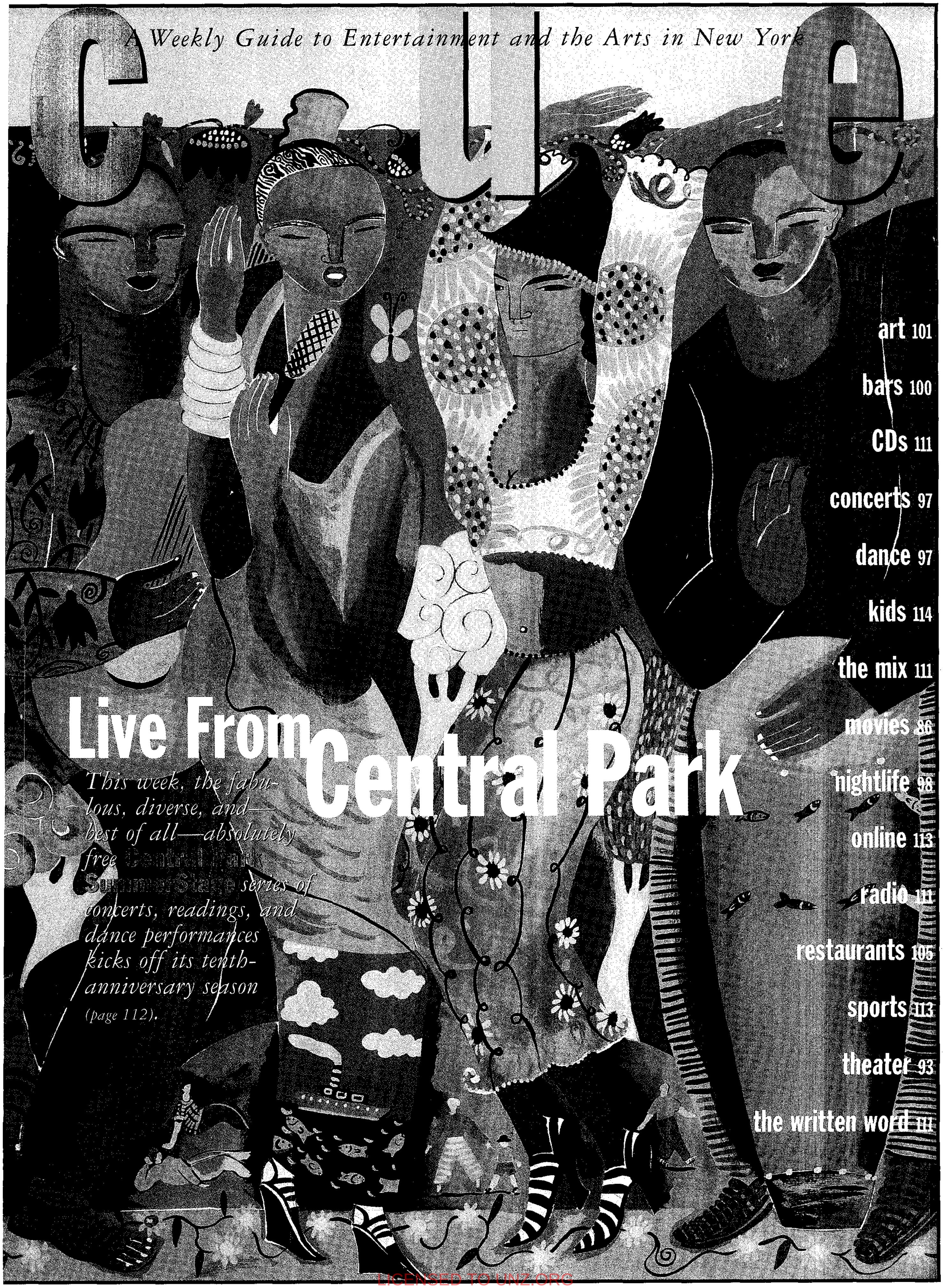
THE CATALOG KID IS HOLDING ITS FOURTH annual sale of mint-condition beautifully illustrated domestic and foreign hardcover and paperback auction catalogues at a Chelsea showroom: The books, from such houses as Christie's, Sotheby's, Phillips, Treadway, Habsburg Feldman, and Bonhams and Bourne, originally published at $20–$125 each, usually $8 here, now $1. For example: Sotheby's *Schocken Collection of Hebrew Books,* published at $30; Christie's *Sackler Collection of Maiolica,* published at $65; Christie's *Wilkinson Toy Collection,* published at $35; *The Moldenhauer Collection of Remington Arms* (hardcover, slipcased), published at $125; Treadway's *Art Pottery,* published at $35; plus catalogues on twentieth-century decorative arts, Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Arts and Crafts, antiquities, decoys, Americana, ceramics, Orientalia, furniture and paintings, musical instruments, silver, jewelry, sporting memorabilia, fountain pens, posters, comics, and teddy bears. A portion of the total proceeds will be donated to Gay Men's Health Crisis. *The Catalog Kid, 40 W. 25th St. (800-258-2056); M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Tues.–Mon., 6/13–6/19, 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Fri., 6/16, till 8 p.m.*

Tour de Force

MOST OF THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN'S clothes at Le Layette et Plus are one- and few-of-a-kind styles carefully chosen and specifically designed for the store during its three owners' extensive travels throughout Europe. The spring and summer selection for girls and boys (sizes 1 mo.–4 yrs.) is now 50 percent off: Cacharel white-and-navy print sundress with piqué top, was $110, now $55; striped boy's romper with matching hat, was $90, now $45; baby stretchie with embroidered collar, was $80, now $40; one-piece romper, was $65, now $32.50; Cacharel embroidered short-all with matching shirt, was $160, now $80; cherry-print romper with matching T-shirt and shoes, was $110, now $55; Tartine et Chocolat romper with attached blouse, was $155, now $77.50; pink-striped romper with matching hat, was $95, now $47.50. Some winter clothing, including European snowsuits, is also 50 percent off. *La Layette et Plus, 170 E. 61st St., fifth-floor warehouse (688-7072); A.E., checks accepted; all sales final. Mon.–Sat. noon–5 p.m.; through 6/24.*

The Right Profile

THE 37TH STREET HIDEAWAY IS A RESTAUrant that's stationed in John Barrymore's old townhouse and preserves many of the late actor's mementos, including parts of his study. To celebrate its fortieth anniversary, the Hideaway is offering a $33 prix fixe special (which includes free parking after 5 P.M. in the next-door lot) through the summer: You get your choice of seven appetizers: linguine Amatriciano ($9 à la carte), Caesar salad ($7 à la carte), roasted peppers ($7 à la carte), seafood crêpe ($11 à la carte), calamari salad ($9 à la carte), mussels possillipo ($9 à la carte), or penne à la vodka ($8 à la carte); your choice of entrées, including chicken Gismonda, chicken parmigiana, chicken à la chef, or grilled chicken over arugula salad (all $21.50 à la carte); filet mignon marsala ($26 à la carte); and veal pizzaiola, sautéed salmon, or veal parmigiana (all $23 à la carte); your choice of desserts, including tirami su, chocolate-mousse cake, chocolate cheesecake, cappuccino cake, raspberry gâteau, key-lime pie, and apple strudel ($6 à la carte); coffee or tea ($2.25 à la carte). A complimentary glass of champagne is also included. The restaurant also features live music and dancing with no cover charge. *The 37th Street Hideaway, 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940); A.E., D.C., M.C., V. accepted; reservations recommended; through 9/30.* ■



How's *The Wife?*... *The Wind* Blows In

New Films

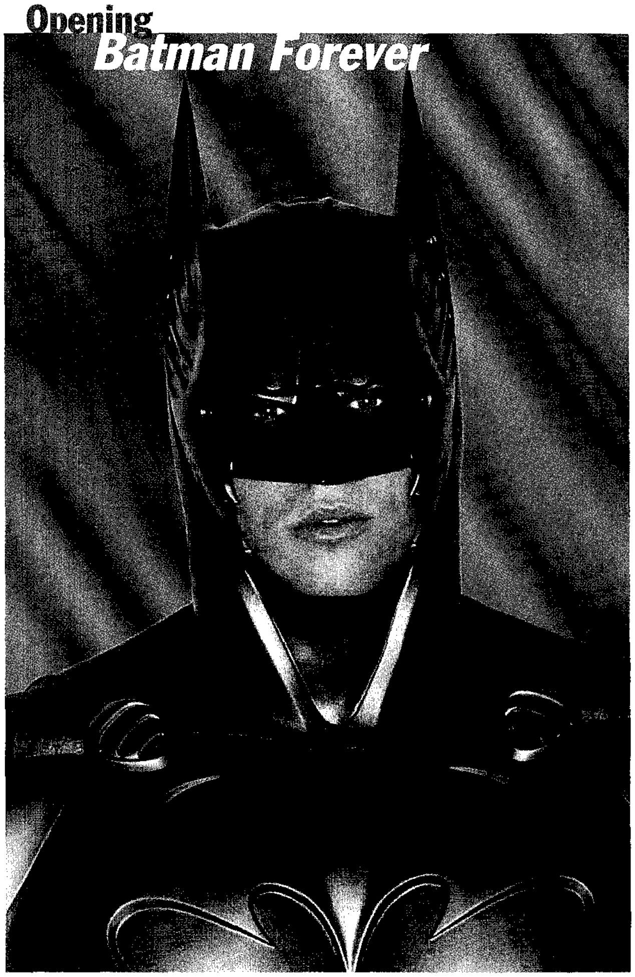
Amateur—Hal Hartley's weakest movie in years. Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas Martin Donovan. He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Arizona Dream—Johnny Depp plays a lonely soul who feels drawn to his uncle (Jerry Lewis), a cadillac dealer in Arizona. Depp is a miserable salesman but is immediately drawn to Dunaway, who lives in a huge rambling home with her bitter daughter (Lili Taylor). Also along for the ride is Vincent Gallo, who wears black, fancies himself an actor, and constantly recites dialogue from classic films. (His talent night performance of the scene from *North By Northwest* where Cary Grant is dive-bombed by a plane is hilarious.) None of it really works, not the touches of fantasy (tables that rise and fall; a fish that swims through the air), not anything. But there are plenty of bits and pieces for buffs to pick up: Taylor's almost patented turn as a singular force of will, Lewis's swings from low-key earnestness to shtick, Depp and Dunaway terrific as always, and Gallo at virtually every turn. It's more fun to talk about in retrospect than to actually see: You'll remember only the bright spots and ignore or forget the many more scenes of forced whimsy. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Bab El-Oued City—An apprentice at a small bakery in Algiers impulsively tears down a loudspeaker that incessantly bleats out propaganda for a religious sect. A group of fundamentalists set out ot punish the act, setting off a wave of unrest and violence. Directed by Merzak Allouache. In Arabic and French. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Joseph Papp Public Theater.*

The Basketball Diaries—So slovenly and inaccurate, it seems an even worse fake than Jim Carroll's book, which was allegedly a chronicle of his life in New York from ages 13 to 16, and was filled with bravado, good times, and heroic bad times. Leonardo DiCaprio is a very talented actor, but as Carroll, he doesn't move like a teenage athlete. Nor does DiCaprio's cocky smile suggest much connection to the meaninglessly hostile and self-destructive acts perpetrated by young Jim. We never really find out why this boy is so alienated: the movie just presents him as a fully formed dark angel, and DiCaprio's performance is both strained and unsupported. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *Village East.*

Opening
Batman Forever



. . . or at least for the next few months. It's probably not as funny as it should be with Jim Carrey in the cast. And they probably tried to introduce too many new characters—the Riddler, Two-Face, Robin, and a new babe (Nicole Kidman). So maybe it's a mess, but they can always get it right the next time—just as they finally improved on Prince's messy tunes for *Batman* with a groovy commercial rock soundtrack. Opens June 16.

Batman Forever—Director Joel Schumacher brings some primary colors and a lighter tone to the third installment of the Dark Knight's movie escapades. Unless they've learned how to introduce new characters with brevity, this one looks overloaded, just like the first two. Chris O'Donnell plays Robin the Boy Wonder (one of the Wayans brothers was slated to don the tights for *Batman Returns*) and is rewarded for his moxie with a suit complete with Bat-nipples. Jim Carrey is the Riddler, Tommy Lee Jones is Two-Face, Nicole Kidman is the love interest, and Val Kilmer brings his pouty lips to Bruce Wayne. But you knew all of this already—which explains why the movie will be a blockbuster even if it is as fitfully entertaining as the others. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

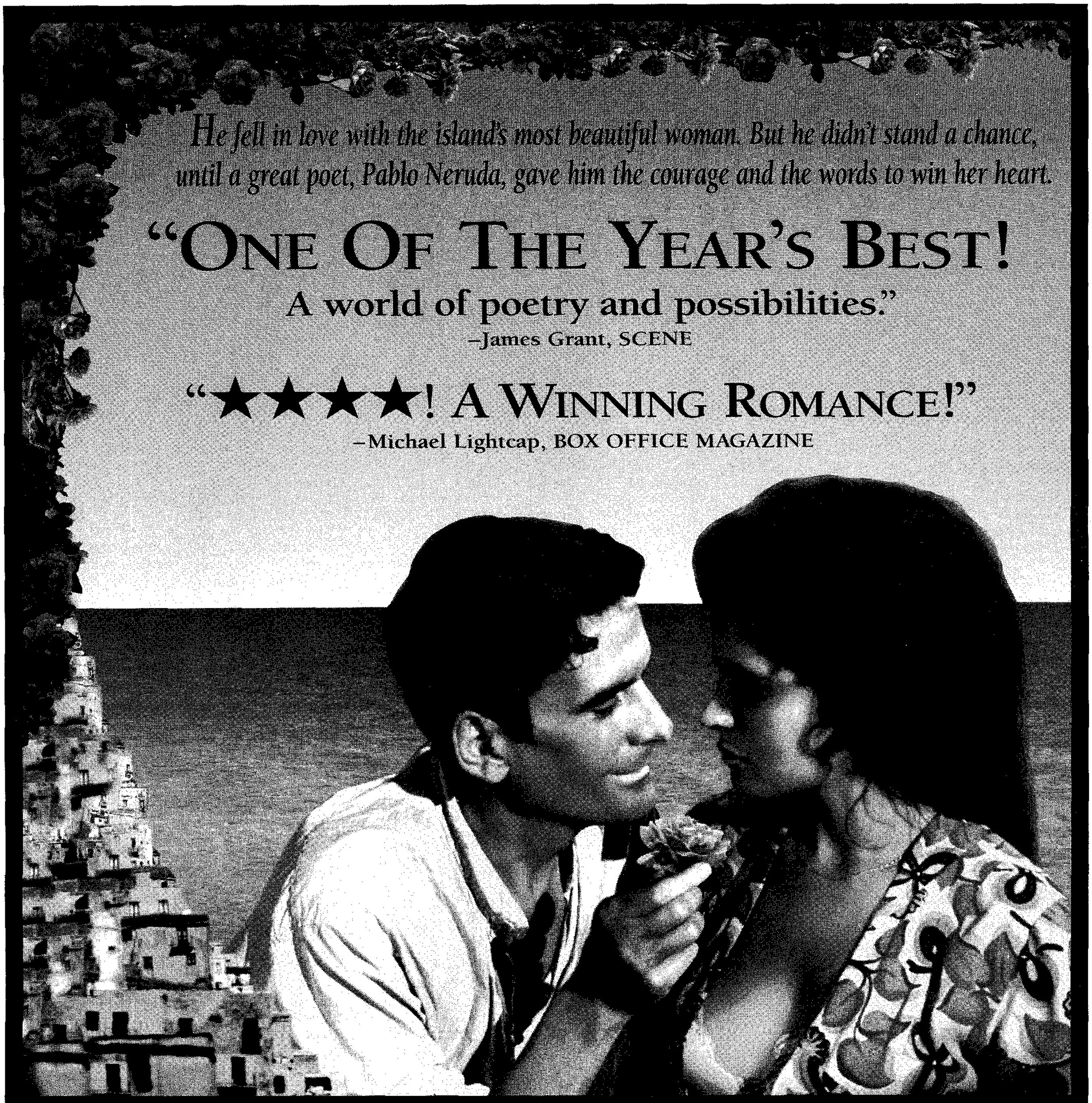
Braveheart—Stirring in a workmanlike, square-jawed way. Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace (Gibson), who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings, intending to live in peace. But he's provoked: Scotland has no king, and the English nobility and their hirelings are sullying Scottish womanhood. William falls in love with a village girl, Murron (Catherine McCormack), who looks come-hitherish in her dun-colored but body-clinging burlap. Standing naked in an icy grove, their breath frosting in the night air, the couple consummate their union, thereby depriving an English lord of his "right" to deflower the bride on her wedding night. Soon Murron gets her throat cut, and all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work. He's obviously had a look at Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky,* at Welles's *Chimes at Midnight,* and at both Olivier's and Branagh's versions of *Henry V,* and he's assimilated ideas from all of them and added his own rowdy touches (the Scots mooning the English heavy armor). But the battles are heavy on the old H&H (hacking and hewing), with much gouging and slashing as well. Why are we being worked up by this furious violence? *Henry V* has poetry, *Nevsky* the music of Prokofiev. There's no point to *Braveheart,* however, unless you're a hacking-and-hewing aficionado. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★The Bridges of Madison County—Too solemn by half—but it's not bad. Clint Eastwood, who directed the movie and starred in it with Meryl Streep, has displayed considerable literary taste—he's jettisoned most of Robert James Waller's prose—as well as gallantry and sense. Not that he and screenwriter Richard La Gravenese have changed the basic fantasy: A handsome stranger (Eastwood), a photographer for the *National Geographic,* still drifts into Iowa farm country in 1965 to take pictures of covered bridges; he still asks directions from a lovelorn farm wife (Streep) and winds up staying for four days while her family is away; and the two still have a passionate affair that lasts, if only in memory, forever. Loneliness . . . immediate attraction . . . flowers . . . dancing . . . bliss . . . and then . . . renunciation. The creators of both book and movie have taken careful measure of American prurience and hypocrisy: The reader and the moviegoer get to experience not only the pleasures of erotic awakening but also the pleasure of virtue. Yet Eastwood and La Gravenese have handled dishonest material as straightforwardly as one could have hoped. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Eastwood plays him modestly, too, receding into the movie as far as he can while shifting the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover illustration by Karen Barbour.



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STING

stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest—and then had the extraordinary good luck to get herself played by Meryl Streep. Her hair a nondescript parcel brown (or so it seems at first), a little stocky, often shy—no one has ever noticed her—Streep's Francesca stands in her kitchen, at a table with a yellow Formica top. Streep's acting, which at times has seemed overcalculated, is here so liquid that the character and the situations are absolved of the embarrassment of drabness. This is her most sensually appealing role—the years and the extra pounds have given her an irresistible strength. By speaking the lines in slightly halting English, dropping words here and there but then suddenly lunging at a phrase, she creates something musical, a touch of strangeness, and Eastwood keeps the strangeness at the center of the movie, which is framed by Streep reading a journal discovered years after the event by her children. That slight Italian accent has been shaped for longing and regret. Photographed by Jack N. Green. (Denby; 6/12/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a true believer and bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. Mikhalkov's answer is convoluted and fascinating in a way only possible within the tormented history of the Soviet Union. By the end, his theatrical excess makes perfect sense. The careless abundance of life, spilling over the edges, is about to come to an end. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Talent

What Happened Next Was...

After Tom Noonan won the grand prize at last year's Sundance Film Festival for *What Happened Was . . .*—a darkly comic if claustrophobic look at a desperate would-be couple on their first date—financing his next project should have been a breeze. But Noonan claims that when he began filming *The Wife,* "I borrowed everything I could in the world and took all the money I'd saved, and we were able to shoot for one week." A French production company stepped in with funds at the last moment, allowing Noonan to shoot the movie without compromising his funny but painfully observant story. Showing at Lincoln Center on June 15 at 6:30 (see "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info), the film tells of two therapists—one (Julie Hagerty) addicted to Quaaludes, the other (Noonan) with a vicious tongue and wandering eye—who are confronted one evening by a deeply unhappy patient (Wallace Shawn) and his erratic, poorly educated wife (Noonan's real-life wife, Karen Young, pictured above). The two interlopers end up staying for dinner and—as in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—don't leave until their strained relationships are ruthlessly exposed. Perhaps best known for his unsettlingly sympathetic portrayal of a serial killer in *Manhunter,* Noonan clearly has no problem playing edgy people. Did he like his character, who treats Hagerty so nastily? "But she's a *junkie,*" he laughs in defense. "I find him funny; I like that kind of mean humor."

MICHAEL GILTZ

Casper—Bill Pullman is a psychic shrink who specializes in helping restless spirits find closure so they can move on to the next world. Christina Ricci is his lonely daughter who thinks he's gone off the deep end. . .until they move into a haunted mansion and she becomes friends with the eager-to-please Casper. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

Congo—Angry gorillas quietly guard a lost city of unsurpassed wealth in the deepest part of Africa. Which is fine, until a multinational corporation decides to send in a team searching for diamonds of unmatched clarity that ends up being treated like so many bananas. That would be fine, too, except they send in *another* team. And so begins the long-delayed adaptation of Michael Crichton's thriller. Withy Dylan Walsh, Laura Linney, and Tim Curry. Directed by Frank Marshall. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Nova.*

★**Crimson Tide**—An absorbing and at times thrilling entertainment, this is a largely serious action movie with two grown-up actors, Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, going at full tilt. It's the story of a mutiny set at a time of international crisis. In Russia, a fascist dissident modeled after Vladimir Zhirinovsky has broken with the regime, taking a part of the army and some nuclear missiles with him, and threatens to launch the weapons against America. The U.S.S. Alabama, a nuclear sub with ballistic missiles, is sent out for a possible preemptive strike. The heart of the movie is a series of remarkable struggles between the captain (Hackman), who wants to launch the strike without getting confirmation of his orders, and his executive officer (Washington), who refuses to give his assent. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Die Hard With a Vengeance—A mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. Covered with gore, Willis takes punishment in a blown-up subway car, a turned-over automobile, a tunnel filled with rushing water, the hold of a ship, and so on. The hero's function here is merely to endure; he gets mashed so often the movie turns into a weird, sick joke—James Bond as Jason the unkillable. Directed by John McTiernan. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill but Came Down a Mountain—Well, how would *you* feel if some English twit came to your Welsh village and told you that the mountain that served as a point of pride for everyone was actually fifteen feet too short to be considered a proper mountain and was, in fact, a hill? Quite outraged, of course, which is how the people of Ffynnon Garw feel, and they determine to do everything possible to keep the cartographers (Hugh Grant and Ian McNeice) in town until they can pile on enough dirt to make the cut. Amiably eccentric, it's unbalanced somewhat by Kenneth Griffith's heavy-handed portrayal of the righteous Reverend Jones. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Village East; Cinema 3; Sutton.*

Ermo—Ermo fueds constantly with Fat Woman, a self-indulgent neighbor in their peasant village who has a hard-working husband and the town's only TV set. When Fat Woman throws dirty water on the noodles drying in Ermo's back yard, Ermo decides to do whatever she must—work nights in a town restaurant; sell blood—so she can afford an even bigger TV. Directed by Zhou Xiaowen. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) .

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer Mia Kirshner, opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" Bruce Greenwood, teasing and rubbing up against him. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years.(Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli Stêfano Dionisi in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi Enrico Lo Verso, a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Forget Paris—In Billy Crystal's pleasant but bland romantic comedy, the narration is perhaps the most intricate and creative element. It's about a contemporary couple, Mickey (Crystal), an NBA referee, and Ellen (Debra Winger), an airline executive, who are both right and wrong for each other and who keep falling apart and then coming back together. Crystal, directing the screenplay he wrote with his longtime collaborators Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, works in fast-moving anecdotal style, with short scenes fitted to the narration. There are some wonderful moments—but in the love scenes, Crystal's direction is far more tentative. Walking around Paris with Debra Winger, Crystal makes nervous jokes, as if he thought he didn't have the right to leave stand-up comedy behind and play a lover. The screenplay tries for realism, and occasionally achieves it all too well and lands in banality. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Cri-*

terion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.

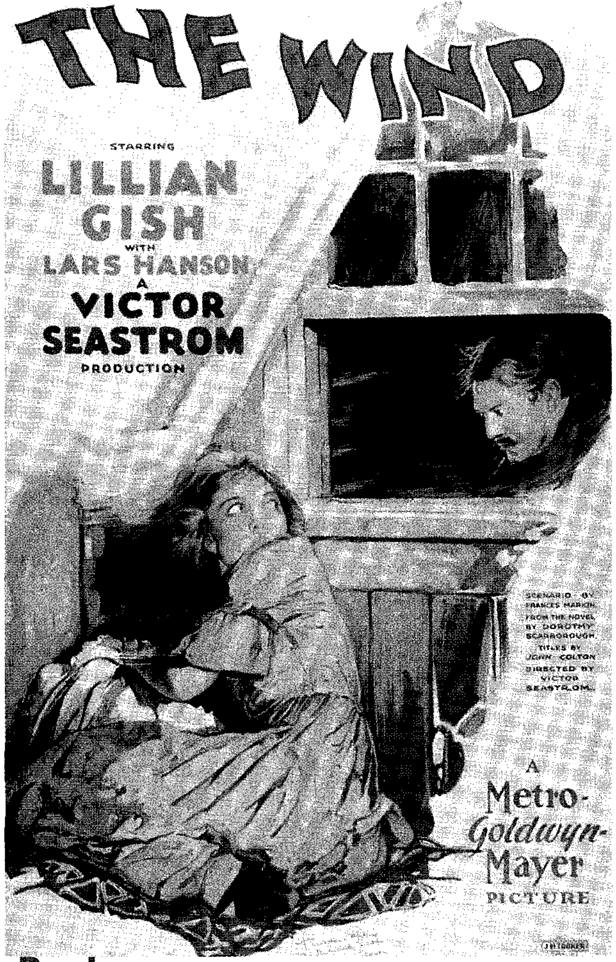
French Kiss—A shaggy new romantic comedy directed by Lawrence Kasdan. Meg Ryan plays Kate, a will-driven American girl whose fiancé (Tim Hutton) goes to Paris on a business trip and falls in love with a pouty French beauty. Overcoming her fear of flying, Kate gets on the plane to Paris to win back her man and is forced to endure the condescension of an overbearing, American-baiting Frenchman, Luc (Kevin Kline). The movie is moderately enjoyable, a rough variant of the travelogue romances of the fifties and early sixties that starred Audrey Hepburn and Paris. But it doesn't glisten, and except for a few scenes in Cannes, it's not elegant. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Regency.*

The Glass Shield—Writer/director Charles Burnett tackles the LAPD with this look at an eager young police officer who becomes disgusted with the corruption and prejudice he sees among LA's finest. With a fine cast, including Michael P. Boatman and Ice Cube. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 1; Movieplex 42; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Hotel Sorrento—Three sisters come together for a family reunion at a seaside holiday resort in Victoria, Australia: Hilary (Caroline Gillmer), a widow who lives there with her father and son; Pippa (Tara Morice), who works in New York at a company specializing in franchising (she might open a chain of sandwich shops); and Meg (Caroline Goodall), an author who's just been nominated for the Booker Prize. With Joan Plowright.(1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love—A charming debut from writer-director Maria Maggenti that ventures into the world of teenagers brandishing humor, insight, and a copy of *Rubyfruit Jungle*. Randy (Laurel Hollomon) is fooling around with a married woman when she falls desperately in love (which is the *only* way teens fall in love) with Evie (Nicole Parker), a beautiful, wealthy black girl at her school who seems to have everything. Happily, Evie falls desperately in love with Randy, and the two of them spend the rest of the movie dealing with confused friends, angry parents, and basically having a wonderful time. The neatest trick of *Two Girls in Love* is how it manages to be both realistic (Randy's lesbian aunt and her lover scrape by on very little money; Randy has insults hurled at her by other schoolmates) and as blithe and carefree as its title suggests. Though matters begin slowly, Maggenti builds to a wonderfully hilarious climax when Randy and Evie spend a blissful night together . . . until Evie's mom comes home unexpectedly. With fine performances and a rock-solid script, this isn't even remotely cheeky or edgy—which makes it all the more deliciously subversive. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R). *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall.*

Jefferson in Paris—A generalized view of the great man's years in Paris from 1784 to 1789 as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway Greta Scacchi, who was young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings Thandie Newton, the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything remotely approaching life. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*


THE WIND
STARRING
LILLIAN GISH
WITH
LARS HANSON
A
VICTOR SEASTROM
PRODUCTION
SCENARIO BY FRANCES MARION FROM THE NOVEL BY DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH TITLES BY JOHN COLTON DIRECTED BY VICTOR SEASTROM
A
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PICTURE

Preview

The Virgin Virginian

'Variety' may have panned Lillian Gish's 1928 potboiler 'The Wind' when it was first released ("Flops dismally," it said bluntly), but the movie has proven one of her most durable vehicles. Gish braves the elements, a husband she doesn't love, and a rapist, at Film Forum from June 16 to June 22. Call 727-8110 for information.

Johnny Mnemonic—A wretched action film that fails even on the level of campy bad-good fun. It's about a young man (Keanu Reeves) who uses his brain to store and deliver highly classified documents has a third-generation *Blade Runner* look, second-rate dialogue, and the first performance by Dolph Lundgren as a Christ-like figure. Directed by Robert Longo. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Kiss of Death**—The best crime movie since Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas*. David Caruso stars as an ex-con named Jimmy Kilmartin who's trying to "go straight" but ends up driving a truckload of stolen cars through the night. Shot, then arrested, Jimmy goes back to prison, and when he comes out, he falls into the hands of a Manhattan D.A. and the Feds, who use him to trap higher-ups in Jimmy's old criminal organization. Based on a 1947 gangster *noir* of the same title, this new version shares the original's fatalism, but it's a less stylized work, more realistic and matter-of-fact. (Denby; 4/24/95) (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Manhattan Twin.*

Liability Crisis—Richard Brody directs this drama about a young Jewish man in New york obsessed enough with the Holocaust to let it fracture his relationship with his girlfriend (Mirjana Jokovic). (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Little Odessa—Writer/director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian emigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse; 84th Street Six.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. Like all good family films, itoffers hard truths and painful moments, not treacly banality, as Sara finds herself relegated to the attic and a job as cleaning girl. Directed marvelously by Alfonso Cuaron, it's especially good in the scary fantastical sequences illustrating a fairy tale Sara tells her friends throughout the movie. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Olympia Cinemas.*

Love and Human Remains—David (Thomas Gibson of *Barcelona*) is a former child actor who insists he doesn't even *believe* in love, much less want some, and yet finds himself drawn to a ridiculously young busboy at the restaurant where he works. He lives with his former lover Candy (Ruth Marshall)—who wants to believe in love but can't decide if she wants it with a man or woman—and is best friends with the very good-looking but very unhappy Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), who spends every waking moment picking up and dumping women. All three are stalked in one form or another by a serial killer. And despite all of this, it's utterly without interest. Directed by Denys Arcand. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Mystery of Rampo—A Japanese film that blends fact and fiction to describe celebrated author Edogawa Rampo's excursion into reality when he reads about someone being murdered just like a character in one of his books and decides to investigate...only to find himself drawn in by the victim's mysterious widow. Directed by Kazuyoshi Okuyama. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake Temuera Morrison, a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife Rena Owen adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Plaza.*

Party Girl—A Holly Golightly for the nineties is how they're presenting Parker Posey's character in this comedy from co-writer and director Daisy von Scherler Mayer. Posey plays a downtown club girl torn between life on the party circuit and the allure of a career as a librarian. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Perez Family**—A scruffy and not always first-rate but full-bodied and immensely likable movie that flows from the opening shot to the last. Juan Raul Perez (Alfred Molina) is a former sugar-plantation owner who has been moldering in a Cuban prison. When Castro lets him go, he becomes one of the Marielitos, the criminal and dazed people foisted on the U.S. by the supreme leader in 1980. On the boat to Key West, Juan Raul is out of it, and he's taken in hand by Dottie (Marisa Tomei), an ex-prostitute who's all hot for Yankee freedom. Juan Raul dreams of the wife he hasn't seen in twenty years, Carmela (Anjelica Huston), who's now a sedately sexy bourgeois lady living in suburban Coral Gables and working at the perfume counter at Saks. The film is melodramatically plotted, and the ending is a shambles. But Nair's become a comic-romantic director of great originality, a sort of spicier, more sensual Paul Mazursky.(Denby; 5/28/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Olympia Cinemas.*

Picture Bride—A drama about a 16-year-old Japanese girl orphaned by the death of her parents in 1918, who is shuttled off to Hawaii to marry a Japanese immigrant who lives on a plantation and longs for a wife. His amorous needs aren't met when she finds out his plantation is a two-room shack, and the girl soon determines to earn her passage back home. Co-written and directed by Kayo Hatta. In English. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

The Postman—A mildly diverting tale about an uneducated postman (Massimo Troisi) who befriends an internationally renowned Chilean poet sent into exile to his tiny island off the southern coast of Italy. When the postman falls in love with the most beautiful woman in town, the poet takes part—reluctantly at first—in the battle of words to win her heart. Rather charming for a while, the movie somehow manages to avoid mawkishness, even as the postman asks the poet, "What is a metaphor?" and other such questions. This is due to the awkward and angular presence of Troisi, who died on the last day of filming. His performance is poignant even without such knowledge; it's all fluttering hands and mumbled words without ever seeming mannered. Unfortunately, Troisi's work is marred by a sentimental, almost pathetic denoument that bludgeons the viewer with the emotions it was quietly building to all along. In Italian. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Priest**—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. (Denby; 4/17/95) (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; 68th Street Playhouse.*

A Pure Formality—Gérard Depardieu plays a celebrated novelist who finds himself trapped in a leaky, run-down police station where the inspector (Roman Polanski) has an encyclopedic knowledge of his writing and a growing belief that his favorite novelist may have committed murder. It won't take long to realize where the story is headed—and it's a concept better suited to a half-hour *Twilight Zone* episode than a feature film involving all the energy expended here. Co-written and directed by Giuseppe Tornatore. In French. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Pushing Hands—The first film by Ang Lee—the writer/director of such subsequent art-house hits as *The Wedding Banquet* and the critically acclaimed *Eat Drink Man Woman*. Tentative and awkwardly acted, it tackles many of the same themes of those later films—old age, intergenerational and interfamily conflicts—in the story of Tai Chi master Mr. Chu, who decides to leave Beijing when he retires and moves in with his son Alex, who lives in New York with his American wife. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Angelika 57.*

Rob Roy—This Highlands swashbuckler is long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted—but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. Director Michael Caton-Jones alternates between utter squareness and an earthy, mock-Shakespearean vitality. (Denby; 4/24/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *59th Street East.*

Short & Nasty—The New York Underground Film Festival delivers a new collection of shorts, with titles ranging from *Shave Against the Machine* to *Crazy Teens USA* to *Cheese Tweezer.* And that should tell you everything you need to know. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Smoke—See David Denby's review, p. 74. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**While You Were Sleeping**—Charming romantic comedy. Lucy (Sandra Bullock) works in an El station as a token clerk. A handsome passenger (Peter Gallagher) whom she's been dreaming about falls onto the tracks; she saves his life, but when he slips into a coma, she can't bring herself to disappoint his family, all of whom think she has become his fiancée. Lucy revels in the attention, perhaps missing family love even more than romance. (Denby; 5/8/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Lincoln Square.*

Festival

Eyes on the Prize

Though the Human Rights Watch International Festival has always sounded like a dreadfully-dull-but-worthy affair, the truth is, it's a terrific showcase for gripping and direct films and shorts. Maybe the slow but steady acceptance of other documentaries (*Crumb,* the upcoming *Unzipped*) will convince folk that it's not just good for the soul, but actually *good.* Highlights include the New York premieres of *The Art of Remembrance—Simon Wiesenthal* and *In the Name of the Emperor,* a harrowing look at Japan's invasion of China during World War II. At Lincoln Center from June 16 to June 30. Call 875-5600 for more information.

Wigstock: The Movie—God help the filmmaker if a documentary about the downtown happening that features some of the most flamboyant people and costumes imaginable wasn't at least *amusing.* But there aren't enough in-depth interviews to provide the personal background that made *Paris is Burning* memorable or enough concert scenes (only bits and pieces from different years are shown) to give the performances their due. Still, imagine if it won the Oscar for Best Costumes and all of these divas were able to storm the stage for an acceptance speech. Thirty seconds? Ha! Try thirty minutes and god help the orchestra conductor who tries to cut them short. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Search and Destroy; Amateur; Exotica; Party Girl; Smoke; Wigstock: The Movie.* Opening 6/14: *The Postman.* Opening 6/16: *The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Casper; Congo.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Pushing Hands.* Opening 6/16: *Short & Nasty.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Through 6/20: *Arizona Dream.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) *Bab El-Oued City.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *French Kiss; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Panther.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Burnt by the Sun; Hotel Sorrento; Liability Crisis; Love and Human Remains; Rift.* Opening 6/16: *Short & Nasty.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Mad Love; The Basketball Diaries; Crimson Tide; The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; The Mystery of Rampo; Picture Bride; Priest; A Pure Formality; While You Were Sleeping.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Braveheart; Bridges; Forget Paris; Tales From the Hood.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Die Hard; Fluke.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Congo; Fluke; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *French Kiss; The Glass Shield; The Perez Family; Priest.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Forget Paris.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Braveheart; Congo; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide; Die Hard.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Rob Roy.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Pushing Hands.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Congo.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Die Hard.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Farinelli; A Pure Formality.* Opening 6/16: *The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Crimson Tide; Picture Bride; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 6/14: *The Postman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; Friday; A Little Princess; Tales From the Hood.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *French Kiss.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Little Odessa.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Glass Shield.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Crimson Tide; French Kiss; While You Were Sleeping.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Mad Love.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Tales From the Hood; Kiss of Death.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Die Hard; Glass Shield; Mnemonic.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th

Sts. (869-0950) *Casper; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Once Were Warriors.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Mad Love; The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Bullets Over Broadway; Clerks; Dolores; Don Juan; Strawberry and Chocolate; Swimming With Sharks.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Priest.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Casper; Die Hard.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Mad Love; French Kiss; The Glass Shield.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Forget Paris.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Casper; Fluke; The Glass Shield; The Perez Family.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Johnny Mnemonic; A Little Princess.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Congo; Braveheart.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Bridges; Congo; Crimson Tide; Fluke; Forget Paris; Johnny Mnemonic.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Bridges.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Braveheart.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *The Glass Shield.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Congo; Crimson Tide; Johnny Mnemonic; Little Odessa; Tales From the Hood.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Burnt by the Sun; Charulata; Love and Human Remains; Smoke.* Opening 6/14: *The Postman.* Opening 6/16: *Two Daughters.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Die Hard; Fluke; Forget Paris; Party Girl; While You Were Sleeping.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Casper; Forget Paris.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Casper; Die Hard; Fluke; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Die Hard; Congo.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Mad Love; Die Hard; A Little Princess; The Perez Family.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *French Kiss.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard; Fluke; Friday; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard; While You Were Sleeping.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Die Hard; Casper.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Bad Boys; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; My Family; Tales From the Hood.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide;*

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Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Congo; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Party Girl.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Casper; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Tales From the Hood.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Forget Paris.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard; Fluke; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Casper; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Tales From the Hood.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Casper; Crimson Tide.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris; Johnny Mnemonic; Little Odessa.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Fluke; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Mad Love; Bridges; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; While You Were Sleeping.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Crimson Tide; Die Hard; French Kiss.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Mad Love; Bridges; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; While You Were Sleeping.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Mad Love; Congo; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Die Hard; Little Odessa; Tales From the Hood.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Congo; Die Hard; The Glass Shield.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide; Forget Paris; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Congo; Crimson Tide; Johnny Mnemonic; While You Were Sleeping.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Bridges; Forget Paris.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Braveheart; Casper; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Casper; Congo; Die Hard.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Bridges; Casper; Die Hard; French Kiss.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Casper; Fluke; French Kiss; My Family.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris; Johnny Mnemonic.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; French Kiss; Priest.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Casper; Die Hard.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Die Hard; Fluke; The Glass Shield; Johnny Mnemonic; Tales From the Hood.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Congo; Casper.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Braveheart; Casper; Congo; Forget Paris.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Braveheart.*

Retrospective

Barefoot in the Park

During the summer, New York City is filled with so many free outdoor events that staying home becomes nearly indefensible. A permanent addition to the already generous list of diversions is Bryant Park's (Sixth Avenue between 40th and 42nd Streets) third annual Monday-night movie program, sponsored by HBO and featuring free outdoor screenings of classic films. The movies start at sunset. Call 512-5700 for more information.

Movie	Date
Casablanca	June 19
Anatomy of a Murder	June 26
Meet Me in St. Louis	July 3
Laura	July 10
Born Yesterday	July 17
Strangers on a Train	July 24
War of the Worlds	July 31
Top Hat	August 7
Sabrina	August 14
The Searchers	August 21
Auntie Mame	August 28
Barefoot in the Park	September 4

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Johnny Mnemonic.* Opening 6/16: *Batman Forever.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Fluke; Tales From the Hood.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Mad Love; Braveheart; Bridges; Casper; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; Forget Paris; Johnny Mnemonic.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 7/2: "Erich von Stroheim and the Road to *Sunset Boulevard.*" A look at one of the most profligate and successful directors of the silent era. 6/17: *The Merry Widow* (1925) and *The Wedding March* (1928). 6/18: *Queen Kelly* (1928) and *The Great Gabbo* (1929). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—6/16–6/18: Fred Zinnemann's *A Man for all Season* (1966). 6/17 and 6/18: "Images of Ray Johnson." A three-hour video celebration of the late artist's work. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Donnell Media Center—Through 6/29: "Lesbians and Gays Under Fire: Political, Religious, and Social Persecution." 6/13: *Stop the Church* (1990), and *God, Gays and the Gospel* (1984). 6/5: *Outlaw* (1994) and *Juggling Gender* (1992). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 6/15: "Ealing Studio Classics." 6/12: *My Learned Friend* (1943) and *Young Man's Fancy* (1939). 6/13: *It Always Rains on Sunday* (1947) and *Secret People* (1952). 6/14 and 6/15: *The Titfield Thunderbolt* (1953) and *Whiskey Galore* (1949). 6/16–6/22: *The Wind* (1928) and a recently discovered nine-minute reel from Greta Garbo's *The Divine Woman* (1928). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 6/15: "Landscape of the Soul: The Cinema of Ingmar Bergman." 6/12 and 6/15: *After the Rehearsal* (1984). 6/12: *The Serpent's Egg* (1982). 6/13: *Faro Document 1979* (1979) and *From the Life of the Marionettes* (1980). 6/14 and 6/15: *Fanny and Alexander* (1983). 6/15: "Independents Night." A special screening of Tom Noonan's *The Wife* (1994). See essay. 6/16–6/30: The Sixth Annual Human Rights Watch International Festival. 6/16: Costa-Gavras's *The Minor Apocalypse* (1992), *Canary Season* (1994), *Timisoara—December 1989* (1991–93), and *Memories of Underdevelopment* (1968). 6/17 and 6/18: *Twitch and Shout* (1994), a documentary about people with Tourette's syndrome. 6/17: *Death of a Bureaucrat* (1968), *Swallows Never Die* (1994), and *Twelve Chairs* (1962). 6/18: *Up to a Certain Point* (1983). "Movies for Kids." 6/17 and 6/18: *Simon Small Moves In* (1990). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—6/13: *Masques* (1987). 6/20: *Tendre Poulet* (1977). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Human Rights Watch Film Festival—See listing under Film Society of Lincoln Center.

Japan Society—Through 6/30: "Japanese Film in War and Peace." This collection of thirteen dramas and documentaries explores Japan's perspective on the war and its aftermath. 6/16: *Coup D'Etat* (1973). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—See also listing under Manhattan. 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 6/27: "Alf Sjöberg: Filmmaker." Tied into the Ingmar Bergman retros, this is a look at the seminal Swedish director who was the first to film a Bergman screenplay. 6/12: *The Father* (1969) and *Journey Out* (1945). 6/13: *They Staked Their Lives* (1940) and *The Island* (1966). 6/14: *Flowering Time* (1940), *Only a Mother* (1949), and *Barabbas* (1953). 6/16: *Home From Babylon* (1941) and *Miss Julie* (1951). 6/17: *The Road to Heaven* (1942) and *The Judge* (1960). 6/18: *The Strongest* (1929) and *The Royal Hunt* (1944). Through 6/18: "Austrian Avant-Garde Cinema: 1955–1993." Comprehensive collections of shorts grouped by artist ("Kurt Kren Program" on 6/18) and more often by theme ("Material and Sensation: An Overview" on 6/16, "Intimate Invasions/Subverting Sexuality" on 6/13, and various others). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 7/2: "Ingmar Bergman in Close-Up: The Television Work." One of the many Ingmar Bergman retrospectives currently on view in New York. This one focuses, naturally, on his TV work, including interviews, documentaries on Bergman for British TV, and a full-length version of *Best Intentions.* 6/13 and 6/14: *Face to Face* (1976). 6/15 and 6/16: *Ingmar Bergman: The Magic Lantern* (1988), *Ingmar Bergman: The Director* (1988), *The Dick Cavett Show: A Conversation With Ingmar Bergman* (1971), and *A Play for Today: The Lie* (1970). 6/17: *The Best Intentions Part 1 and 2* (1991) and *The South Bank Show: Ingmar Bergman at Sixty* (1978). 6/18: *The Best Intentions Part 3 and 4* (1991) and *The Dick Cavett Show: A Conversation With Ingmar Bergman* (1971). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

theater

Márquez…Ashman…J.P. Morgan

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—A musical adaptation, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Graciela Daniele, of the novella by Gabriel García Márquez, wherein—throughout several days of passion, guilt, and dance—a murder is anticipated. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 6/15. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 30 mins.*

The Play's the Thing—Life, as every theatergoer knows, is a play—at least, that is, if you live in a castle on the Italian Riviera, the setting for the Czech playwright Ferenc Molnar's lighthearted 1926 comedy about a dramatist who contrives a theatrical performance to reconcile two estranged lovers. With Jay Goede, J. Smith-Cameron, and Peter Frechette; translated into English by The Master, P. G. Wodehouse. $50: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun.at 2. Begins performances 6/17 for a 7/9 opening. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Buttons on Broadway—The comedian who Never! Got! A Dinner! gets his own one-man show on Broadway. Go figure. Still, it *has* been a long time since we heard "Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long." $25-$50. Tues., Thur.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50.Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. From 6/20:Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joely Fisher as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Through 7/2: Mon–Tues., Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6, dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Onstage
I Wake Up Meowing

It's been a tough week for cabaret megastar Sherry Vine in her alter ego Keith Levy's new solo drag comedy: Falsely accused of ailurocide, condemned to the hot seat, defended by the usual celebrity rabble (Edith Piaf, Aimee McPherson, Sally Struthers), and—ouch—branded 'Kitty Killer!' by the tabs. At P.S. 122 through July 1.

Photograph by Michael Wakefield.

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, supplants the original (1972) production of *Grease* this week to become the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. From 6/12: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Through 5/29: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6.; beginning 5/30, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Beginning 5/22, Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, dark Sun. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Crumbs From the Table of Joy—The first of Second Stage's new series of plays for teenage audiences on multi-generational themes follows an African-American family moving from rural South to urban North in the 1950s. $32.50–$35; students 18 and under, $7.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 6/20. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thur. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side

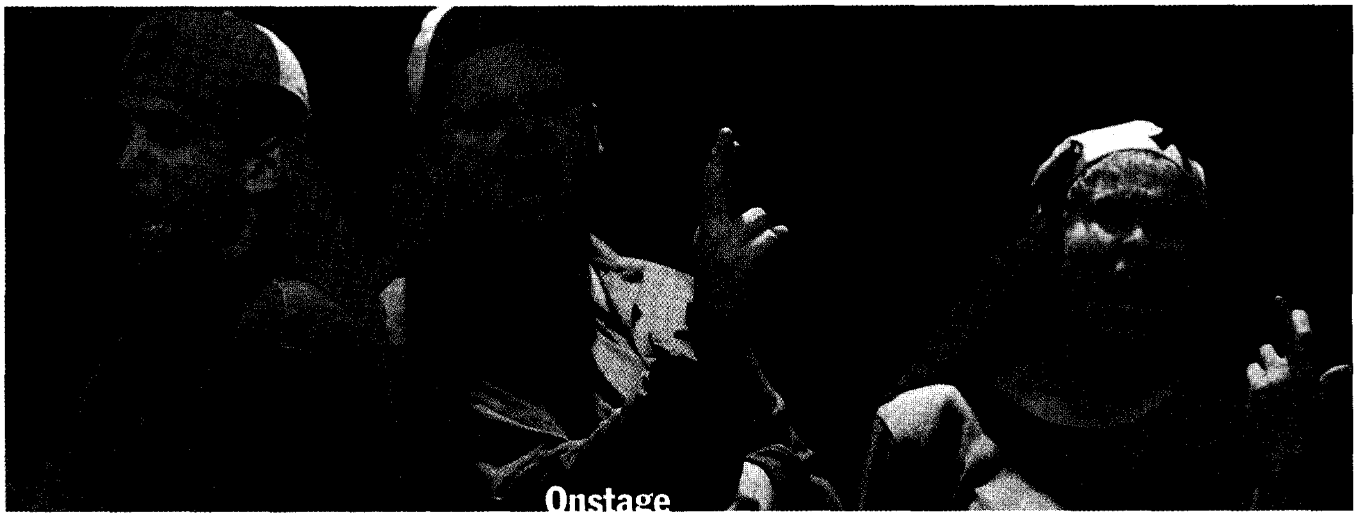
Talent

Dancing in the Dark

"It was the first preview of *Chronicle of a Death Foretold,*" says Graciela Daniele, "and George de la Peña, who plays Santiago, felt a pull in his hamstring." Daniele, the creator of the Lincoln Center Theater production based on Gabriel García Márquez's novella that opens June 15, was in the audience, unaware that her lead performer was backstage standing stock still and saying to the house manager, "I can't move." She remained unaware of the injury until literally seconds before Peña's character was supposed to reappear during the show's crucial wedding scene. "I'm looking stage left and thinking I want to change this or that," she continues. "And I'm looking stage right and thinking, I want George to do . . . George? George? Oh my God, that's not George! I had the anxiety attack of my life." Unlike *Chronicle,* in which Santiago must pay with his life after being accused of deflowering a young bride before her wedding night, Daniele's story—complete with an understudy who jumps onstage without one moment of rehearsal and finds himself tossing knives back and forth during the show's most dangerous scene—has a happy ending, with no one getting hurt and Peña returning about a week later after recovering from his injury. Mishaps aside, Daniele's latest amalgam of song, dance, narrative (and knife-throwing), much like the production of last year's *Hello Again,* which she also choreographed and directed, appears to be provoking disparate responses among its various audiences. "Young people don't get with it—they think it's very funny we're doing this whole drama about virginity. But the subscription audience loves it," she adds. "They're older people, and it seems to touch something in them about a world of morality and honor that doesn't exist anymore."

MICHAEL GILTZ

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Onstage

He Wrote the Songs

Howard Ashman, who died in 1991, could do it all: He was variously an actor, librettist, director, and—perhaps most prominently—songwriter. (Ashman's stage and film hits include 'Little Shop of Horrors,' 'Beauty and the Beast,' and 'Aladdin.') 'Hundreds of Hats,' a revue at the WPA Theatre, celebrates the work of the late lyricist through July 2.

Apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320)*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 6 and 9. $35 Mon.–Thurs.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Dates and Nuts—In Gary Lennon's romantic comedy, two young Brooklyn women (including Terumi Matthews, whom you may recently have seen as the title character in the TV movie *Madonna: Innocence Lost*) go out on the town seeking love, intimacy, and sex, although not necessarily in that order. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theater Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (279-4200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Studio Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (924-0077).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Fortune's Fools—The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet;* everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hundreds of Hats—A celebration of the lyrics of the late Howard Ashman, one of the founders of the WPA Theater and author of the librettos for such shows and films as *Little Shop of Horrors, The Little Mermaid, Beauty and the Beast,* and *Aladdin.* $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 7/2. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

James Lescene's Word of Mouth—The winner of this year's Academy Award for Best Live Action Short is currently acting in a new production of the one-man stage show from which substantial parts of the film are drawn; it features such characters as Trevor, a gay teenager who attempts suicide, and a Georgia housewife who rushes around the globe whenever the Virgin Mary is sighted. $30–$35. Sun. and Mon. at 8. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (580-1313.)*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

J. P. Morgan Saves the Nation—An outdoor site-specific drama by Jeffrey M. Jones about the titular character's private 1907 bailout of the New York Stock Exchange. $20. Tues.–Sun. at 8:45. Through 7/16. *Corner of Wall and Broad Sts. (279-4200).*

Keep Back 200 Ft.—A one-man show, written by Ray Thomas and Mel Williams and performed by Mr. Thomas, about growing up as a young black man. $10/TDF. Thur.–Sun. at 8. Through 6/18. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Kitty Killer!—$8. Wed-Sat. at 7:30. Through 7/1. *P.S. 122, 150 First. Ave. at 9th St. (477-5288).*

The Last Girl Singer—A spirited ex-megastar escapes from America to begin a new career as a cabaret singer in Guadalajara. Deborah Grace Winer's comedy stars Kelly Bishop, Bill Tatum, and Charlotte Maier. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. (765-1706).*

The Lobster Reed—Eda LeShan, the *Newsday* columnist, makes her playwriting debut at the age of 73 with a one-woman play about a senior citizen's victory over cancer after being abandoned by the medical community. Marilyn Chris stars; directed by Max Daniels. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Loose Lips—An irreverent documentary revue by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of the publication you're holding. The script is a kind of giddy theatrical Frankenstein stitched together from transcripts of the utterances of such high-profile personalities as Marion Barry, Prince Charles, Mickey Rourke, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, Tommy Lasorda, and Clarence Thomas, among many others. Directed by Martin Charnin. Bebe Neuwirth is sitting in as guest narrator with the permanent company of six for the next week; she'll be followed by Gordon Eliot, Stephen Collins, and Ron Silver. $30, Tues.–Thurs.; $35, Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad (formerly Steve McGraw's), 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15. Through 6/31: Mon. at 8, Thur.–Sat. at 10. Thereafter through 7/31: Mon. at 8, Wed.–Sat. at 10. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

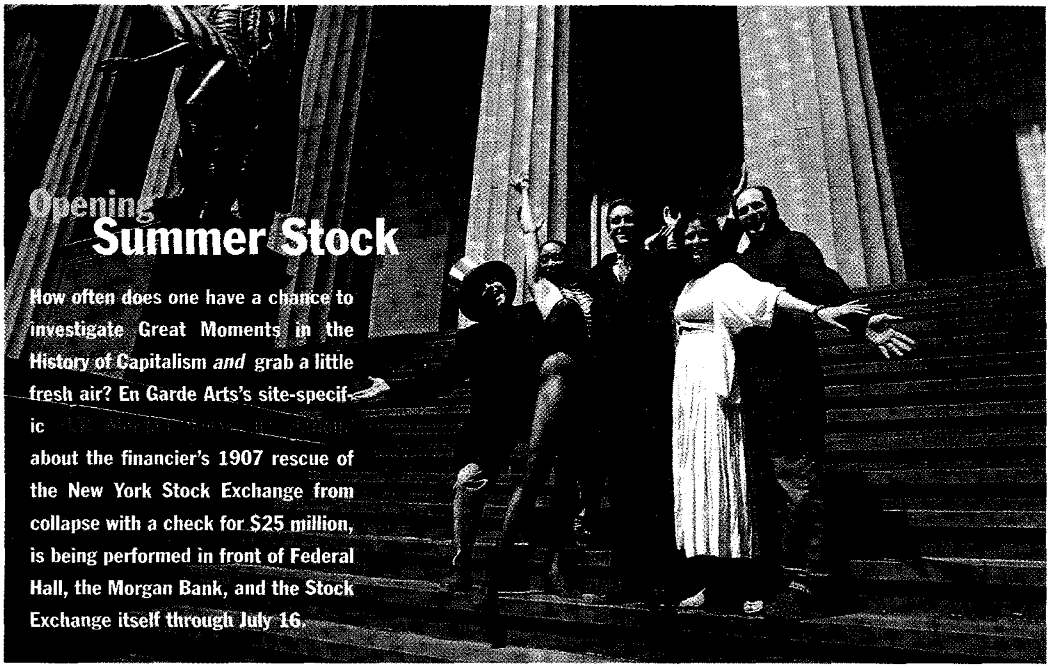
Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun.

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

The Rose Tattoo—The play that marks the beginning of Tennessee Williams's Exotic Symbolist phase. Serafina, a devout Sicilian-American widow living on the Gulf Coast, is full of sexual passion that's been suppressed in deference to memories of her late husband—until the arrival, that is, of the lusty truck driver Mangiacavallo, who reawakens that old Life Force. With Mercedes Ruehl (in the role originally written for Anna Magnani) and Anthony LaPaglia; directed by Robert Falls. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/2. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200). 2 hrs 45 mins.*

Seeing Stars—A musical-theater piece based on incidents from performer/author Ellen Gould's experience as an actress with impaired vision. $5 general seating, $25 reserved seating. 6/15 and 16 at 8. *Lighthouse Inc. Auditorium, 111 E. 59th St. bet. Lexington and Park (821-9273).*



Opening
Summer Stock

How often does one have a chance to investigate Great Moments in the History of Capitalism *and* grab a little fresh air? En Garde Arts's site-specific about the financier's 1907 rescue of the New York Stock Exchange from collapse with a check for $25 million, is being performed in front of Federal Hall, the Morgan Bank, and the Stock Exchange itself through July 16.

Photograph by William Rivel.

Shabbatai—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey,* in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

Simpson Street—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's revival of its original production of Edward Gallardo's award-winning story about growing up Puerto Rican in the South Bronx. $15; $13 seniors/students. Performed in English, Wed.–Fri. at 8; in Spanish, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Blythe Danner, Charles Kimbrough (*Murphy Brown*), Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Beginning 6/20, Tues. at 7:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. For the two-week period preceding and following 7/4, changes as follows: added performances 6/26 and 7/9, at 8 and 7 respectively; no performance 7/2 or 7/4. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Autumn House / Measured Honesty—Two new plays by John Attanas and Chris Shaw Swanson, presented by the IRT: New Directions Theatre $12. *Autumn House:* 6/17, 21, 23 at 8, 6/18 at 3, 6/20 at 7, 6/24 at 2. *Measured Honesty:* 6/16, 22, 24 at 8, 6/17 at 2, 6/19 at 7, 6/25 at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 410 W. 42nd St. (718-522-2858).*

Back To Methuselah—Part One ("In the Beginning") of Shaw's take on the Adam and Eve story, in a production by the Oasis Theatre Company. $15. Thur.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 7/7. *Play Ground Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. Through 7/29. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles St. (330-7607).*

A Candle in the Window—$12. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *One Dream, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

Curse of the Starving Class—A dysfunctional family living in the American West is consumed—literally—by "zombies" in Sam Shepard's 1978 black- comedy fable of spiritual anomie. In these post-Oklahoma City days, the playwright's vision of an America haunted by mindless and surreal violence seems timelier than ever. $12. 6/14–17 at 8, 6/18 at 3. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. bet. Charlton and Vandam (780-9521).*

The Dog Beneath the Skin—$12/TDF. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 6/24. *Medicine Show, 552 W. 53rd St. (262-4216).*

The Fashion Police—$12 Sun–Thur., $15 Fri.–Sat. 6/13–17, 22–25 at 8. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (769-7973).*

Frank, Frank—$12; $8 seniors/students. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

Happityme—$12. Through 6/25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (489-1632).*

Heavy Breathing, Part II—$7/TDF. Mon. at 8, Fri. and Sat at 10:30. Through 6/26. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (219-3088).*

Homo Americanus—$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery St. (874-6310).*

The Iceman Cometh—$8 suggested. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Through 6/18. *T. Schreiber Studio, 83 E. 4th St. (420-1249)*

Inside Out—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/25. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. bet. Broome and Grand (802-7298).*

Lady-Like—$20. Thurs.–Mon. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (741-6436).*

Marathon '95—The third segment of Ensemble Studio Theatre's yearly festival of new one-act plays. $15. Wed.–Mon. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. *E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. bet. Tenth and Eleventh ave's. (247-3405).*

Mrs. Warren's Profession—$12. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Through 6/28. *Theater 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (243-2805).*

The Museum of Contemporary Art—$10. Thur.–Sat. at 10:30. *One Dream, 232 West Broadway (274-1450).*

My Own Private Eyeshadow—$4. Mondays through 7/17 at 9. *Crowbar, 339 E. 10th St. bet. Aves. A and B (718-965-4718).*

Oh Revoir, Mirabeau—Mark Dunn's dark Texas comedy about broken hearts, broken dreams, and broken limbs, directed by Robert Kreis. $12.50; $10 with reservations. Fri.–Sun. at 7. Through 7/2. *Thirteenth Street Repertory Company, 50 W. 13th St. (675-6677).*

SexWork: A Work in Progress—An experimental piece performed by an eleven-person ensemble and based on writings by, and interviews with, women working in the sex industry. $10. 6/13at 8. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (673-9061).*

The Soul of an Intruder—The complications are intricate—and the breathing is heavy—in Steve Braunstein's psychological thriller about a woman who simultaneously renews relationships with two men from her past. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Miranda Theater, 259 W. 30th St. (875-7772).*

Spookyworld—Lesbian high jinks in a haunted-house amusement park. Madeleine Olnek's play is directed by Deb Margolin. $6 Thur., $8 Fri.–Sat. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/24. *WOW Cafe, 59 E. 4th St. (460-8067).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty (really brief) plays in 60 minutes, randomly selected and arranged from a repertory of more than 2,000. Admission is also (somewhat) random: $6 plus the roll of a single six-sided die. Thurs.–Sat. at 11. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (330-8087).*

To What End—A "physical theater work" by Carlo Adinolfi in which four performers move around a gymnasium set representing (generally) the twentieth century and (variously) a World War I tank, a Russian spaceship, a nuclear submarine, and so forth. Suggested donation $12-$15. 6/15-17, 21-24, 27-30 at 8. *H-B Playwrights Foundation, 124 Bank St. (726-1033).*

in concert

It's *Cooler in the Shade*... Trio Bell'Arte

Classical Music

Monday, June 12

La Fontaine & Friends—A tribute to the fabulist Jean de la Fontaine on his tricentennial, featuring the soprano Amy Burton and the baritone Philippe Bohee. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $25.*

Trio Bell'Arte—Performs works by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. *Tenri Cultural Institute, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (925-8500), at 8; $10.*

West Village Chorale—Performs Mozart's *Requiem* with the New York Concert Singers. An audience-participation concert. *Church of St. Luke's in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (570-7301), at 7:30; $10.*

Tuesday, June 13

Henry Lowinger—The pianist performs Cervantes, Bernardo, Mozart, and Chopin. *The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-0420), at 6; $12.*

Piano Duo Schnabel—A benefit performance for the Partnership for the Homeless. *St. George's Church, East 16th St. and Rutherford Place (645-3444), at 8; tickets to dinner, show, and reception, $90; show and reception, $35.*

Wednesday, June 14

Dal Segno Ensemble—Performs Paganini and others. *Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.*

Sometimes Concerts—Pianist Samuel Bartos and Carol Rupert Bartos are joined by others in performances of Brahms, Ravel, and others. *Church of the Resurrection, 119 E. 74th St. (879-4320), at 8; $12.*

Thursday, June 15

BargeMusic—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott, violinist Mark Peskanov, viola player Toby Hoffman, and cellist Fred Sherry perform. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Francis Heilbut—The pianist performs Beethoven, Mozart, and others. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Musica Sacra—The chorus performs Bach and Monteverdi. *Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, 7 W. 55th St. (247-0490), at 8; $20.*

Friday, June 16

Cooler in the Shade—A festival of improvised music and "intermedia" featuring Jon Gibson on soprano sax, Jaron Lanier on various instruments, and dancer Nancy Topf. *Lotus Fine Arts Center, 109 W. 27th St. (627-1076), at 8; $8.*

Saturday, June 17

Information not available at press time.

Sunday, June 18

BargeMusic—See 6/15. This performance at 4.

New Jersey YWCA Female Chorus—Performs sacred and secular choral music. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 7:30; $20–$25.*

Ariel Shamai—The violinist performs Handel and Bach and is joined by harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman. *Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., Bronx (222-5762), at noon; $12.*

Monday, June 19

Trio Bell'Arte—Performs works by Johann Christoph Friedrich Bach. *Tenri Cultural Institute, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (925-8500), at 8; $10.*

Opera

Met in the Park—The Metropolitan Opera performs its free concerts in parks throughout the city. In Central Park's North Meadow at 102nd St. and Fifth Ave.: Verdi's *Rigoletto* on 6/13 and Verdi's *La Traviata* on 6/20. In Queens: *La Traviata* on 6/14 at Cunningham Park. In Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx: *Rigoletto* on 6/16. In Brooklyn: *Rigoletto* on 6/21 at Long Meadow Ballfields in Prospect Park; *La Traviata* on 6/23 at Marine Park. In Staten Island: *Rigoletto* on 6/24 at Gateway-NRA in Miller Field. All performances at 8. Other shows in New Jersey as well. Call 362-6000 for info.

Thalia Spanish Theatre—Through 7/30: Serrano's operetta *La Dolorosa*. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *Thalia Spanish Theatre, 41-17 Greenpoint Ave., Queens (718-729-3880); $15.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre—Performances Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Season ends 6/17. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $15–$110.*

New York City Ballet—Performances Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 7. Season ends 6/25. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $12–$60.*

American Ballroom Theater—Through 6/18: Performs *Rogers and Ella With Hart* and other pieces. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7:30; dark Mon. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Dance as Ever—6/15–6/17 at 8: Leigh Witchel's company performs four new pieces, several with music by Czech composers. *Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. (780-3413); $15.*

Noche Flamenco—Through 7/2: The Madrid-based ensemble performs. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place (924-0077); $15.*

Shapiro and Smith Dance—6/14 and 6/15 at 8: Performs *Falling Into Light*, based on images from the Holocaust; and other pieces. *Fifth Floor Theatre, Tisch School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. (924-0077); $12.*

Sumie Yonei & Dancers—6/15–6/17 at 8; 6/18 at 3: The Tokyo troupe performs the U.S. premiere of *Minuet in the Box*. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Tap Express—6/15–6/24: Robin Tribble's ensemble, along with jazz musicians and vocalists, performs. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; also Sat. at 2. *Context Theater, 28 Ave. A, between 2nd and 3rd Sts. (924-0077); $12.*

David Ward—6/15–6/17 at 8; 6/18 at 3: A troupe of ten dancers performs various new works by the choreographer. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $20.*

Previews
Centuries in The Making

The grandly romantic Kirov Ballet—one of the world's oldest and most distinguished companies—premieres a new 'Cinderella' and other works at the Met June 19–July 1. $15–$80; call 362-6000 for info.

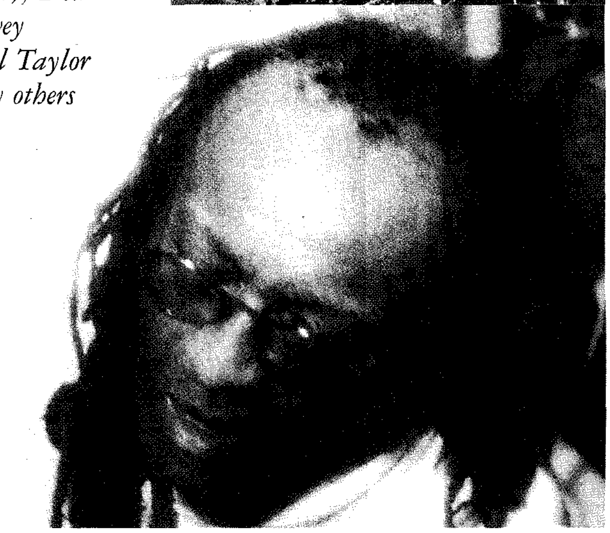
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Nina Alovert.

nightlife

Brave Combo…Comedyfest…Deadhea



Performance

"If you gotta ask,"

quoth Louis Armstrong, "you'll never know." Yet the Knitting Factory dares pose the question in its annual series "What Is Jazz?"—featuring such iconoclasts as Charles Gayle (top left), Don Byron (top middle), Dewey Redman (top right), Cecil Taylor (bottom right), and many others from June 19 to July 1.

Concerts

George Winston—The bearded and bespectacled maestro of New Age piano usually holds court shoeless. His tonal palette runs to major keys, his style to cruelty-free arpeggios, and his influences to gospel, *Peanuts* music, and the seasons. His newest release is *Forest,* inspired by the Montana forests of his childhood. Enjoy the euphonics and beware the wayward Deadheads. 6/16 at 8 p.m. *Avery Fisher Hall, Broadway at 64th St. (875-5030). $20–$27.*

Buskers Fair '95—The British call street performers *buskers,* lending a quaint air of roughshod tradition to the people New Yorkers trample on their way to the No. 6. Here, then, is a week-long reparation for these artists of the street: the "Buskers Fair," which runs through 6/18 at twelve different locations and features such time-honored buskers as jugglers, sword-swallowers, stilt-walkers, and, er, Cajun cellists. The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Clown College Revue stars at the opening celebration. 6/13 at noon. *City Hall. (321-BUSK).*

Buckshot LeFonque—Wynton's prodigal brother Branford strays once again from the jazz path, only this time he's leading the band. Doc Severinsen's better-dressed successor inaugurates this year's Summerstage with his band Buckshot LeFonque. The band has about as much edge as you'd expect from cast members of the *Tonight Show,* but they're sure to fill Central Park with a warm and welcoming jazz vibe. 6/14 at 7 P.M. *Central Park Summerstage, Central Park. Free.*

Grateful Dead—With special guest Bob Dylan. 6/18–6/19 at 6 P.M. *Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, New Jersey. (307-7171). $33.50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Legendary Solomon Burke—The bluesman makes a rare live appearance, accompanied by the Uptown Horns and preceded by the self-styled white-boy rap-bluesman G Love and Special Sauce. 6/17 at noon. *Central Park Summerstage, Central Park. Free.*

Hootie & the Blowfish—These monstrously popular nice guys of rock play with Dillon Fence. 6/17 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach. Sold out.*

Gilberto Gil—Brazilian pop music. 6/18 at 7 P.M. *Central Park Summerstage, Central Park. Free.*

Percy Sledge—The "BAM Outside" festival kicks off with this soul master—of "When a Man Loves a Woman" "At the Dark End of the Street" fame— joined, once again, by those hardworking Uptown Horns. 6/15 at noon. *MetroTech Commons, MetroTech Center, Brooklyn. (718-636-4129). Free.*

"Not Just Jazz"—John Lurie's National Orchestra and John Zorn's Masada. *Town Hall, 123 43rd St. (307-7171). $18–$30.*

WPLJ Dance Party III—Join the top dance acts of the seventies: the Village People, Vicki Sue Robinson, Rose Royce (of the song "I'm Going Down," recently remade by Mary J. Blige), Tavares, Alicia Bridges, and Irene Cara. 6/16 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden. $28.50–$36.*

Earth Wind & Fire—6/16 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, $28.50.*

Luther Vandross—With the Philharmonic Orchestra. 6/18 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach. $35.*

John Denver—6/17 at 8 P.M. *Radio City, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $25–$35.*

Clubland

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking,

Photographs: top left, Linda Rosier; top center, Cori Wells Braun; bottom right, Judy Sneed.

flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budget blueserie, dedicated to the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 6/14–6/17: Dion Payton and the 43rd Street Blues Band. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—East Village, not Coney Island, but chills and thrills aplenty, with local rock bands handpicked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of punk preservationists D Generation. 6/11: Th'wig. 6/18: Junior High; the Gnats; Mondo Topless. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959). $*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. And check it out: They're getting air-conditioning. 6/16: Groove Collective. 6/21: Soraya. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 6/13: the Everly Brothers–ish Candy Butchers; fresh-faced folkie Jewel. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. 6/16: Afro-pop superstar Papa Wemba. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 6/14–6/15 and 6/17–6/18: Avant-garde diva and Lucretia Adams lookalike Diamanda Galas. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 6/14: the Sandra Wright Band. 6/15: William Clarke. *1558 Third Ave. (369-blues).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 6/16: the Gefkens; Oral Groove. 6/17: Kevin Salem; Tabula Rasa. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking, hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The compact, back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists with the occasional Beat refugee. 6/19: The Antihootenany. *94 Avenue A, at 6th St. (473-7373).*

Supper Club—An airy ballroom with a starry ceiling, decent sound, and lush décor. 6/13: Sophisticated jazz-funksters Incognito. *240 W. 47th St., bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (307-7171).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 6/13: Stephen Stills Band; Chris Smither. 6/18: Space Needle. 6/21: Brave Combo. *551 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 6/16–6/17: James Lloyd Affair. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 6/13–6/18: Rachelle Ferrell. 6/20–6/25: Modern Jazz Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 6/18: Steve Wilson Trio. 6/19–6/24: The stately pianist John Hicks leads a duo. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A little bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland jazz. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 6/13–6/18: Junior Mance Quartet. 6/20: Dick Hyman. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday is Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 6/13: Eastern Rebellion, a crack quartet featuring Cedar Walton, Vincent Herring, Ralph Moore, and the free-jazz drumming pioneer Billy Higgins. 6/20–6/24: The Benny Carter Quartet. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—6/19–6/30: "What Is Jazz?" Festival. 6/19: Dave Douglas Sextet; Dave Murray Big Band; Jazz Passengers; Zussan Kali Fasteau; Human Feel; Walter Thompson Orchestra; Babkas. 6/20: Tom Cora's Most of What Was; Evan Parker Trio; Cecil Taylor solo; Carlos Garnett Quartet; Barry Guy, Marilyn Crispell, Gerry H.; Ellery Eskelin Trio; Brandon Evans Quartet, featuring Bill Ware; JEIGH. 6/21: Joey Baron's Baron Down; Dewey Redman meets the Holmes Bros.; Lost Tribe; Marc Edwards Quartet; Roy Campbell Project; Shades: Lindsey Horner and Bobby Previte; Brad Jones and E.J. Rodriguez; Zane Massey. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Match—Sundays, eightysomething torch singer Laurel Watson, former chanteuse with Duke Ellington and Count Basie, sings here with the Shorty Jackson Legacy Blues Band. Mondays, Rebecca Dorsey, film star and progeny of one of the Dorsey Brothers—we're not sure which—sings with bassist Leonard Gaskin. Sets at 8 and 11. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 6/16–6/17: Mike Clark Quartet, featuring Dave Liebman. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. This week, singer Steve Clayton sits in. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring "open mike" playing by lawyers, doctors, stockbrokers, etc., joined, on 6/16, by pianist Dick Hyman. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 6/13: James Brown's soul-soaked trombonist Fred Wesley leads the jazzier-than-the-J.B.'s combo Amalgam. 6/14–6/15: Vibraphonist and acid-jazz godfather Roy Ayers. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 6/17: The mighty James Carter. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Toyota Comedy Festival—*This week, the nation's largest comedy festival takes over our comedy stages through 6/18, filling them with more than 80 comedians, both legends and newcomers. Toyota Comedy Festival shows are hereafter indicated with a "TCF."*

Happening

Not Fade Away. Ever.

As the insanely durable Grateful Dead roll into town (June 18–19, Giants Stadium) 30 years (*30 years!*) after some of us first heard them, so will thousands of tie-dyed, red-eyed, sidewalk-crowding Deadheads. Beware.

Photograph by Silvia Otte/Outline.

Talent

They Might Be Geniuses

Behold Brave Combo (Tramps, June 21), masters of a hundred styles, singers in 25 languages, commanders of a 600-tune songbook—the wedding band from hell. Sixteen years ago, Carl Finch (left, far right) formed the Combo in Denton, Texas, initially with the mission of becoming the hardest-rocking polka group on the planet. But soon, the diverse interests and phenomenal musicianship of Finch's draftees (including a bass-guitar and sousaphone player called Bubba) led them to add cha-cha, tango, *schottische, gagaku, norteño, guaguanco,* limbos, bubblegum . . . literally just about everything. Although their first tour was of mental institutions (where they were, they say, a tremendous hit), Brave Combo has since moved on to make thirteen excellent records (*Humansville* is especially recommended) and find a rabid cult following, folks who know how to mosh to a merengue and aren't afraid to do it. Through it all, the Combo has remained an active matrimonial-entertainment unit, one whose versatility and musicianship is unrivaled. "Like, we have this one coming up," says Finch, 43, from Combo Control Central in Texas. "A Cuban is marrying a New Yorker whose family is Jewish. So they want Latin music and plenty of horas." But always, they remember their roots, as evidenced by their newest record, *Polkas for a Gloomy World* (Rounder). "The polka's just *in* me," says Finch, quite earnestly. "I can't explain it."

Chris Norris

Barnes and Noble—6/14: TCF. George Plimpton reads from and discusses *Humor in* The Paris Review. *160 E. 54th St. at Third Ave.*

Beacon Theater—6/16: TCF. Steven Wright. *Broadway at 74th St. (307-7171).*

Bryant Park—6/15: TCF. "Starlight Comedy." Show at 8 P.M. *42nd St. bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves.*

CBS Broadcasting Center—6/13: TCF. *Politically Incorrect With Bill Maher. 530 W. 57th St. (512-8959).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 6/13: TCF. Joy Behar; Julie Halston; Royale Watkins; Will; Maceo. 6/14: TCF. "Snaps." 6/15–6/17: TCF. Larry Miller. 6/15: TCF. "The Best of New York Underground Comedy Filmmakers." Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 6/18: Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Jeff Ross; Wanda Syukes-Hall; Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs. 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 6/19–6/25: Sean Donnelan; John Rizzo; Al Romero. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 6/17: Jay Strong; Dan Satterman; Linda Ban Lucas. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Nuyorican Poets Cafe—6/15: TCF. "Latino Comedy Showcase: Nuyorican Rule." 6/17: TCF. "Latino Comedy Showcase: Latino Standups." *236 E. 3rd St. (586-6900).*

Rebar—TCF. 6/13–6/16: "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 6/14: Rob Bartlett. 6/15: "The Best of the Best: The Cream of NY's Top Comics." 6/17: Sal Richards. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse—6/12: TCF: "Take Henny, Please!" a salute to Henny Youngman, with Red Buttons, Gene Baylos, Dick Capri, Susie Essman, and others. 6/13: TCF. David Brenner and Robert Klein. *68th St. bet. Park and Lexington. (772-4448).*

Town Hall—6/14: "Tribute to Lenny Bruce," with Richard Lewis; Lenny's mom, Sally Marr; Paul Krassner; and others. 6/17: "Dressing Up: The Ultimate Dragxtravaganza." *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Steve Ross continues in the Oak Room this week with "Their Words Are Music," featuring the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II and Lorenz Hart. On Fri. and Sat. at 11:30, there's a change of pace with "To Wit," his other show, featuring a compilation of songs with humor as their keynote. Through 6/24. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings through August, this East Side trattoria is offering a combination package of Italian food and opera standards performed by artists from Lincoln Center. Dinner at 7; show at 8. $35. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Cafe Carlyle—The pianist/singer Bobby Short is back in his accustomed seat at this elegant rendezvous, blithely crooning standards by Noël Coward, Cole Porter, and other such sophisticates. Through 6/24. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Phylicia Rashad, star of television (*The Cosby Show*) and Broadway (*Dreamgirls, Jelly's Last Jam*) has chosen this elegant Manhattan aerie for her New York club debut. With the Shelton Becton sextet; through 6/24. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Russian Tea Room—For four weekends in June, Manhattan Theatre Club, reviving one of its own longer-standing traditions, is sponsoring a cabaret series—this time on the elegant and bejewelled premises of its around-the-corner neighbor—featuring songs from new musical comedies. On 6/15–17 and 6/22–24, Jodi Benson, Ray Benson, and Melissa Errico take over. $25 cover, $10 minimum. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, that fine vocalist Alison Fraser ("Swingtime Canteen") performs songs by Rodgers and Hart. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

Photograph by Jane Finch.

Poem-Pictures...Saucy Paintings

Openings

Prior to his recent death, the dealer **Julian Pretto** organized this show of works by eleven artists, knowing it would be his last. Because he was unable to select the works, he asked each artist—Rene Pierre Allain, Carl Andre, Robert Barry, Nancy Haynes, Sol Lewitt, and Merrill Wagner, among others—to choose a recent work of his or her own. (Opens June 14 at Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th Street.)

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Batiste Madalena—These original movie posters, made to advertise such silent screen classics as *Sally of the Sawdust* and *The Road to Mandalay*, were executed between 1924 and 1928 for the display cases of George Eastman's Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York; through 8/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Pablo Picasso—Paintings and works on paper from the artist's estate that he made in his studio at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins, a former palace on Paris's Left Bank where he worked throughout World War II; through 6/24. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Katherine Porter/George Fitzpatrick—Two recent large-scale abstract paintings/Calligraphic transcriptions of texts by Homer, Lucien, and others, referred to by the artist as "word pictures." Through 6/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Kurt Schwitters—Late paintings and collages by this German artist (1887-1948) who began as a Cubist and became associated with the German Dadaists after World War I; through 6/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

John Walker/Helen Frankenthaler—Recent paintings, including landscapes and more abstract works influenced by landscape/A new series of color lithographs printed and published by Tyler Graphics Ltd. Through 6/30. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Andre Malraux—A selection of dyeables—parenthetical sketches the writer drew on letters, manuscripts, and scraps of paper—made between the years 1946 and 1966, from the collection of Madeleine Malraux; through 7/8. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Tony Marsh/Carme Collell—Multi-compartmental ceramic containers that hold small, fetishistic ceramic objects./Recent earthenware vessels. Through 7/7. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

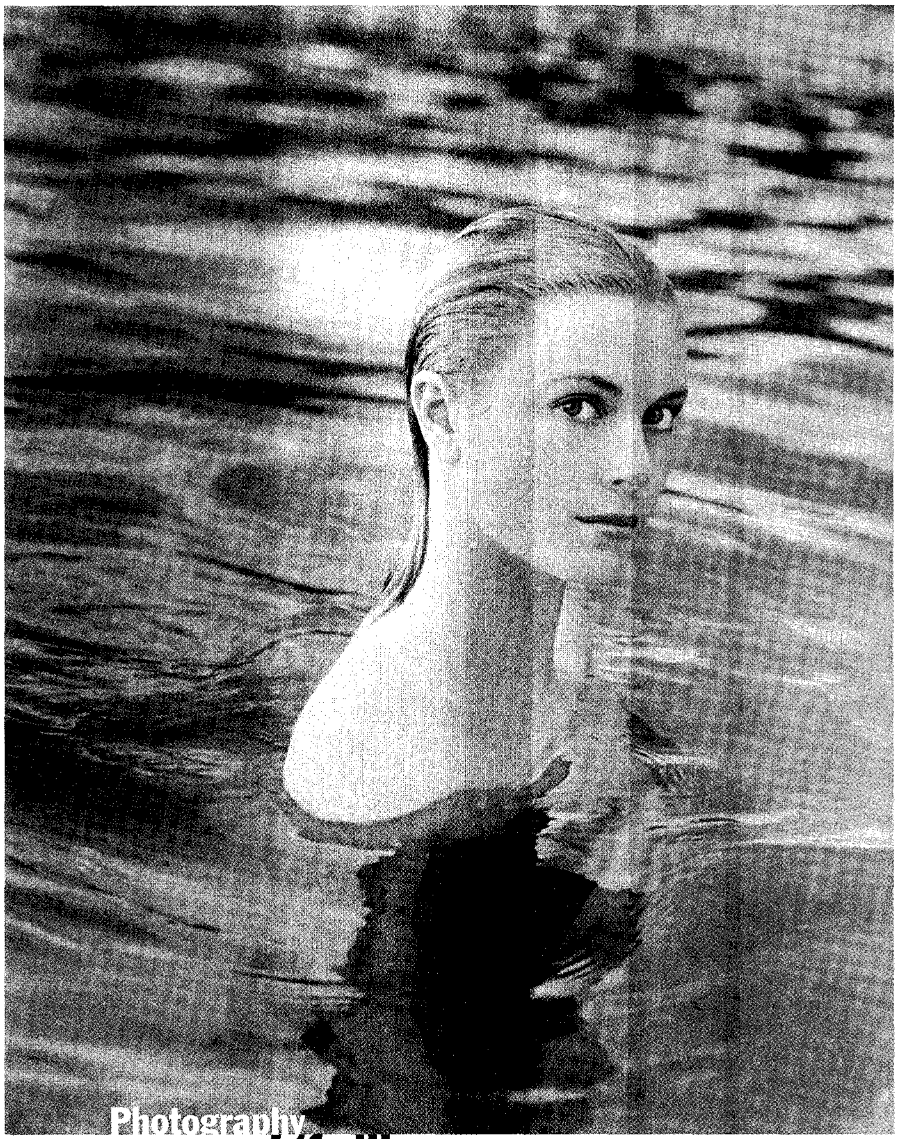
Mark Metcalf—Large-scale diptychs that depict panoramic views of Coney Island; through 7/21. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

David Row—The artist's first exhibition at this gallery consists of new geometric paintings whose surfaces are built up with layers of pigment or scraped down to the bare canvas; 6/15-7/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Rolf Walz—Drawings that investigate themes of unreliability; through 7/8. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Barbara Bloom—An installation titled "Pictures from the Floating World" that is a meditation on Japanese erotic art; through 6/30. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).



Photography

Life-like

***Life*'s photographers have often come to be identified with their subjects, so much so, in fact, that we forget they worked anywhere else. And though most of the photographs in this show were shot for that magazine—Jack and Jackie Kennedy by Mark Shaw, Georgia O'Keeffe by John Loengard, Martin Luther King Jr. by Flip Schulke, and Grace Kelly by Howell Conant—the most arresting image was not. According to Conant, who snapped this fetching shot of Kelly in Jamaica in 1955 while on assignment for *Collier's*, the perfectionist actress dove into the Caribbean eight times to get it right. At James Danziger Gallery, 130 Prince Street.**

Luca Buvoli—An installation of "comic book stories" fabricated into handmade sculptural signs, drawings on notebook pages, and large-scale posters; through 7/1. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Jesper Christiansen—Paintings whose imagery suggests the blocks, streets, and squares of town plans as seen from several perspectives; through 7/8. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Nancy Davenport/Maria Hahnenkamp—Large black-and-white photographs accompanied by biographical texts./Color photographs that are cut up, then meticulously stitched togther in such a way that the reconfigured image contains attributes of the fragmented original. Through 7/1.

Photograph © Howell Conant; from the book *Grace*.

Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925-5157).

Elizabeth Enders—Recent abstract paintings; through 6/30. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Philip Guston—The artist's "Poem-Pictures," collaborations with writers and poets in which he integrates fragments of their writings into his own graphic imagery; 6/16–7/28. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Bryan Hunt—Three of the artist's recent bronze sculptures, which are his largest works to date and reflect his interest in gravitational determinants and organic forms; through 7/15. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Hermann J. Kassel—Sculptures that explore the potential for change and movement, including the artist's "Pneumats," wood and rubber constructions that can be inflated with a foot pump; through 7/8. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Emmett Kim—Video, painting, drawings, etching, and photography; through 7/10. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Leone & Macdonald—A collaborative installation that transforms the materials of home—knitted sweaters, marbles, sewing needles, family photographs—into powerfully suggestive objects that transcend their origins; through 6/30. Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (274-0660).

Barry Le Va—Four recent sculptures and related drawings; through 7/28. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Emil Nolde—The largest private exhibition ever held in the United States of the German Expressionist's works on paper, including watercolors and prints of flowers, figures, seascapes, and landscapes; through 7/23. McEnroe, in cooperation with Galerie Michael Beck Leipzig, 41 Greene St. (219-0395).

Franc Palaia—Photographs of architectural transport systems—among them viaducts, aqueducts, and suspended highways—set within found containers and illuminated with fluorescent or incandescent lights; through 7/14. Harris, 383 W. Broadway (431-3600).

Monique Safford—Paintings whose imagery is derived from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century line engravings published for purposes of male titillation; 6/15–7/28. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Fred Sandback—Sculptures made from acrylic yarn and related drawings; through 7/14. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Julian Schnabel—Two hundred small paintings, the sales of which benefit CRIA (Community Research Initiative on AIDS); through 7/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Heimo Zobernig—Two eight-by-eight-foot box sculptures that evoke inverted gallery spaces; through 7/1. Rosen, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Other

Hunt Slonem—Expressionistic paintings of the artist's own exotic birds; through 7/22. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography of, or on the subject of, still life, by Adams, Condo, Clarke, Kulicke, Larmon, Moore, Steinberg, Stoll, others; through 7/26.

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). "Afternoon Pleasures," with paintings by Bacon, Dodge, Knight, Lambdin, Pearce, Weir, and other American Impressionists and expatriates; through 7/7.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Still Life," with works by Africano, Butterworth, Cotton, Etkin, Frank, Kushner, Jacquette, McDermott & McGough, Skoglund, the Starns, Stoll, Sugimoto, Zlamany; through 6/30.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

57th Street Area

Blum Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). Works by Andoe, Bowling, Gipe, Glantzman, . Sicilia; through 7/29.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). "Contemplative Geometry," with paintings by Albers, McLaughlin, Tworkov; through 7/14.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "The Impressionists' New York," with works by Chase, Cooper, Cornoyer, Hassam, Lawson, Hassam, Redfield, others; through 7/13.

McCoy—41 E. 57th St. (319-1996). Recent works by Phelan, Rockburne, Sugimoto; through 7/21.

O'Hara—41 E. 57th St. (355-3330). "A Romantic Impulse," with paintings by Berthot, Buhler, Nelson, Resnick, Snyder, Stephan, Wester, others; through 7/17.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Collages by Bearden, Cornell, Greene, Ossorio, Rauschenberg, Ryan, Tanning, others; works on paper by Fairfield Porter; through 8/5.

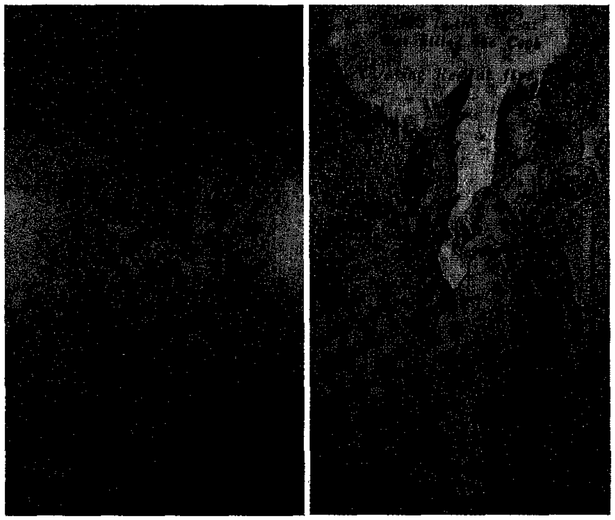
Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). The painter Mary Heilmann curated this exhibition of works by Hermine Ford, Cara Perlman, and Taro Suzuki; through 7/1.

Black Greenberg—79 Grand St. (431-1670). Works by Blachly, Burckhardt, Hayne, Rodriguez; through 7/14.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). For this exhibit, titled "Country Côde," the gallery invited 30 galleries from around the world to each send one work on paper by one of their artists, the only stipulation being that the artist live and work in the gallery's country of origin; through 7/28.



Talent **The scatological imagery of Monique Safford's paintings is derived from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century line engravings intended for male titillation. But the artist's own embellishments transform the ribald, voyeuristic content of the originals into erotic parodies. At Bill Maynes, 225 Lafayette Street.**

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Way Cool," with works in all media by 31 emerging artists; through 7/14.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by Howard, Kirchner, Stapp; through 7/12.

Grand Salon—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Pink and Innocent," an all-male show of abstract and/or quasi-abstract works by Bogdanovic, Clough, Muniz, Peroli, TABBOO!, Yates, others; through 7/1.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). Works by artists who showed their works with the gallery over the past season, and by those who will be having shows in the next season, including Brady, Frey, Khalil, McCarty, Mackenzie, Norrie; through 7/5.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works on paper by Gopal-Chowdhury, Nilsson, Rossi, Yoshida; through 6/30.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "As Big as Life," with works by Abramovic/Ulay, Casebere, Garfield, Reichek, Ruff, Rideal; through 7/28.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works by Clarke, Cohen, Nickell, Obrosey, Palmer; through 7/1.

Nosei—100 Prince St. (431-9253). Invitational group show with works by Amer, Elizondo, Rappenecker, Sillman, others; through 7/28.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Guys and Dolls," with works by Albenda, Fleury, Jonas, Katz, Mori, Pearlstein, Risley; through 7/15.

P.P.O.W—532 Broadway (941-8642). Works by nine artists who live and work in Los Angeles; through 7/7.

Rosenberg + Kaufman—115 Wooster St. (431-4838). Paintings on paper by Geichman, Goldsleger, Imber, Kuszek, Pinette, Seidl, Waid; through 7/21.

Stark—560 Broadway (925-4484). "Color: Sign, System, Sensibility" features works by Apfelbaum, Kalina, Katz, Hyde, Sims, Stoll, others; through 7/21.

Swiss Institute New York—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by three Swiss artists—Ursula Bachman, Elizabeth Barbara Hitz, and Daniele Robbiani—who have chosen New York as their temporary home; through 7/8.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Works on the subjects of romance, rebellion, and obsession by eight male artists; through 7/15.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). "The Portrait Now," with works by Aguilar, Clarke, Graupe-Pillard, Howe, Lankton, Scharlin, Serrano, others; through 7/15.

Other

New York Studio School—8 W. 8th St. (673-6466). An exhibition of works by the school's founding members, among them Richard Castellena, Lawrence Faden, Jen Highstein, Richard Mock, and Madelon Umlauf; through 7/22.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Mini-mundus," with small works by Asente, Boynton, Burden, Lambert, Pettibone, Simmons, Yamamoto, others; through 6/30.

Photography

John Batho—A series of photographs of rock formations on the northern coast of Brittany that were taken in 1992 when the photographer was invited by the Conservatoire du Littoral (a body devoted to the conservation of the French shorelines) to photograph protected sites; through 7/28 Zabriskie (307-7430).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). Recent photographs by Joel Meyerowitz and a group show, "Subjects from *Life*," with photographs of Grace Kelly by Howell Conant, Georgia O'Keeffe by John Loengard, Martin Luther King Jr. by Flip Schulke, and the Kennedys by Mark Shaw; through 6/30.

Ralph Gibson—Color and black-and-white photographs taken in France over the past twenty years; through 7/13. French Cultural Services, 972 Fifth Ave. (439-1400).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith." Large-format photographs of musicians; through 7/16. "Ruth Orkin: Retrospective"; through 7/16. "Lucky Strikes: Photographs by Toby Old"; through 7/16.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, The Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

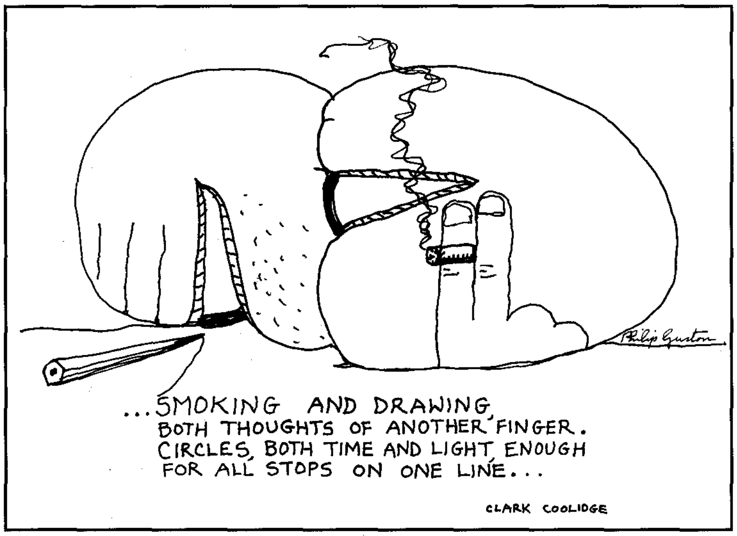
Linda McCartney—Photographs of rock stars from the sixties and recent portraits, still lifes, and animal studies; through 6/30. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Allan McCollum and Laurie Simmons—The tiny faces of miniature figures used for architectural models are the subject of these collaborative photographs tak-

Photographs courtesy of Bill Maynes Contemporary Art.

Retrospective Soul Mates

There are the artists who play it safe and the ones who don't; Philip Guston, whose late drawings are the subject of a survey that opens this week at the Drawing Center, was emphatically of the latter persuasion. And in the late sixties, when he switched from the lyrical abstraction he'd pursued since the forties to the blunt, cartoony imagery of his later work, Guston paid dearly for his daring: A 1970 show at the Marlborough Gallery was bashed by critics (in his review of that exhibit for The New York *Times,* Hilton Kramer called Guston "a mandarin artist pretending to be a stumblebum"), and Guston, now considered a traitor to abstraction, was dropped by the New York School painters with whom he'd been affiliated.


Philip Guston
...SMOKING AND DRAWING
BOTH THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER FINGER.
CIRCLES, BOTH TIME AND LIGHT ENOUGH
FOR ALL STOPS ON ONE LINE...
CLARK COOLIDGE

Guston's retaliation was to leave New York permanently. Retrenched at his home in rural Woodstock, Guston limited himself to the company of those who came to his work from outside the New York art rhetoric, most of whom turned out to be writers (Philip Roth) and poets (his wife, Musa McKim, Clark Coolidge, Stanley Kunitz, Bill Berkson, and others). "They see without the art-world lingo," said Guston in an 1980 interview in *The New Republic.* "Sharply, freshly. Sometimes they're funny, or their reaction funny, and I enjoy that. I don't like writing that's snarled up. It's a cover-up." There was a productive sideline to Guston's literary friendships, too: his little-known "poem-pictures." Collaborations, not illustrations, and free of all the attendant importance of paintings, Guston's ink drawings of his friends' poems (with the poems or stanzas written in Guston's hand) are among his most blisteringly brutal, funny, despairing, raging, and sublimely gentle works.

Edith Newhall

en with a microscopic camera; through 6/30. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Arno Rafael Minkkinen—A retrospective of self-portraits in which the photographer poses isolated parts of his body against intimate interiors or landscapes; through 7/14. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Morris—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). An exhibition of photographs by 130 artists, among them Tina Barney, Annie Leibovitz, Cindy Sherman, Kiki Smith, William Wegman, and others that benefits the Hetrick-Martin Institute, the nation's largest education, social service, and advocacy agency for gay, lesbian, and bisexual youth; through 6/20.

David Noble—Black-and-white images of landscapes and archaeological sites in the American Southwest; through 7/7. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). Documentary photographs of the Red Army's victory in Berlin taken by the Russian photographers Max Alpert, Dmitri Baltermants, Ivan Shagin, others; through 6/28.

Nancy Stout—Photographs of Cuba's architecture from the book *Havana/La Habana* (Rizzoli, 1995); through 7/31. Research Institute for the Study of Man, 162 E. 78th St. (924-7299).

Randy West—Photographs of figures waist-deep in water, printed on photosensitized linen; through 7/8. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Brett Weston—A survey of works by this photographer (1911–1993) of whom the photography historian Nancy Newhall wrote: "He saw the delicate aerial structure of eerie plants reaching into the skies, the dunes gray with storm or gleaming with snow against dark, distant mountains—endless absorbing variations!"; through 7/29. Burden Gallery at Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Wanda Gu: Oedipus Refound #3A"; "Yoshiko Kanai: Untitled."; "Bjarne V.H.H. Solberg: Memory Boxes." Through 6/24. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists. Through 12/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"A Graphic Odyssey: Romare Bearden as Printmaker." Through 7/9. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum— "Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Gerhard Richter: *Atlas.*" Through 6/18. . . . "Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.– Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3840); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. Through 7/9. . . . "The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection." Through 7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Photograph courtesy of Addison Gallery of American Art.

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El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." For the fifth exhibit in this series, the artist Elizabeth Murray selected works by seventy women artists from the museum's permanent collection. 6/20–8/22. . . . "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms.*" Through 7/11 . . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed. 12–8, Thur.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely. Through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995." Through 5/24/96. . . . "Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde." Through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tue.-Wed. 11-6, Thur.-Sat. 10-6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Yukinori Yanagi: Project Article 9." Through 7/16. . . . "The View from Within: Japanese-American Art from the Internment Camps, 1942–1945." Through 7/16. Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12-5; $3; $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11-9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 6/17 at 10: "Fine and Rare Wines and Related Collectibles." On view from 6/14. 6/20 at 10 and 2: "United States and Worldwide Stamps." On view from 6/15.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 6/14 at 10 and 2: "Books and Autographs." On view from 6/10.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/14 and 6/15 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Stamps, and Coins." On view from 6/10. 6/14 at 6: "Lalique." On view from 6/10.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Art Deco." On view from 6/10. 6/16 at 2: "Sci-Fi Memorabilia." On view from 6/11. 6/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Comic Books." On view from 6/11. 6/19 at 2: "Garden Statuary." On view from 6/14. 6/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Americana." On view from 6/16.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/15 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 6/10.

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Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC,, V.*

South Street Seaport

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

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Chelsea Cajun

I need a taste of New Orleans.

The sign says Tramps Cafe. You'll think you've wandered into a roadside diner on the bayou. And yet here is Abe de la Houssaye (of the late lamented restaurant Texarkana) stewing up a mess of Cajun grub in the open kitchen. True, the décor is yet undecided, but when the menu offers crawfish eight ways, who gives a fig? Ripping apart a passel of plump critters—salty and spicy in the crawfish boil—delivers a lot of joy for just $5. The gumbo's so hot, we're crying and loving it, more than the insipid étouffée or overprocessed crawdaddy cake. But the shrimp or oyster po'boys are a special treat, served with sensational fries; ditto the collard slaw—and cheap, too (45 West 21st Street; 633-9570).

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M.) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Udo—On a broad and blossoming stretch of Lafayette Street, this cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

Opening

Too Too Tea

Everything about the new tea room at uptown home-furnishings boutique MacKenzie-Childs, Ltd., (824 Madison Avenue, at 69th Street) is as carefully designed as the store's trademark majolica pottery. Rather than lemonade, the menu (etched on a fluted terra-cotta plate) lists lemon-mint squeeze, which is served with peppermint sticks instead of straws. Tea in the Rose Garden features actual rosebuds served in a Torquay mug with sugar crystals tied in silk tulle on a silver spoon. Ice comes shaped like jewels, or in flower-filled cubes; sprinkles are apportioned with tweezers and fresh nutmeg is grated over tapioca. It's food as art served on multiple layers of artful implements (every implement conveniently for sale downstairs).

Below 14th Street, West

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept —Parisian bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sur. 181 West 10th St. (645-8023). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also, 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St. at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Novita—The room is so beautiful in this Flatiron feedery that it won't occur to you that you've been eating belowground until you mount the small staircase with a bellyful of fine Italian fare on the way out. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbeque is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by-way-of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

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Tastings
Grape Nut

“I think people are disappointed if they are in a restaurant with good food, but the wine list is limited, or very expensive,” says Karim El Sherif, co-owner and general manager of the recently opened Chelsea Bistro & Bar (358 West 23rd Street), where updated, prettified versions of standards like hangar steak and lamb shank are surprisingly affordable. That’s why he’s assembled a reasonably priced wine list with a staggering 200 selections, almost all from France and California. For anywhere from $15 to $21, diners can choose from among twenty wines—Mâcon-Villages, Alsace Pinot Blanc, Cahors, Côtes-du-Rhône, and California Sauvignon Blanc and Pinot Noir—but they can also splurge on a ’79 Léoville Las Cases ($110), an ’85 Pichon-Lalande ($115), an ’89 Musigny ($140), and several older California Cabernets.

El Sherif, an Egyptian immigrant via France and Montreal, received his education in American wines during the three years he spent as the wine buyer and restaurant director at the Boca Raton Resort & Club and at L’Orangerie in Los Angeles, where he was a captain. “They are a good value and can be drunk younger,” he says. “I’m still partial to red Bordeaux,” he adds, “but now I appreciate any wine that’s well made.”

Among El Sherif’s white-wine recommendations are a ’92 Sancerre ($26) and a ’92 Rully ($26) from southern Burgundy. His red-wine selections include a ’93 Côtes-du-Rhône from France ($21); an ’88 Pomerol, Château Gazin ($38); and from Washington, the ’91 Cabernet of L’Ecole No. 41 ($35). The list hasn’t attracted just bargain hunters. “My old clients come down here, and when they see the wine prices,” says a delighted El Sherif, whose New York restaurant career has included stints at Le Chantilly, Le Bernardin, and Restaurant Daniel, “they order two or three bottles.” Alexis Bespaloff

Langan’s—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there’s no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs’ legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy’s—If it’s good enough for Frank, it’s good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown’s answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—“Where troubles melt like raindrops,” boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth’s Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain’s take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

‘21’ Club—The new, old, younger ‘21’ has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor’s Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid’s menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (799-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat— You can’t miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county’s entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei’s monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist’s murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. *Bloomingdale’s, sixth floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d’or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn’t changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that’s just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mitsukoshi—The elegant midtown tatami room and sushi bar on the mezzanine of the Manhattan satellite of Japan’s oldest department store is the genuine article. A port in the storm for homesick Japanese businessmen and a topflight curio for European tourists. *461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (935-6444). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that’s delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pista-

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

chios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. *Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . *mon cheri*. And, *sans blague*, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

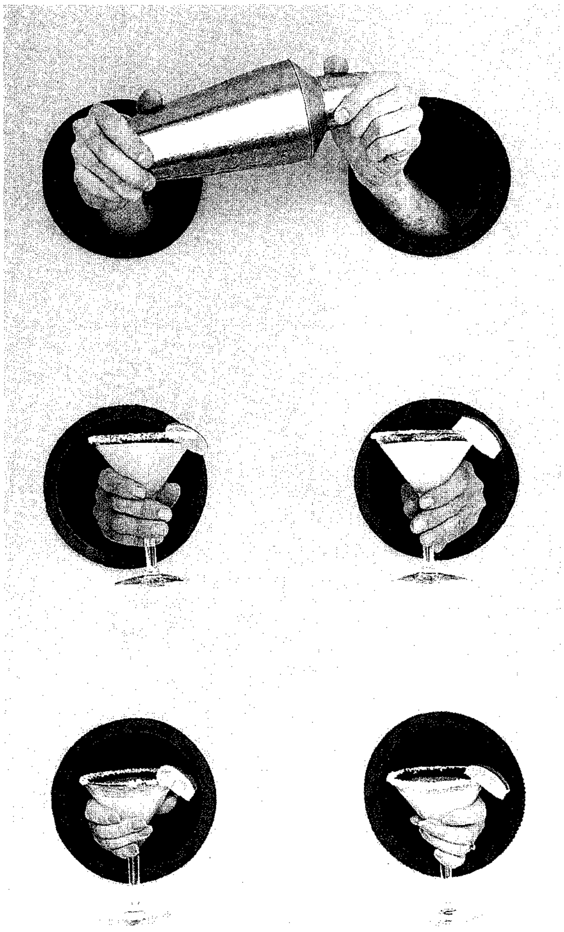
Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Object of Desire
Chez Lounge

Global 33 (93 Second Avenue, near 5th Street) recasts the East Village bar as fifties airport lounge, with classic cocktails like the Pimm's Cup, the Dark & Stormy, and the most artfully made, tartest margarita of the season, mixed to order in sleek silver or glass shakers. For sustenance there's mostly finger food, tapas and the like, in a room that manages to conjure both 'Casino Royale' and a really groovy basement rec room.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles- bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local *haute*-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Velvet Room—Late-night kitchen open until 4 A.M.; garden out back starts hopping on Wednesday and doesn't stop till Sunday. *209 E. 76th St. (628-6633). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Ground Rules:

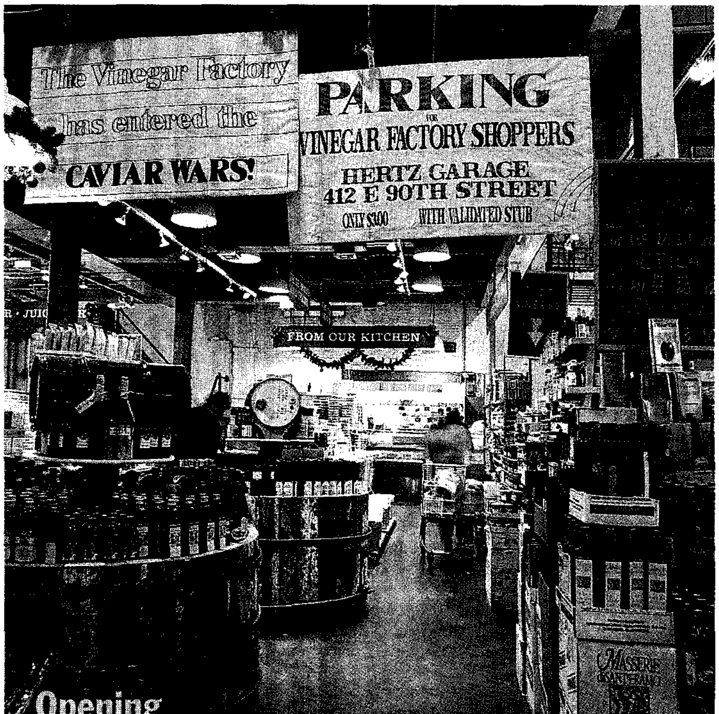
Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*



Opening

Shopping American-Style

Nicely situated for Friday-afternoon pit stops on the way to Long Island or upstate, Eli Zabar's Vinegar Factory (431 East 91st Street) now lets you park free at a garage around the block. Browse the salsa and pasta aisles untroubled by the specter of broken meters, trunk-cracking thieves, and tow-away zones. Also, those who aren't leaving town can try weekend brunch in the (finally open) secluded rooftop patio café.

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Roll N Roaster—A Sheepshead Bay landmark, serving generous portions of inexpensive American fare. Try such homey favorites as roast beef with pan-drippings gravy and baked sweet potatoes with cinnamon and brown sugar. *2901 Emmons Ave. (718-769-5831). (I) MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the excessive chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

the mix

SummerStage...Poets' Common

Radio Highlights

Lyric Opera of Chicago—6/17 at 1: Rossini's Il Barbiere di Siviglia. With Thomas Allen, Frederica von Stade, Rockwell Blake, Claudio Desderi, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Catherine Cook. Carlo Rizzi conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Casper Citron"—6/17: Interviews from the Tony awards; Dr. Robert Akeret on Tales from a Traveling Couch; Russell Banks on Rule of the Bone; David Fisher on Hard Evidence. 6/24: Ambassador Colette Avital talks about negotiations and stalemates in the Middle East; Harm Deblij talks about the Geography Book; Soprano Jane Marsh talks with maestro Vincent La Selva about the summer opera season in Central Park; Robyn Karney, editor-in-chief of and contributing writer to Chronicle of the Cinema, talks with Richard Porton, the book review editor of Cineaste magazine. WOR, 710 AM.

"Symphony Hall"—6/12: Mozart's Symphony No. 12 in G and Rheinberger's Piano Concerto in A-flat. 6/13: Haydn's Symphony No. 93 in D and Chavez's Suite de Caballos de Vapor ("Horse Power Suite"). 6/14: Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 4 in D and Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C. 6/15: Grieg's Holberg Suite and Piano Concerto in A. 6/16: Brahms's Piano Quartet in g and J. Strauss Jr.'s Wine, Women, and Song Waltz. 6/19: J. Stamitz's Clarinet Concerto in B-flat and Bizet's Symphony in C. 6/20: Offenbach's La Belle Hélène: Overture and Gaité Parisienne. 6/21: Haydn's Symphony No. 22 in E-flat and Lalo's Cello Concerto in d. 6/22: Bruch's Suite for Large Orchestra and Schubert's Symphony No. 4 in c. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Sunday Night Opera House"—6/18 at 8: Berlioz's Benvenuto Cellini. With Nicolai Gedda, Jules Bastin, Robert Massard, Roger Soyer, Derek Blackwell, Robert Lloyd, Hughes Cuenod, Christiane Eda-Pierre, and Jane Berbie with the Chorus of the Royal Opera House. Sir Colin Davis conducts. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Afro-Peruvian Classics *The Soul of Black Peru* (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros)—The best thing David Byrne has done since dissolving Talking Heads is prowl the back alleys of Latin-American music. This is Byrne's sixth compilation of old south-of-the-border tunes, and like the two albums of Cuban rumbas and sons, it's a boiling, seductive revelation. From the salsa-inflected "Toro Mata" of Lucila Campos to the erotic, gritty shouts and growls of Peru Negro's "Son de los Diablos," there are irresistible dance rhythms, part Spanish, part African, part Andean, and wholly new. Sugar-voiced Susana Baca provides the counterbalance, "Maria Lando," a haunting ballad that seems to throb with the pain of the fifteenth-century slave trade that brought blacks to Peru. Inevitably, Byrne makes an appearance, covering "Maria Lando," and he adds an interesting tension to the song with his flat, quavery voice and a layer of pulsuating strings. But coming after the thirteen original tracks, which date from 1971 to 1992, Byrne can't help sounding like a well-meaning *arriviste*. CHRIS SMITH

The Written Word

Mark Helprin—6/12 at 7:30, reading from *Memoir from Antproof Case,* Shakespeare and Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

Literal Latte Fiction Award Winners—6/13 at 6:30: Karen Halvorsen Schreck, Leo Haber, Elisa Jenkins. Babyland, 81 Avenue A.

Lynne Sharon Schwartz and Alix Kates Shulman—6/13 at 7:30, reading from *The Fatigue Artist* (Schwartz) and *Drinking the Rain* (Shulman), Shakespeare and Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

T. Begley, Olga Broumas, and Cornelius Eady—6/13 at 6:30, Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (431-7920); free.

Reg E. Gaines—6/14 at 6, at the Mid Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave. (340-0944); free.

Fay Weldon, Thomas Beller, Lynne Tillman—6/14 at 7, the NightLight series at the Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); $5.

Mary Karr—6/14 at 7, Limbo, 47 Avenue A (477-5271); free.

Matthew Levine and Michelle Madigan Somerville—6/16 at 8, La MaMa Galeria, 6 E. 1st St., near the Bowery (505-2476).

Readings from *Brotherman: The Odyssey of Black Men in America*—6/16 at 7, The Writer's Voice, West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. (875-4124).

Catherine Bowman, Jean Monahan, Stephanie Strickland—6/17 at 2, Poetlink, Grand Army Plaza Library, room 214 (718-834-0291); free.

Global City Press: Linsey Abrams, Marina Budhos, E. M. Broner—6/19 at 7, Biblio's, 317 Church St., bet. Lispenard and Walker (334-6990); free.

Angela Walker, Andre Clark, Brother Flip of Attica—6/19 at 7, University of the Streets, 130 E. 7th St. (989-5959); $3.

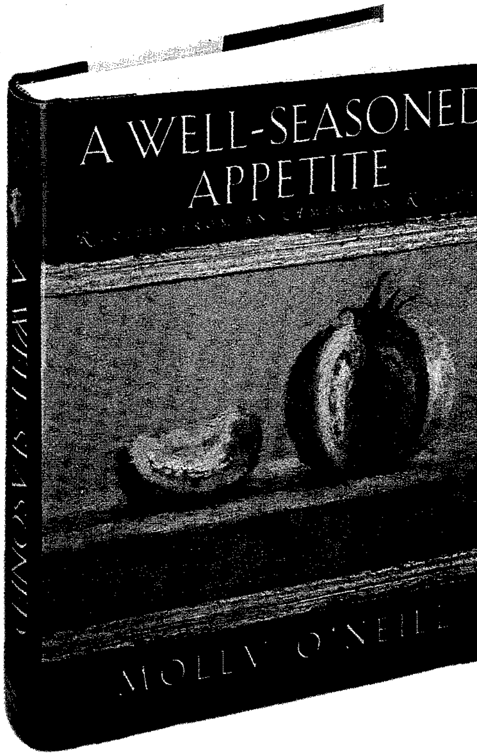
Poetry in the Park: Bill Moyers's *The Language of Life*—6/20 at 1: Readings by poets Coleman Barks, Lucille Clifton, David Mura, Naomi Shihab Nyue, Sekou Sundiata, and Daisy Zamora. Bryant Park, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St.; free. (Rain location is inside the New York Public Library.)

Paul Beatty, Kimiko Hahn, Richard Martin, and C.D. Wright—Reading at the Hudson River Park in Battery Park City (431-7920), on 6/20 at 6:30; free.

***Downtown's* Year of the Poet Gala**—6/21 at 7, Verso Books, 128 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (620-3141); free.

Richard Ford—6/21 at 7:30, reading from Independence Day at Shakespeare and Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

In Print **Reading Molly O'Neill as she celebrates the seasonal every Sunday, ripping out her page, and filing it on top of the fridge, I feel fulfilled that there's nothing more I could want to know about sour cherries. Now, just in time for spring cleaning, comes *A Well-Seasoned Appetite* (Viking, $25.95), and out go the splattered clippings. Yes, she's right, there is something *Gone With the Wind* about shelling beans. She gives us Pliny on fennel. And recipes mostly scrupulously scant on fat.** GAEL GREENE



Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

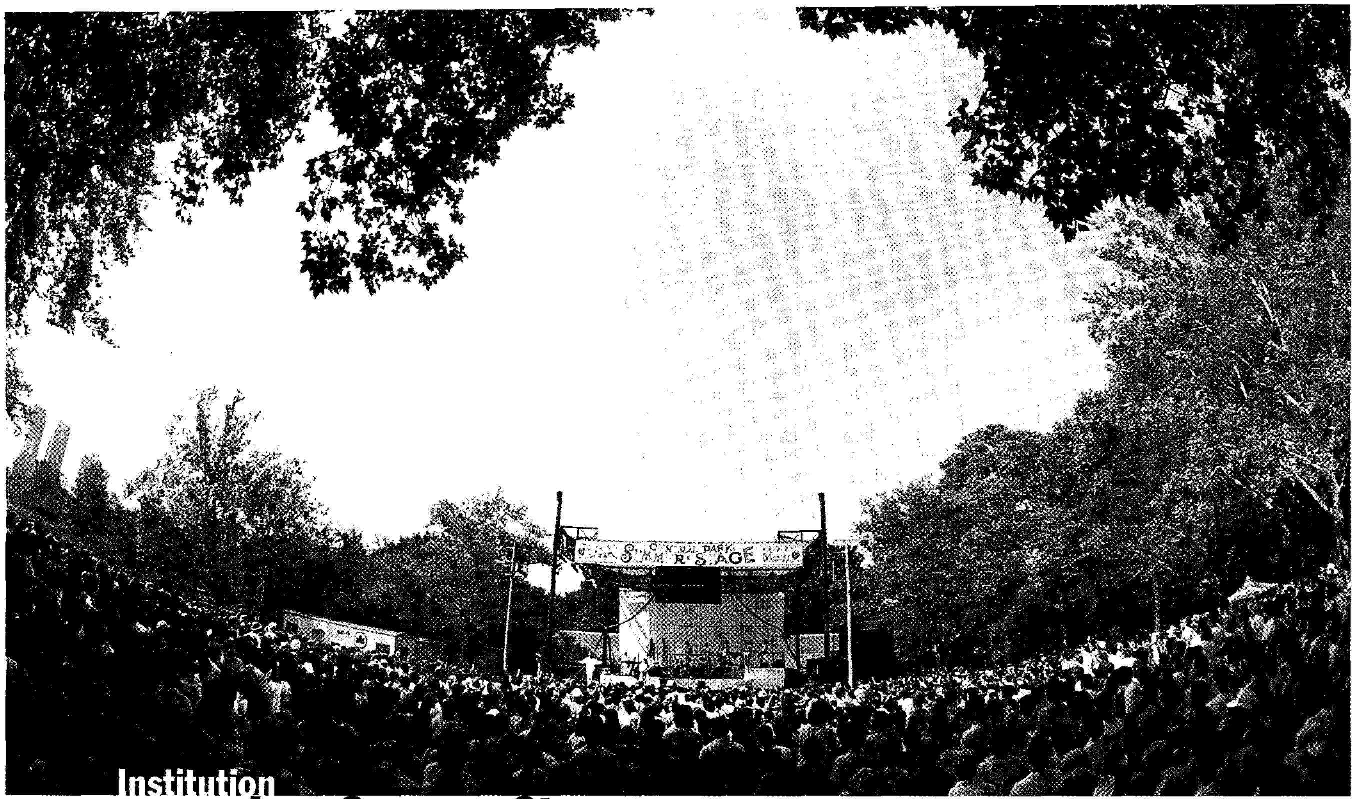
Lectures and Panels

"A Conversation with Carl Reiner"—6/19 at 5:30: Following a screening of highlights from his career in television and film, Reiner will discuss his work and participate in a Q&A with the audience. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (call Ticketmaster at 307-7171); $15.

"Political Satire"—6/15 at 8:30 a.m.: "The Satirists Meet the Politicians." Panelists Jimmy Breslin, Jim Lehrer, Edward I. Koch, Lewis H. Lapham, Michael Thomas, and the Honorable Burton B. Roberts meet at mad.61, 10 E. 61st St. (886-1100), for the next Random House literary breakfast; $35.

"The Art of Recycling in Personal Adornment"—6/15 at 6:30: Anthropologist Enid Schildkrout considers serendipity, practicality, and aesthetics in this discussion of secondhand clothes, blue jeans, and recycled industrial objects from Paris to Paramaribo to New Guinea. The program takes place at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. $15.

Gail Sheehy—6/13 at 8, discussing *New Passages: Mapping Your Life Across Time.* 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $17.



Institution

I ❤ SummerStage

One of the great no-brainer rules of Manhattan living is that once the weather turns hot and sticky, there is no real reason for anyone with an option to get out of town for the weekend not to do just that—and the faster, the better. But if ever there was a summer institution actually well worth forgoing a couple of days somewhere pretty and quiet for, it is the Central Park SummerStage series. In the ten years since its founding, SummerStage, which begins June 14 at 7 P.M. with a concert by Buckshot LeFonque with Branford Marsalis (see Nightlife), has matured into one of the best free outdoor concert series going. In 1990, soul-funk legend Curtis Mayfield played an exhilarating, goose-pimple-inducing comeback show that was made all the more poignant by the fact that it turned out to be his last live concert before a freak accident left him paralyzed a couple of weeks later. Sonic Youth and Sun Ra's 1992 Fourth of July show, which attracted over 10,000 fans, turned Rumsey Playfield into a surreal approximation of CBGB as an outdoor theme park. Elvis Costello (who played a memorable benefit last year with his old band the Attractions), Bettie Serveert, Jimmy Dale Gilmore, Rosanne Cash, War, even the Ohio Players have put in performances. Furthermore, festival producer Erica Ruben (and her predecessor, Joe Killian) have always been committed to world music—in 1987, Ladysmith Black Mambazo played its New York solo debut at SummerStage—and this year's schedule is studded with standout acts: Gilberto Gil and Ali Farka Toure, as well as the big Africa Fête shows featuring a number of acts from Africa and Haiti on July 8 and 9. Naturally, like all great free New York things, SummerStage depends almost entirely on private donations. So buy tickets for its just-announced benefit show featuring Weezer and Teenage Fanclub on August 3. Donate money early and often. And do it with a smile. Think of it this way: Aside from getting to see great music in a setting far more pleasant than any nightclub, being amid the fascinating, eclectic crowd provides a real charge—it is here that a New Yorker can actually be convinced, however briefly, that this whole gorgeous mosaic thing is not too insanely far off. *SummerStage Concerts are held at Rumsey Playfield. Enter the park at 72nd Street and Fifth Avenue entrance. Call 360-CPSS for additional schedule information.* **KIM FRANCE**

Fairs and Festivals

"Museum Mile Festival"—6/13 from 6 to 9, celebrating the 125th anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Visit some of New York's finest cultural institutions, on Fifth Ave. from 82nd St. to 104th St.: the Met; Goethe House New York/German Cultural Center; the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; the National Academy of Design; the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum; the Smithsonian Institution; the Jewish Museum; the International Center of Photography; the Museum of the City of New York; El Museo del Barrio. Free; call 603-9868 for more information.

The Inaugural Mystery and Science Fiction Book Fair—6/15-17: Rare copies of James Bond books, Bram Stoker's *Dracula,* Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue,* and Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* are among the finds at this Metropolitan Antiques fair. American and British dealers specializing in thrillers, science fiction, fantasy, horror, and detective fiction will be on hand, as will plenty of first editions, inscribed editions, and limited editions. It takes place at 110 W. 19th St., at Sixth Ave. On Thursday there is a $10 preview from 6 to 9. Friday admission is $5, and the fair lasts from noon to 7; Saturday hours are 11 A.M. to 5, and you get in for $3.

Tours

"Historic Harlem"—6/17 at 2: Visit the center of African-American culture and see Strivers Row, the Abyssinian Baptist Church, the original Big Apple Cafe, and Hamilton Heights. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; $9.

"Secrets of Central Park"—The lovely and profane stories of the park, as well as its design and landscaping, are the subject of this spring walk through Manhattan's backyard. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place. $10.

"Brooklyn's Victorian Necropolis"—Tour the 478-acre Greenwood cemetery, resting site of Horace Greeley, Boss Tweed, Samuel F. B. Morse, Leonard Bernstein, and Currier and Ives, with its historian, John J. Cashman. The walk lasts approximately two hours and takes place on Sundays at 1. Call 718-469-5277; $5.

"Immigrant New York"—6/18 at 1: See what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa on this multi-ethnic eating tour. You'll pass the Transfiguration Church, the Negro Burial Ground, Stabile Bank, sweatshops, and Jarmlowsky's Bank. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; $9.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood one year after her death, with stops at many of her favorite places. Call 662-5300 for schedule information (the tour happens just about every day) and meeting place; $10.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial

Photographs: top, Jack Gescheidt; bottom, David Atlas.

role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. The tour meets most Wednesdays at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse at 12:30. Call 935-3960 for information.

"All in the Family"—See Little Italy on Sidewalks of New York's guided tour of *Godfather*land. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

"Snacks-and-Sights Safari"—6/24: An eating and walking tour of the predominantly Greek neighborhood known as Astoria. Call 265-2663 for reservations, schedule information, and meeting place.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—See the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists as well as their gathering places and sites made famous in their work. Call 517-0201 for meeting place and time and a schedule of other available tours; $10.

Exhibitions

"Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located on Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. For more information and a schedule of museum hours call 534-1672.

One-Shot
Live Poets Society

The twice-removed experience of Bill Moyers on a few great poets on PBS will have to suffice for the rest of the country, but New York gets him (hosting) and them (reading) in a Bryant Park preview of 'The Language of Life.' See listing.

Sports

The Colorado Silver Bullets™—The only professional women's baseball team in the U.S. will play the Mets Old-Timers at Shea Stadium on Sat., 6/17. On Wed., 6/14, they'll be at Central Park from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. for a fund-raiser for the Women's Sports Foundation. Baseball fans of all ages can come out and try to get a hit off the Silver Bullets staff. For each of the first 50 batters, Rolaids will donate $100 to the foundation, which is working toward the prevention of osteoporosis. See if former Mets World Series hero Mookie Wilson can take the Silver Bullets pitchers deep. Central Park, Heckscher Baseball Field No. 6, 59th St. and Central Park West. Call 614-5010 to reserve a spot in the lineup.

The Madness of King George—First, Steinbrenner revokes the goatee allowance, under the logic that if the Yankees (at press time, 14–21 and in last place) look like slackers, they'll play like slackers. Then he very publicly refuses to deny rumors that he's considering signing all-around bad guy Darryl Strawberry. Now, there are actually some pinheads out there (read: *Post* columnists) who are imploring George to take a more active role in running the team. Bad omen: last week's "vote of confidence" for Buck Showalter. Detroit visits the Stadium Mon.–Thurs., 6/12–15—led by (this is not a reprint from 1985) Kirk Gibson (.327 BA), Lou Whitaker (.347 BA), and Alan Trammell. And then, *shudder, shudder,* the Yanks visit Cleveland's Murderer's Row—Manny Ramirez, Eddie Murray, Carlos Baerga, Albert Belle, et al.—for a weekend series, 6/16–18.

Finally, a Team the Mets Can Beat . . . Maybe—No, we're not talking about the Silver Bullets™. The (not quite) Amazin's begin a ten-game home stand Tues.–Thurs., 6/13–15, against the Florida Marlins, bottom feeders of the NL East. The Astros visit Shea over the weekend, 6/16–18.

Octopussy—Can "our" Devils (it's never too late to jump on the bandwagon) send Lindros and his Legion to their doom? If they do, they'll probably have to meet the Detroit Red Wings, whose tentacles of doom have, at press time, just about squeezed the life out of the Chicago Blackhawks. If necessary, games six and seven of the New Jersey–Philadelphia series will be Tues., 6/13, at the Meadowlands and Thurs., 6/15, at the Spectrum.

Online

Todd Rundgren —Interactive guru and legendary music producer in the CompuServe Auditorium: 6/12 at 6 P.M.

Squirrel Nut Zippers —Difficult to describe, but probably great converationalists. Catch them on Sonic-Net: 6/14 at 10 P.M.

Rodney Dangerfield —Seedy lush and sometimes comedian abuses questioners on Prodigy: 6/14 at 8 P.M.

Kato Kaelin —Star houseboy and soon-to-be author discusses what we can look forward to in his upcoming tell-all, in the CompuServe Convention Center: 6/14 at 9 P.M.

William Wisher—*Terminator* screenplay writer on America Online: 6/14 at 10 P.M.

Mike Nelson and Trace Beaulieu—of *Mystery Science Theater 3000* dish up their usual clever banter on America Online: 6/15 at 9 P.M.

Patti Davis —Naughty daughter of Ron and Nancy Reagan talks about her newest page-turner, *Angels Don't Die*—her account of spiritual healing and reconciliation with her parents. America Online: 6/19 at 8 P.M.

Richard Simmons —Motivational online chat from the man who made *fat* a four-letter word—without the nasal drone. Heal with him on America Online: 6/19 at 10 P.M.

Carol Alt—Noticed that supermodels have taken over many online chat areas? Find out about their ulterior motives from Carol on Prodigy: 6/19 at 10 P.M.

Cheap Trick—Seventies arena rockers Robin Van Zandt and Rick Nielsen on America Online: 6/19 at 10 P.M.

In honor of Gay/Lesbian Pride Month, here are a few of the online sites for gays and lesbians to check out and chat about the month's festivities.

http://www.out.com—brand new *Out* magazine site on the Web.

CompuServe go hsx200—sensible advice and bulletins for the few gays and lesbians on this service.

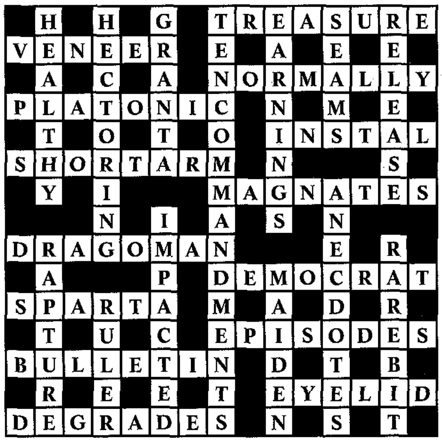
telnet/panix.user.queer—surly Manhattanites with attitude give good gossip/information.

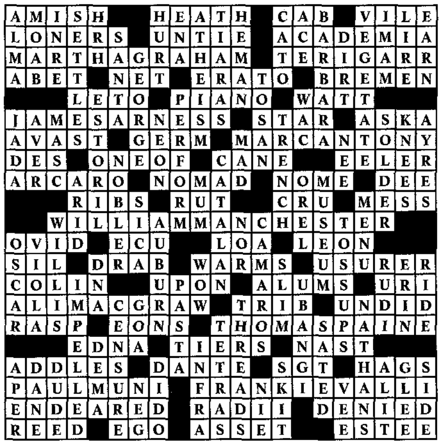
irc/#lesbos—a decent Internet chat area for women.

usenet/soc.motss—not very welcoming but lively place to meet and chat with other Members of the Same Sex.

Address comments to runnette@emedia.com

Solutions to last week's puzzles





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Photograph by Amy Arbus.

Kids

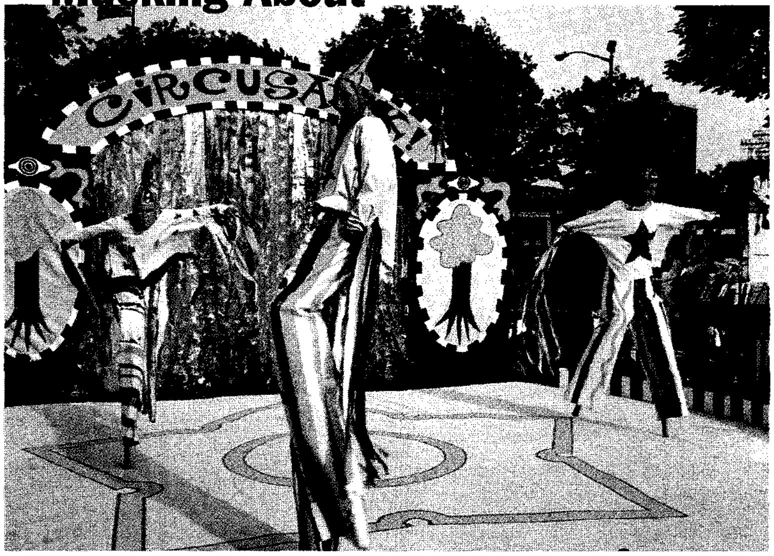
Dear Old Dad...

Children's Events

Buskers Fare '95—Lower Manhattan becomes a Mecca for open-air circus, vaudeville, mummery, and magic during Buskers Fare '95, the third annual street-performance smorgasboard of its kind. Events this week include **Clowning All Around,** presented by Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Clown College on 6/15, 12:15 at World Financial Plaza and 5:15 at Hudson River Park. (The latter performance will take place in the World Financial Center's Winter Garden in the event of rain.) Buskers Saturday, 6/17, opens with **Mystic Paper Bears** leading a children's workshop and parade at 1, followed by appearances by an escapologist, a ballerina on stilts, and others. Battery Park. Call 321-2875 for further information. ●

Performance

Mucking About



Circus Amok, a one-ring hodgepodge staffed by members of the downtown arts scene, serves up a double scoop of politics and play to please kids and their chaperones alike. So just when its not-so-hidden agenda threatens to become even remotely serious, out jumps a pantomime lion or a whole family of jugglers—to a chorus of squeals and giggles from the audience's junior members. And the players' proficiency in basic circus skills never overwhelms the event's general kids-in-the-rec-room feeling of silly fun. The cross-dressed men and bearded lady responsible for the antics recently played to an easy crowd in Tompkins Square Park; come see how they fare in the outer boroughs. This week, Circus Amok performs at Prospect and Fort Greene parks in Brooklyn and Bathgate Success Garden and Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx. All performances are free. Call 718-486-7432 for more information.

ARIEL KAMINER

Photograph by David Sorcher.

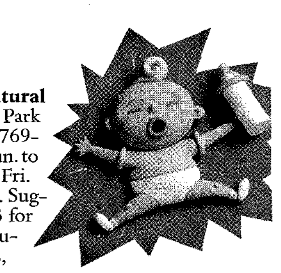
Cool Running—The third annual **Toyota/*FamilyFun* Run** includes a four-mile run/walk for adults and kids over 12 and a series of themed but untimed dashes for younger kids. Disney characters from *The Lion King* award prizes, which are given for best combined time to father/son, father/daughter, mother/son, and mother/daughter pairs. Start/finish is at 97th St. and East Drive in Central Park at 9. Younger children's races are at 10:15 to noon on the ballfields by the North Meadow Field House in Central Park; 6/18. To receive an entry form, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to *Family Fun* Run, 9 East 89th St., New York, N.Y. 10128, or call 423-2291. Preregistered runners receive T-shirts, race bags, and participation ribbons. Entry fees vary from $4 to $20. ●

Dad 's Day Diversions—Weekend-long storytelling (11 and noon), card-making (all day), and theater (show times are 11, 1, 1:30, 3, and 4:15) are designed to engage human fathers and their young at the Central Park Wildlife Center 6/17 and 6/18. **Central Park Wildlife Center,** Fifth Ave. and 64th St. (861-6030); weekend hours are 10:30 to 5:30; admission is 50 cents for children over 3, $2.50 for adults. Special Father's Day activities at **Prospect Park Wildlife Center** (718-399-7339) and the **Queens Wildlife Center** (718-271-7761) include decorating a fish tie. ●

Morphin in the Material World—You've seen them on television, you own all the figures, you live the Mighty Morphin life. Now, at last, a chance to witness **"Mighty Morphin Power Rangers—Live."** The multimedia show stars the six superheroes and gives audience members opportunities to help the good guys battle monsters under the control of Lord Zedd—can't do that on TV. 6/14, 6/15, and 6/16 at 7; 6/17and 6/18 at 1 and 4:30. **Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum,** 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale (tickets 516-888-9000; information 516-794-9300); $9.50 to $30.(Free admission to the Nassau Coliseum Fair—see entry below—on the day of the show.) ●

Wholesome Petting—A humongous fair that has it all: a Wild West stunt show; a traveling puppet theater; a petting zoo; "sprocket jockeys"—a bike-and-Rollerblade-stunt show; a flight simulator; roller coasters; ferris wheels; and lots of rides for little kids. 6/14 through 6/25. Mon. through Fri. 5 to midnight, Sat. and Sun. noon to midnight. **Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum,** 1255 Hempstead Turnpike. Call 516 794-9300 for information. $5 admission; children under 6 admitted free. (Ticketholders to "Mighty Morphin Power Rangers—Live" [see entry] are admitted free on the day of the show.)

Post-prehistoric—Come and see the dinosaur bones, cleaned, relit, and in some cases completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, $6 for other adults.



Star-Crossed Lovers—***Romeo and Juliet*** is given a new and local spin with a mostly youthful cast 6/15 through 7/9. Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 8. **New York Theater,** 422 West 57th St. (315-1737). $5 for students under 19, $10 for adults. Thursdays, admission is $5 for everyone.

East Village Goes Medieval—An ambitious **Renaissance Fair** complete with a daylong jousting tournament, a medieval-millinary booth, fortune tellers, artisan demonstrations, a science table, minstrels, madrigal singers, and Maypole dancing. Proceeds benefit **The Neighborhood School.** 6/17 from 11 to 6. East 4th St. bet. First Ave. and Ave. A. (228-4947); rain date 6/18. $2 for children, $3 for adults. ●

Garden Grows—**The New York Botanical Garden** hosts a "Family Frolic Weekend." Activities include gardening, composting, and a name-the-caterpillar contest. 6/17 and 6/18 from 10 to 6. Call 718-817-8700 for a complete schedule of events. 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx. $1 for students, seniors, and children ages 6 to 16; $3 for others. ●

Doo-Wop—The Procrastinators, a charismatic group of teenagers, sing songs that now sound innocent. Sloppy Joes, cherry cokes, and ice-cream sodas are available; a hula-hoop contest could win you a prize. Performances of *Sam's Funky 50's Funhouses*—formerly at the Duplex downtown—benefit Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. 6/17 and 6/24 at 2, 6/28 at 10:30. **The Triad,** 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599). $6 cover charge for children under 15, $10 cover charge for adults.

On Your Toes—**Tap Express,** an accomplished ensemble of dancers and musicians, presents a bop waltz and a tongue-in-cheek tap tango along with swing and jazz numbers. Special matinee performances for kids on 6/17 and 6/24 at 2 are followed by free tap classes—no tap shoes required. Performances are Thurs. through Sat. at 8, 6/15 through 6/24. **Context Theater,** 28 Ave. A, bet. 2nd and 3rd Sts. (924-0077). $5 for children, $12 for adults. Reserve.

Aesop's Fable—A fox, a crane, a rabbit, a stag, and Aesop himself will stroll the halls of the **Pierpont Morgan Library** during Aesop Family Day. 6/18 from 3 to 6; 29 East 36th St. (685-0008). Free admission for children under 12; the suggested donation for students and seniors is $3, for others $5. ●

"Bass Blast"—Eat charcoal-grilled fish, chalk-draw a giant fish, go funny fishing, and listen to sea chanteys 6/17 from noon to 4; **Carl Schurz Park.** Enter the park at 86th St. and East End Ave. and proceed to the Promenade (800 201 7275). ●

Go Climb a Rock—Honor thy father by harnessing him up to Central Park's 25-foot-high climbing wall for a free half-hour lesson in balance, stretching, and climbing technique. 6/18 at 1:30 and 3. **North Meadow Recreation Center,** Central Park (mid-park at 97th St.; 348-4867). ●

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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Rugged Wall Street Professional—Seeks slim, beautiful lady - inside and out. I'm 42, good-looking, intelligent, kind and full of life. If you're 26-40, and want to meet a man who has the utmost to offer, then look no further. Photo for reply. 8014 ✉

Successful, Handsome Professional—Commitment-minded Asian-American male, 38, 5'10", fit, interested in meeting an attractive, warm, sensitive, intelligent, commitment-minded woman, 28-35 years old. I have diverse interests including the arts, travel, politics, sports and music (I play rock/blues guitar for fun). If you appreciate honesty, sensitivity and a touch of romance, drop me a short note (photo optional) and I will respond in kind. 7995 ✉

Yo - Are You Out There?—38-year-old professional woman with beauty and brains seeks very handsome, very smart professional (MD, JD, etc.) man, 36-44 years old, for life full of love and laughter, 5'9" plus. Photo please. 7914 ✉ ☎

Eclectic Beauty—Green-eyed brunette, 5'7", slim, divorced professional, 40, young, confident, visual, strong, sexy, soft. Loves film, literature, travel, dining and hanging out. Looking for tall, handsome, successful professional, 45-55. You could be English, Southern, Midwestern or even a New Yorker. Photo/note. 7949 ✉ ☎

Are You My Soul Mate?—If so, I hope you're reading this ad. I am a 31-year-old Jewish cardiologist with a great sense of humor. You are a happy, fun, cute Jewish female, who loves to laugh. Photo please. 7911 ✉

Summer Romance To Last A Lifetime!—Sought by a caring, romantic physician/inventor, considered handsome and down-to-earth, 39, funny, tall, with appreciation for fitness and the arts. Seeks passionate life partner - a sweet, fun, lovely lady under 36, romantic, 5'6" plus, with depth. Note/photo essential for reply. 8033 ✉

Ordinary Man, Extraordinary Dreams—White male, 45, attractive professional, seeks sincere, commitment-minded female to share life's simple pleasures...forever and ever. 8036 ✉

Career Change—Very attractive, blond, blue-eyed, loving lady seeking healthy, loving, successful, emotionally and financially secure male, 38-48, for marriage and children. Photo and note. 8022 ✉

Independent, Attractive, Nice Guy—Recently exited from long but unhappy marriage. I am 50 years old, 5'9", witty, sincere, unpretentious, honest, easygoing, articulate, intelligent, charming, generous, nice-looking, Jewish (nonreligious), nonsmoker, well-traveled, successful attorney, financially secure (Manhattan co-op, house in Hamptons), who enjoys life, fine restaurants, the theater, movies, tropical winter vacations, romance, family, dogs, fireplaces, the Knicks (season tickets), the Yankees and Sunday football (at home with the paper). I recently starting dating but intensely dislike the bar scene; seek a new beginning with shapely, stunningly attractive, long-legged natural beauty between ages 28-40, religion unimportant. Must be upbeat, bright, confident, caring, affectionate, educated, sincere, with good sense of humor, who enjoys life's good times and would like to share thoughts, intimate dinners, travel, conversation, friendship, romance and perhaps a permanent and loving relationship. Would prefer a quality lady of similar financial substance (although not a prerequisite). Beauty, brains, personality and sense of humor a must. Please respond with photo/phone/brief personal note. 8042 ✉ ☎

Wanted: NY Cultural Companion—Village type in corporate suit - male, Jewish, 40s, tall, athletic, attractive, bright, successful, nonsmoker - seeks attractive, artsy, vivacious woman, mid-late 30s, for NY cultural companion and romance. Photo preferred. 6515 ✉

Summer Is Here!—This means beach, water sports and picnics. If you are 24-29, tall and extremely handsome, this petite Latin beauty will make your summer hotter than ever. Photo a must! 8048 ✉

Handsome, Ambitious CPA—I'm 36, 6'2", athletic and fit, Catholic, with an Italian/Luxembourg nationality (you need not be). I'm a nontraditional accountant who enjoys NYC excitement and those quiet times at my Manhattan home or at a country park or by the shore. My passions include theater, dining, movies, mornings, reading, family, coffee, museums, weekends, basketball, travel, beaches, bicycling, and sharing new experiences with a special person. You're attractive (25-35), smart, and enjoy career and recreational times. You want romance in your life, a touch of sophistication, to enjoy all the possibilities with a down-to-earth soul mate. Note/photo/phone. 7913 ✉

I'll Know It's You—Immediately upon catching your eyes across the crowded room. Your beauty will be evident... You will stand confidently with your shapely figure accentuated by an elegant dress. Even though you are only 25-38, you will have a sophisticated look, a mature manner, and the room will be graced by your presence. Once your eyes catch mine, you'll notice I am a handsome, fit, impeccably dressed individual in my late 40s. But what will truly appeal to you is that I am a good-hearted, personable and generous man. My success has allowed me to travel to exotic places throughout the world, experience the theater and opera of many countries, collect fine art, and shop everywhere from Madison Avenue to rue du Faubourg-Saint Honore. I want to share my upcoming adventures with someone who is physically fit, enjoys the cultures of the world and appreciates the finer things in life. She should be well-spoken and beautiful, both inside and out. If you are that someone, please send a full-length photograph and a handwritten note to: 7840 ✉. We'll chat on the phone, meet for a drink and go from there. I look forward to hearing from you.

Handsome, Successful—Exec, 51, seeks attractive, slim Jewish lady, 40-48, who enjoys the finer things and is equally at ease at a formal affair or walking barefoot on the beach. If you are looking for a serious, caring relationship with someone who is spontaneous and loves life, please reply with phone and photo. 8020 ✉

Tall Blond/Blue Eyes—Naturally pretty, slim, 36 years young, Jewish, loves driving, the outdoors and seafood. Looking for that fine "wine" that gets better as it gets older. Are you that single white male? Photo or honest description please. 7916 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Smart And Sweet—Professional woman, 40s, with great laugh, irreverent wit, seeks educated, accomplished professional man for a warm, committed journey through life, exploring the arts and adventures at the CT shore along the way. 7979 ✉ ☎

Caribbean Resident—Graduate, 30s, seeks lady, any race, sensitive, animal lover, jeans and dress type. Photo. 8030 ✉

Gay Father—49, divorced, attractive, successful creative professional - seeks gentle man, 35-50, who values warmth, humor, intelligence and affection. 7948 ✉ ☎

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Successful Businessowner—30, seeks young, attractive female for summer international travel and more. Must have flexible schedule. Race and religion unimportant. Note/photo/phone. 7964 ✉ ☎

Why Should This Date Be Different—Than any other? She's a beautiful, elegant blond attorney, 25, successful, sensuous and slim, 5'6", loves dance, travel, theater, dining out, sports, romance and traditional Jewish family life. You're a successful professional, tall, 28-33, handsome, Jewish, exciting, humorous, sophisticated, and love NYC. Photo/note. 8005 ✉

A Dull Ad—Belying a stimulating guy, 33, who promises to pleasantly surprise a mature, compassionate female who knows how to let loose. 8047 ✉ ☎

Heart Of Gold—Inside a successful media sales exec, 37, Jewish, tall, very handsome (I'm told), warm, kind, caring, loyal, sweet, sensitive, very affectionate, funny, seeking the elusive angel for a lifetime of hugs, kisses and laughter. Note/photo please. 8010 ✉

Belated Birthday Gift Sought—By single white male, 34, 5'10", 150 lbs, brown hair/eyes, competitive runner/racer, varied interests. Gift suggestions: single white female who's slim, happy, unpretentious, for possible long-term relationship. 8041 ✉ ☎

Oriental Female Physician—36, looking for love in this odd way. Respond if you are a quality male who is sincere and honest. 7982 ✉

LI Professional—Ivy League graduate, attractive brunette, Spanish-born, Sephardic - gracious, optimistic, slim, 5'3", financially secure, widow for two years. Enjoys humor, cultural activities, gourmet cooking. Wishes to meet sophisticated, successful man, 58-72. 8028 ✉

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Legally Separated White Female—38, 5'4", attractive brunette. I work in NYC and live at the Jersey Shore. Looking to meet a handsome, divorced white male, age 40-45. Nonsmoker. Athletic and a medium build, 5'10" or above. Prefer someone with similar lifestyle: love for NYC as well as enjoyment for the quiet life in suburbia. My interests include skiing, horseback riding, jogging, gardening and fine dining. I have a very successful career and am financially secure. Please respond with a note and photo. I will reply with same. 7997 ✉

Handsome, Successful Jewish Lawyer—43, divorced, no kids, 6'1", 195 lbs, muscular, athletic, intense, passionate. Seeks special Jewish lady, 30-35, spirited, accomplished, affectionate, to share love and forever. Photo for reply. 7921 ✉

Striking Caribbean Woman—Tall, light skin, 30s, loves to laugh, interior-design/home-furnishings field. Seeks male, 35-50, for serious relationship. Compassionate, heart of gold. Loves kids - hopes you do. Photo/letter required. 7492 ✉

Very Pretty, Bubbly, Sparkling—Thin, warm, charming, affectionate, playful, adorable Jewish woman - looking for mensch, 50-60. Photo/phone. 8049 ✉

Thrills, Spills And—Good-looking, successful businessman, 40, 6'3", dark blond with athletic build, seeks bright, attractive female under 38, at least 5'5", Christian, eager to share moonlit walks on the beach, cruise the Bahamian waterways and the Keys. Must have sense of humor in addition to movies, dining out and cuddling. Phone/photo/note. 8019 ✉

Classic Asian Lady—39, seeks successful, educated white male. Photo. 7795 ✉

Extremely Beautiful Blond—European-born, intelligent, professional, Jewish, enjoys music, sports, NYC. Seeks a man to look after, 38-50. Photo a must. 7984 ✉

Baby, I'm For Real—Pretty blond, fit, fun, sane, seeks attractive, self-aware, fit, 30-40s gentleman to enjoy nature and a monogamous relationship. Recent photo/note. 7994 ✉

Handsome Physician—40s, well built, desires same in female, 30s. 7912 ✉

Motorcyclist And Mensch—37-year-old *finance professional*, 6'1", Jewish, enjoys motorcycle travel, the Wall Street Journal, Beavis & Butthead, Woody Allen and rock music. Seeks offbeat, intelligent woman, 5'5" plus, 27-40, to share the highways and byways of life. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 8013 ✉

Secure, Low-Key Male—Youthful 61, Jewish, seeks 5'9"-plus, professional lady, 40s. Working out/robust okay. 8012 ✉ ☎

Slim, Pretty—40-somethingish pianist/social worker, lived all over the world, would like to meet a man with good heart, mind and sense of humor, for friendship, whatever. Note/photo, please. 8046 ✉

Long, Passionate Kisses—Make me happy. Very attractive, slender, petite Jewish woman with long, silky hair seeks romantic man (42-55) with a kind heart, to share happiness. 7915 ✉ ☎

Unique Woman, MD—Very attractive, slim, warm, optimistic, many interests, Jewish, 45, seeks special man. 7939 ✉

Doctor's Orders—Jewish male doctor, 35, enjoys gym, shore, CD 101.9. Looking for the right chemistry with a petite, attractive professional female, 24-31. Note/photo. 8031 ✉

Birthday Girl Seeks Birthday Gift—Would you like to be him? I'm 34. Described as fun-loving, warm, intelligent, caring, witty, attractive with Mediterranean looks. Interests include travel, NYC, sports, movies, beach, dining, dancing and the arts. Seeks a guy with similar interests, who is humorous, intelligent, open-minded, caring, with a zest for life, looking for a friendship first. Make my birthday wish come true. Photo/phone appreciated. 7951 ✉ ☎

Gay Female—Feminine, attractive, slim. You too? Great! Let's date. Photo. 7963 ✉

Searching For A "Special" Friend—To begin summer. Sincere, creative, compassionate, easygoing, handsome, divorced Jewish male, 5'8", 138, very youthful and fit, seeks caring, outgoing, petite, slim Jewish gal, 35-45, who is beautiful inside and out. I enjoy dancing, travel, museums, tennis, movies, theater, 101.9, dining. Best relationships begin as friends! Nonsmoker/note/photo/phone. 7944 ✉

Summer In The City—We're here for the duration, so let's make the best of it! I'm looking for a smart, funny, playful and romantic man who would enjoy the same in a 44-year-old, divorced Jewish doctor, 5', blond hair, blue eyes. Photo/note/phone, so we can meet on the rooftop. 8034 ✉ ☎

Into Sharing Life's Adventures?—Great-looking, kind, funny, athletic (skis, bikes, etc.), professional Jewish guy, 38, *seeks a pretty, warmhearted, fun, athletic* woman, 27-36, under 5'7", for something special. Note/photo. 7965 ✉ ☎

Fabulous Femme—Sophisticated yet down-to-earth - loves to dance, hold hands, explore and share tennis, museums, skiing, golf, cozy dining, travel. I'm a blue-eyed *ball of energy, entrepreneurial*, sensitive, slim and loving, looking for a man, 50-63, who is comfortable with himself. Send note and photo. 8026 ✉

Gentle, Kind, Handsome Exec—Lives city, works NJ, seeks 47-55, slender, classy lady. Note/photo. 7844 ✉

Come Share Laughter And Life—With considerate, sincere Jewish professional male who seeks kind, loving female to 39, *with fine values, to become my best* marriage partner. Photo. 7981 ✉

Jewish Lawyer—47, has taken a road less traveled. Likes The Shipping News, Margaret Atwood, John Cheever, John Grisham, The Nation, Puccini, Sinatra, hard physical exercise, egg creams and a cold beer. Seeks funny, careful, shapely, professional, (212) woman with some couch-potato tendencies, for falling in love. Note/photo, please. 7930 ✉

A Man's Woman—Bright, slim, good-looking, upbeat, high-energy, classy, romantic, widowed business gal, missing successful, humorous, lovable you - youthful in your 60s, ready to live life to the fullest. 8006 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, 5'9" Blond—Jewish professional female, 40s, fit, slender, divorced mom of one - loves dancing, exercising. Looking for kind, caring, nonsmoking, professional Jewish male, 40s. 7934 ✉ ☎

Brown-Eyed Beauty—27, very well-educated, successful, athletic, seeks intelligent, well-read, fit and handsome professional man, 30-42 (over 5'9"), for downtown dinner and stimulating conversation. Note/photo/phone. 7992 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Very Fit—Jewish woman, involved in own business and music, seeks attractive man, 47-58, self-employed, for fun, friendship and romance. 7955 ✉ ☎

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Beautiful Professional Woman—34-year-old, 5'9", Christian, elegant, trim, intelligent, artistic, sound moral principles, never married - looking for serious relationship with a man of similar qualities, in same age group. 7974 ✉ ☎

Could You Be Loved?—Single white male, 36, sincere, gentle, humorous, black hair, brown eyes, 5'6". Enjoys reading, working out, theology, cultural events and travel. Is seeking a single white female who is college-educated, Catholic or Protestant, 20s-30s, to share ideas and feelings in a mutually supportive relationship, possibly leading to marriage. 7996 ✉

Successful, Secure—60, 6', nonreligious Jewish widower. Well-educated and traveled, collector of art, enjoys theater, concerts, sailing LI, fine dining and good sense of humor. Physically active and fun *to be with. You are 45-55, unencumbered*, nonsmoker - a very attractive lady ready to enjoy and complement a true gentleman. Photo and note please. 7956 ✉

Pretty, Slim MBA Lady—Seeks charming, witty gentleman, 40s. 7987 ✉

Average Man—45 years, 5'11", 155 lbs. Divorced, no children. Seeks friend, lover, running partner. Photo/note. 7931 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Confident—5'8", slender, warm - successful creative career. Seeks trim, accomplished gentile counterpart, cultural interests and chemistry, 50s. Note/phone, please. 7968 ✉ ☎

Health Professional—63, seeks attractive queen-size female under 49. 8000 ✉

LI Single Mom/Psychologist—Given ultimatum by persistent 5-year-old son: "Find me a daddy by Father's Day!" Deadline approaching. Interested applicants (45-60) enthusiastically accepted. 7938 ✉

Successful Jewish Lawyer—Mid 50s, loves his work, tennis, reading, dining out, the Hamptons, looking for an attractive, soft-spoken woman. Photo/note/phone. 7919 ✉ ☎

Late Bloomer—Regular guy, 42, tall, slim, never married, Phi Beta Kappa, kind, fair, hard-working, seeks lovely lady for committed relationship. Please be smart, affectionate, nondrinker, nonsmoker. 7917 ✉

Beautiful Psychologist, Former Model—Sleek, chic, classy, 52, Jewish, seeks romantic male partner, 52-70. 8045 ✉ ☎

Red Hair Drives Me Wild!—Passionate, sophisticated, fun-loving white male seeks bonnie petite lass under 35, for friendship and romance. Note/photo. 7918 ✉

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Silver Hair With A Golden Heart—East Side gentleman, 49 going on 48(!), 5'11", 150 lbs, Italian-American, self-employed professional, offers a special woman a caring, loving and emotionally supportive relationship. Note/photo please. 7990 ✉

Classy, Gorgeous Gal—Slender, sexy, well-educated, sophisticated and very discriminating. Looking for Jewish, financially/emotionally secure, attractive, discerning man, 50-62. Let's meet and fall in love. Photo/note. 7975 ✉

Successful Physician—35-year-old, attractive, single, Jewish white male, 5'11", 175 lbs, physically fit - enjoys classical music, Dylan, the arts, Star Trek, beaches, dancing and exotic cars. Seeks intelligent, confident, strong (but not rude), sensitive, slim, attractive, especially kind woman under 34 years old, with a definite joie de vivre - for love and marriage. Note/photo/phone. 8016 ✉

Handsome Italian—35, professional, desires relationship. Photo/phone. 8040 ✉

Asian Male—Handsome and sincere, professional, mid 30s, 5'6", would like to meet a white female for long-term relationship. Photo appreciated. 8017 ✉

Fetching, Full-Figured Female—Wants gallant gentleman for gallivanting. Nonsmoker. Social drinker okay. 30-40, 5'10" plus. Photo/note. 7985 ✉

Extremely Desirable Female—Law student, 23, Jewish, seeks one gorgeous and successful man, 24-32. Photo a must. 7908 ✉ ☎

A Public-Service Message:—Studies prove professional men, age 50s, who are unattached, risk more health problems than others. But if you're a man of warmth, wit and intellect, you could escape this dangerous fate by meeting an accomplished, sophisticated woman who is trim and shapely, 5'7", with a lovely smile. 7923 ✉ ☎

Someone Special To Share With—Good times, lots of laughs, dining by candlelight, champagne, hot dogs and beer, walking in the park or along the beach, sailing in the sun or by moonlight. Manhattan resident, Christian, independent, nonsmoker, 6', 190 lbs, 49, offering a loving, caring, sincere relationship. Photo and desires. 7959 ✉

Great Guy—Very attractive, good-natured, interesting executive career, who loves golf, tennis, skiing, good books, museums, art shows or just hanging out. Seeking an emotionally down-to-earth, intelligent, beautiful, sensuous, caring, introspective, kind (Christian) lady, 42-48, with an inner joyousness and loveliness, who wants to take it as far as it will go. North NJ/CT/Westchester preferred. Note and photo a must. 7943 ✉

Tall, Handsome Professional—Jewish male, 33, mature but also likes to play. Seeks tall, very attractive professional female, 20-29. Latin a plus. 7926 ✉ ☎

Slim, Jewish Criminal Lawyer—34, seeks mensch, 35-50ish, for Mostly Mozart, double headers and midsummer nights' dreams. 8007 ✉

Beautiful, Elegant, Sensitive—Educated, divorced, 30ish, African-American Indian female, seeks financially secure, emotionally stable, humorous, nonsmoking gentleman, 35-60, for romance. Race not important. Photo/note appreciated. 7954 ✉

Quick, Handsome, No-Nonsense—Aristocrat (28) seeks charming, smart, well-bred, witty woman. Neurotic or outrageous a plus. Photo. 7958 ✉

Prefer Ben & Jerry's—To nonfat yogurt? I'm the female equivalent (age 37). 100-percent natural ingredients: brains, Rubenesque beauty, social conscience, wit. Note/photo. 7942 ✉ ☎

Woman Entrepreneur—Recently divorced, physically fit, attractive blond - successful, independent and extremely busy. Loves to travel to Europe, French Riviera, ski the Alps, dine in fine restaurant or bistros in NYC or Paris. Looking for male, late 40s-60s companion, friend - to travel with, etc. Must be an upscale businessman or professional who has warmth and a sense of humor, and is sophisticated, worldly, successful and able to afford the finer things in life. Letter and photo essential. 8029 ✉ ☎

I'm All Woman—With green eyes, spark, looks and career in TV. Am looking for interesting, upscale man, 37-44. Note/photo, please. 7925 ✉

Asian Lady Looking To Meet—Gentle, intelligent, kind man, 50-65, for conversations, walks, dinners. 7983 ✉

Build Igloo...Adobe Tog?—Totem pole and guest quarters! User-friendly social worker/designer, divorced, 50, lived abroad. Jog...eat! Seeks professionally satisfied, socially committed, curious, communicative, warm guy! (45-62.) 8039 ✉

Arts Lover Seeks Same—Attractive Jewish female, 26, 5'8", loves literature, opera and classical music, art, theater and more...searching for handsome, intellectual, cultured male, 5'10" plus, to share museums and concerts, walks and talks, knowledge, life. Note and photo, please. 8023 ✉

Seeking That Very Special Female—Special, handsome, sensual, professional, young at heart, late 40s male, seeking passionate, loving, very attractive female, to brighten up his life. Photo/note. 7991 ✉

Kind, Sincere MD—Jewish male, 40, from the Jersey Shore, athletic, romantic and kind, with blue eyes and brown hair, who enjoys dining, movies, sports, holding hands and more. Seeks a warmhearted, loving, attractive, very intelligent Jewish female, 28-43, a nonsmoker, for friendship, love, marriage and family together. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 7936 ✉

Warm, Attractive, Rubenesque Nurse—Seeks 40-55 male to give and receive TLC, etc. Adonis not required. 7933 ✉ ☎

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Check out New York Magazine's

Assortments section

on page 135.

It's where the action is!!

Sensually Cerebral—Genuinely handsome, warmly irreverent, single Jewish male physician, 35, with a passion for literature and politics. Values humor (or at least attempts at), wisdom and integrity. Seeks an immodestly intelligent, irrefutably pretty woman with whom to create the future. Photo. 8004 ✉

Gay, Nice Guy—Healthy, trim, personable, altruistic, serious, fun-loving, seeks similar, upbeat, nice guy, 21-40. Write POB 173, Yonkers, NY 10710-0173

Sweet, Slim, Beautiful Blond—Seeks equal in a handsome, fit, refined gentleman, 48ish, degrees, clubs, traveled, enjoys the finer things in life. 8025 ✉☎

Let's Meet—Very good-looking, fit, successful, dark-haired, blue-eyed Catholic male, 38, 6', 173 lbs, down-to-earth businessman with traditional values. Seeks a classy, intelligent, attractive, 25-35, fit, marriage and family-minded female with a good heart and traditional values, for life's challenges and rewards. Note/photo/phone. 7927 ✉

Billy Joel Seeks Natalie Wood—(Look-alike). CT executive needs world-class lady for life. Type "A", successful 47-year-old wants it all now. Healthy, trim 5'7", enjoys golf, tennis, bagels, jazz, beach, bit crazy, Pisces - needs the perfect under-40, blue-eyed Jewish Aphrodite to share excitement. Photo/note. 7941 ✉ ☎

Handsome Boston Chiropractor—38, 5'11", Jewish, athletic, witty, affectionate, native New Yorker, seeks attractive Jewish woman who loves the outdoors, travel and New England. Photo/note. 8002 ✉ ☎

Classic Italian Beauty—35, seeks sophisticated gentleman, 40-50 plus. I am stylish, a lover of European travel, great wines, sailing, tennis. Please be very successful, warm, generous and commitment-minded. 8084 ✉ ☎

Super-Pretty, Gorgeous Body—Tan, long hair, intelligent (RD), good cook and sweet girl, 28, seeks great-looking, athletic, classy and clean-shaven guy, 28-39 - professional by day, passionate and sexy by night. Photo. 7929 ✉

Summer/Life Playmate—Looking for best friend/lover. Early 40s, 5'7", attractive, slim, successful blond, searching for a few good men - ready to settle down with one. Love tennis, biking, travel, theater. If you are a successful, attractive man (late 30s-mid 50s), good shape (nonsmoker), sense of humor, who likes a strong woman - let's meet. (NY/CT). Note/phone/photo. 7935 ✉

Raven-Haired Beauty—38, 5'4", slim, athletic, Jewish. Successful ad exec. Passionate and adventurous. Prefer accomplished, self-assured, financially secure, communicative Jewish man, 38-45. Looking to share my life with someone special. Note/photo/phone. 7945 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

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New York Magazine, Box # ———
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New York, New York 10163-4600

Slightly Unconventional—Entrepreneur, male, 42, tall, extremely fit, slightly Anglophile, admirer of simplicity and the unpretentious, seeks warm, feminine potential life mate, under 36. Photo preferred. 8008 ✉

Established Attorney—40s, in suburbs, Ivy grad, seeks well-educated, attractive Christian woman, 28-42, for lasting relationship. 7998 ✉

Analytic Therapist—*Female, Jewish, 40s.* Looks, smarts, sensitivity, integrity, warmth. Seeks male counterpart. Note/photo. 8001 ✉ ☎

Emotionally Supportive—Jewish male, 46, 5'8", slim, youthful, health-conscious nonsmoker, seeks slender, soft-spoken female, 36-42, with simple tastes, for romance/marriage. LI area. Letter/photo. 7986 ✉

Handsome, College-Educated—Detective in his 50s seeks sharp woman, 35-50. Photo/phone a must. 7950 ✉

Silver Fox—Glamorous, silver-haired actress, model, financially secure, loves music, theater, tennis, bridge - seeks man, 65-70, with same interests. Come relax and laugh with me beside my pool. Photo. 7947 ✉

Sweet, Slim, Beautiful Blond—Seeks equal in a handsome, fit, refined gentleman, 48ish, degrees, clubs, traveled, *enjoys the finer things in life.* 8025 ✉☎

I Work Hard At Business—Not pleasure. Help change that! Attractive *40ish woman who loves roller coasters - is* tired of living on one! Where is a man with character, joy for living, appreciation of language, and an interest in a serious relationship? If you are he, woo me with your words. Photo okay. 8024 ✉

Blond, Pretty, Interesting Woman—Jewish, 41, creative, looking to meet a successful, good-looking man who is sincere, real, into the arts, conversation and romance, up to 48. 7971 ✉ ☎

Do You Wonder—Whatever happened to that petite, pretty brunette you let get away? ...40-year-old woman who looks and acts 28! You can find out - if you are not afraid of commitment or fun. Photo please. 8050 ✉

Petite Woman Seeks Bear—36 plus. 7932 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Blond—Slim, literate, fun, loves movies, Soho galleries. Seeks extremely intelligent, well-educated man, 45-60, for good times and the Sunday Times crossword puzzle. 8037 ✉ ☎

Make An Investment—With this female Wall Street professional, 43, medium build, Jewish. I like working out, movies, and lots of fun. Seeking nonsmoking male, 40-55, with similar interests. 7928 ✉

Adventurous Woman Sought—By single, white Catholic male, 36, 6'2", 200, for good times. You: 28-38, tall. 7910 ✉☎

Sexy Single Mom—5'9", slightly Rubenesque, seeking single dad, 35-45, for fun and good times - with and without the kids. Please be tall, secure, available, nonsmoker and a nice guy. Metro NJ/photo appreciated. 7976✉

Slim, Pretty (And Pretty Sane) Shrink—Active, independent, happy with career, friends and life, seeks previously married man, 47-57, of similar spirit, for possible great relationship. Note/photo. 8027 ✉ ☎

Joyous Mensch—Strong and gentle, enthusiastic and caring, energetic and solid, creative and, more than very bright, upbeat - successful computer scientist, inventor, physicist. Peacefully divorced, joint custody - two happy teens. Thick wavy hair, mustache, hazel eyes, handsome, 163, 5'6", 48. Seeks menschette - very warm, vivacious, brainy, Jewish, who wants to have babies. 7960 ✉ ☎

Searching—For that one special woman, 40s, feet on the ground, with a zest for life. This fun-to-be-with businessman, affectionate, caring, romantic, tall, thin, 50s, would like to introduce himself to you. My lifestyle includes participation in *active sports, the arts and the outdoor* experience. Nonsmoker. Replies with photo would be most appreciated. 7967 ✉

Do You Like Crossword Puzzles?—Mysteries, beaches, world travel? Can you make decisions, dance to the beat? Me too. If you are a tallish, fit, energetic male, 40s-50s, with a zest for life, let's talk. Extra points for cooking. 7937 ✉ ☎

European? Catholic?—*Tall, professional,* attractive Latin lady, European descent, loving, fun, sincere, many interests, seeks white, educated male, 35-45, for commitment. Phone/photo. 8032 ✉

Successful Lawyer—Manhattan, searching for wife to be equal partner in sharing life's experiences, with positive attitude and generosity of spirit. Integrity and forthrightness essential. *Please also be nice, warm, natural,* spunky, intelligent, petite and under 50. I am 6'2", slim, fit, 65, affectionate, dependable, open, considerate and a lapsed Wasp, and enjoy tennis, driving, foreign travel, books, music, movies and good food and wine. I have solid references and a good sense of humor; enjoy being married and wish to assist fate all I can. Photo helpful. 7972 ✉

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I Dove into a 50° Ocean on a 30° Day to Save a Wounded Seagull. What's the stupidest thing you ever did because of a woman? Write & send it. If used, I'll pay $500 & protect all concerned. 7920 ✉

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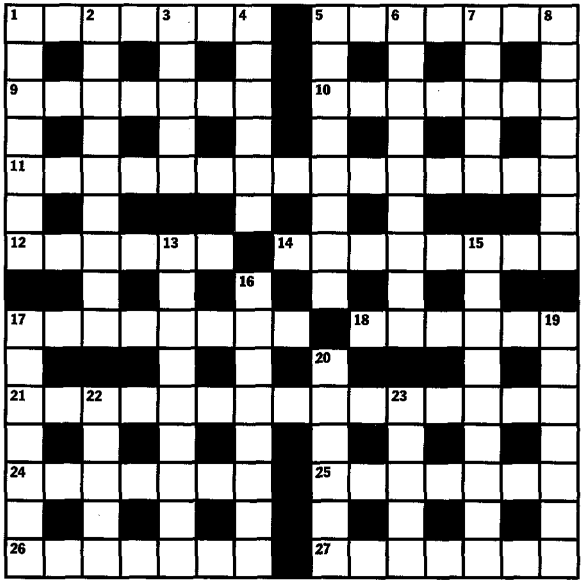
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Red rose provides a screen. (7)
5 I arrive for treatment on the Gulf of Genoa. (7)
9 Disease also coming from a place in Africa. (7)
10 Some verses can include a verse-form. (7)
11 Embarrassingly, Princess on her own—gripping performance. (15)
12 Fish, however, circle round inside. (6)
14 Turn evil into something worse. (8)
17 Shot the foreign currency provider? (8)
18 Sportsman a criminal to the bitter end. (6)
21 Our lot can sing at new assembly? Well done! (15)
24 A short way to go on horseback. (7)
25 Highly pleasing, though not to golfers. (7)
26 Seen struggling with prisoner being sent back to this place. (7)
27 Makes one see red as green changes. (7)



DOWN

1 Chafe for a shoot-out at sound of the drum. (7)
2 Doctor a marrying man? (9)
3 Dog doing damage. (5)
4 Explore main road with companion. (6)
5 Hold back when the others are taking a shower. (8)
6 I've let bus crash into the lobby. (9)
7 Supplementing capital without capital. (5)
8 Any salt sprinkled from this sifter? (7)
13 Died in office taking note. (9)
15 Fencing long since broken down. (9)
16 Old couturier with a girl wearing hat, in front row. (8)
17 For the tiger shoot? Chase man around, out East! (7)
19 Refuses to go on with dancing singers. (7)
20 Cover up for a stupid person—the ambassador. (6)
22 Unit of luminance working in radon. (5)
23 Get thin and light. (5)

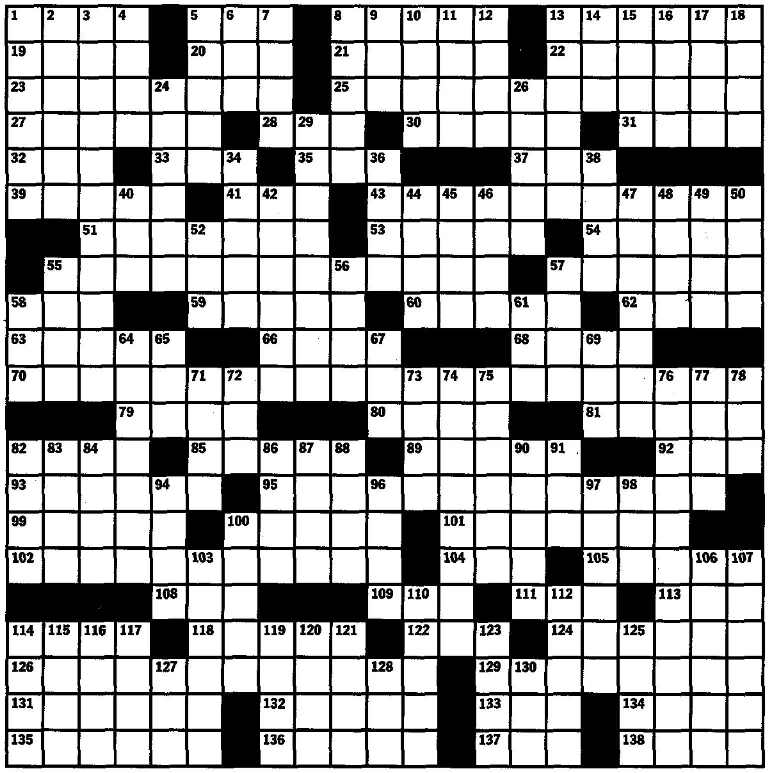
'Shakespeare Keeps House': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

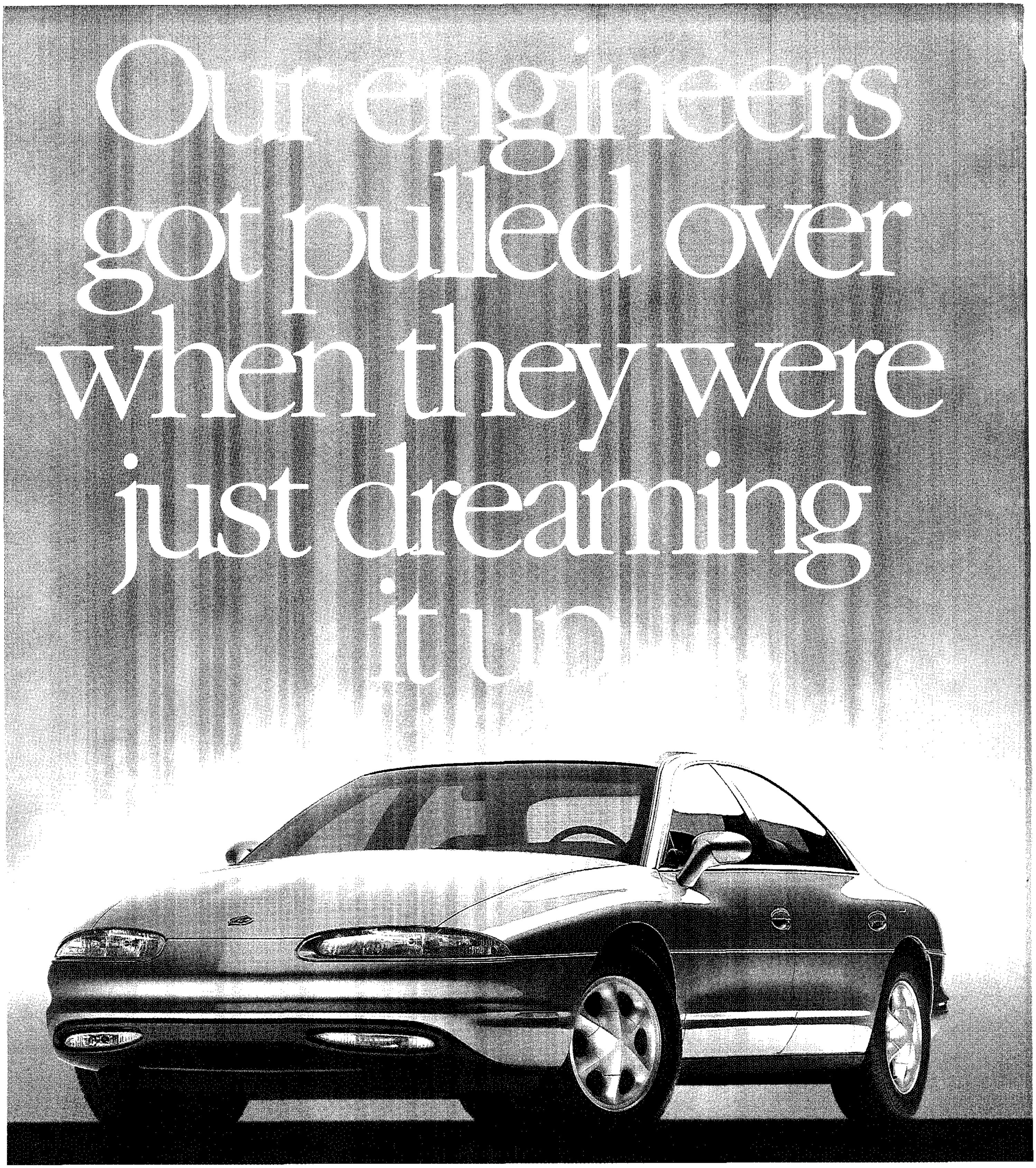
1 Speak hoarsely
5 Cul-de-——
8 Mennonite group
13 Removed all traces of
19 Understanding remark
20 Paid athlete
21 Tooth: prefix
22 Kathleen or Lana
23 Minor planet
25 Heats the house: "The Winter's Tale"
27 Given a noble's designation
28 Sampras serve, often
30 Shock-jock Howard
31 Load the cargo
32 Ex-ember
33 Oldest Alcott girl
35 Light-switch settings
37 "Ich bin —— Berliner"
39 Exec's scribe
41 And more: abbr.
43 List-heading for deep dirt: "Henry IV, Pt. II"
51 Shakespeare's fairy queen
53 Unwritten exams
54 Horace's verse form
55 How to care for plants: "Twelfth Night"
57 Jones and Sherman
58 White lie
59 Hiawatha's transport
60 Ruhr city
62 Central Aleutian
63 Small land mass
66 Building extensions
68 School on the Thames
70 After-work comment: "Anthony and Cleopatra"
79 Ending for switch or sock
80 Hester Prynne's stigma
81 "Lou Grant" star
82 As sick as ——
85 Buffalo hockey player
89 Gene Tierney role, 1944
92 Maneuverable, as a sailboat
93 Hot-dog condiment
95 Stain-remover's words: "Macbeth"
99 Astonish
100 Type of pipe
101 Narrow brassiere
102 Housekeeper's motto: "Henry IV, Pt. I"
104 Id ——
105 Zoning units
108 Decalogue number
109 Woebegone
111 Gal of song
113 Krazy ——
114 Makes inquiry
118 Vamoose!
122 Turk's topper
124 Kind of shed
126 Wield a broom: "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
129 Supervisor
131 Toiler of old comics
132 Use the tub
133 Roman hearth god
134 Time served
135 More capacious
136 See-through
137 Aardvark's tidbit
138 Suburb of Paris

DOWN

1 Gauchos' ropes
2 Aid
3 Prepare for dining: "Hamlet"
4 Do a strip act
5 British chinaware
6 "Exodus" hero
7 Sonata ending
8 "Hucksters" of film
9 —— culpa
10 Pen dips
11 Opposite of dele
12 Hydrant attachment
13 Of cultural traits
14 Feel remorse
15 Sounds from Sandy
16 Tizzy
17 Architect Saarinen
18 Attracted
24 Distant
26 Haircut discard
29 7-Up rival
34 Columbus's home town
36 Greek arcade
38 Christmas carol
40 Bug egg
42 In a can
44 General Wingate of WW II
45 Sheep conversation
46 Culbertson of bridge, and others
47 High terrain
48 Way to Mandalay
49 Poet Millay
50 Schoolroom furnishing
52 Joan of ——
55 Genie's offering
56 Wriggly
57 Against
58 In shape
61 Scream heard by mice
64 Lament poetically
65 Rocky elevation
67 Ukr., formerly
69 Explorer Johnson
71 Slangy snack
72 State of India
73 Weblike tissue
74 George Eliot novel
75 Steam rooms
76 How best to wash the floor: "As You Like It"
77 Not messy
78 Slip up
82 Russian inland sea
83 Actress Moore
84 Royal Norwegian name
86 Half a Polynesian island
87 Wrack's partner
88 Kin of 41-Across
90 Landlords' income
91 Do sum work
94 The Essenes, e.g.
96 Prohibitionists
97 Envelope licker
98 Ocean abbr.
100 Park seat
103 Segregationist Maddox
106 Chowhounds
107 Like Arlen's weather
110 Fairy-tale sign-off
112 On the qui vive
114 Movie canine
115 Traverse the pool
116 Brown seaweed
117 Order to the broker
119 Lee's GIs
120 Esau's wife
121 Speechless
123 "Nana" author
125 —— spumante
127 Jack Horner's dessert
128 "Thar —— blows!"
130 Delivery vehicle



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 113.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